

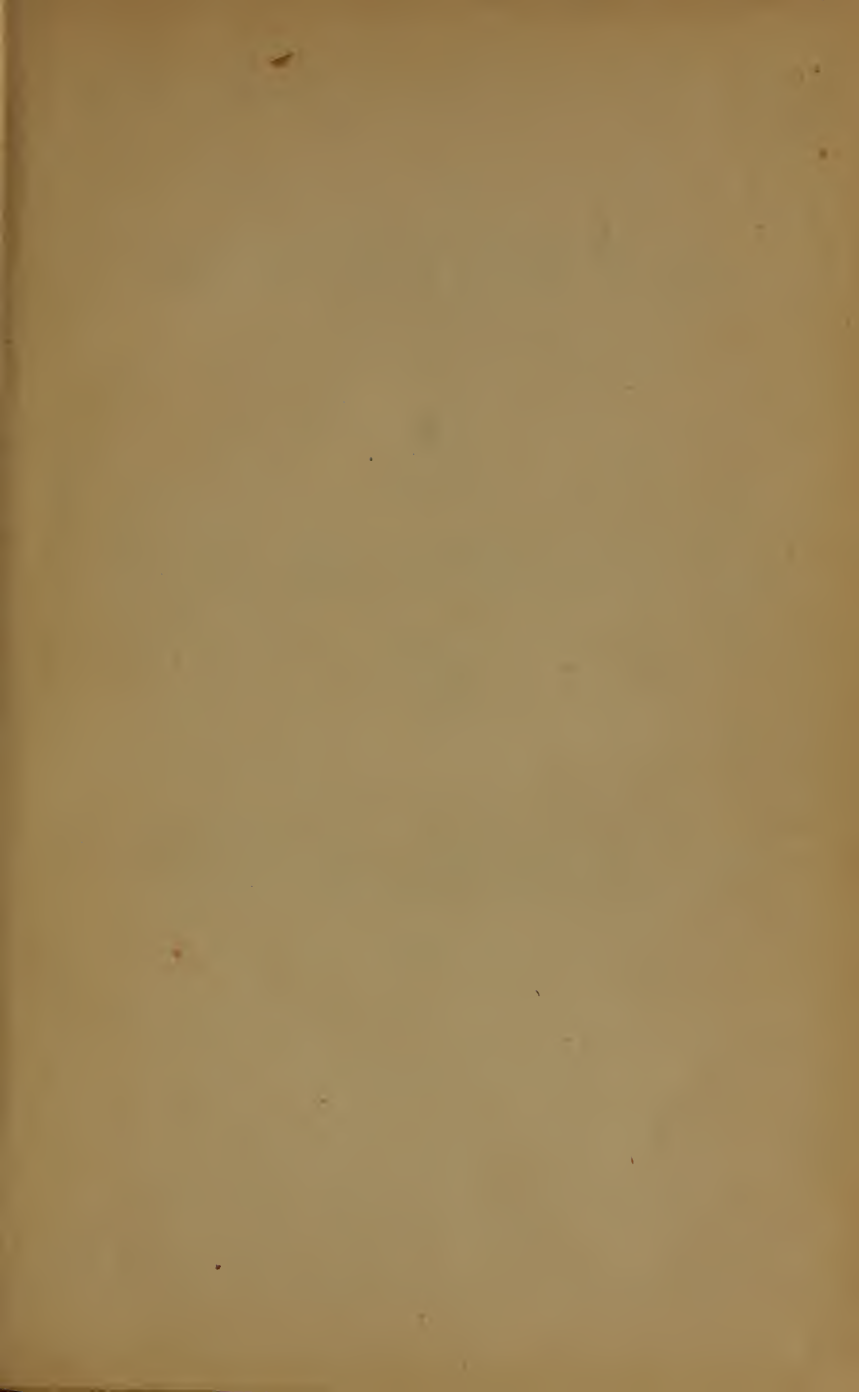




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 HUMOROUS 
  

 DIALOGUES 


NEW YORK:
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HUMOROUS DIALOGUES.

DESIGNED FOR

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS, LITERARY ENTERTAINMENTS,
AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS,

BY

34
H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE,

AUTHOR OF

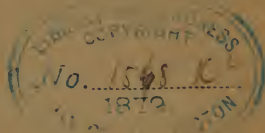
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NEW YORK:

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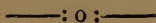
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P R E F A C E .



THE representation of dialogues on the parlor stage and in the school-room having become more general than in the days gone by, the young folks are constantly on the look out for something new and striking. This is as it should be. The scholar and the amateur actor should not be expected nor required to commit and perform old, stiff and formal dialogues, such as were performed ten, twenty or thirty years ago; they should not be expected to delight in that which has gone the rounds of the school and recitation room, and been repeated and re-repeated until worn threadbare. 'Tis said that a story loses nothing by being twice told. This is true, but when told half-a-dozen times it becomes "flat," stale and unprofitable.

It has been observed that, as a rule, young folks in selecting dialogues or plays for performance prefer something of a comic nature, knowing as they do, that when people come to a place of amusement they want to be amused. Persons sometimes make a mistake here, in

arranging for an entertainment. They believe that the audience assembles for the purpose of being instructed, whereas they come with no such intent; they ask and expect only to be amused. The author has kept this idea in view and has endeavored to make the dialogues of a lively and humorous description.

The author is thankful for the reception accorded to his former dialogues books, and hopes that the "Humorous Dialogues" which he now sends forth, may be received in the same flattering manner.

H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.

Shirland, Allegheny Co., Pa.

STRIKING THE BLOW.

IN TWO SCENES.

STRIKING THE BLOW.

—: o :—

CHARACTERS.

ALEXANDER ADDLEFADDLE, *An Old Bachelor.*

MISS SUSAN LONG,	}	<i>Old Maids.</i>
MISS BETSEY TROTT,		
MRS. BELINDA STOUT,	}	<i>Widows.</i>
MRS. EMILY BIBB,		

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Table. Four chairs. Resolutions for MISS TROTT.

STRIKING THE BLOW.

SCENE I.—*A Room. Doors R. and L. Table. Four chairs.*

MISS LONG, MISS TROTT, MRS. STOUT and MRS. BIBB discovered
seated.

Miss Long. (Rising.) I hev called this meetin', as you know, fur the purpose of laying our heads together, as it were, and to sorter consult as to what we should do towards gittin' life pardners or bosom companions, as it were. We are gittin' purty old, although of course we wouldn't whisper this outside of our meetin', and it behooves us to bestir ourselves, or we may hev to live and die without bein' able to git married, and that would be a sad and distressin' picture indeed. Then the question arises, what shill we do? I hev a plan, but as I called this meetin' I will not state my ideas at present, but will wait until I hev heard from the rest of you. Mrs. Belinda Stout, will you speak and give us your ideas as to the manner in which we should proceed? *(Sits down.)*

Mrs. Stout. (Rising.) Sisters, I rise with consid'able trepidation and also with some fluctuation. I ain't used to speakin' in the public, but as there are but three of you to speak to, I think I kin git through. Don't view me with a critic's eye, fur, as I said afore, I shill speak through consid'able trepidation, and I would ask you to pass my imperfections by. I am irresistibly and phrenologically of the opinion that there ought to be somethin' done, but I hev'n't decided yet what that somethin' should be.

Here I've been a widder fur up'ards of six years, and in all that time nobody has come nigh fur the purpose of courtin' me, and I hev'n't received a single preposition of matrimony. Surely something must be done. We must awake out of our cabolic sleep—we must bestir ourselves and git around—we must do somethin' immediately to keep off the storm which is now comin' on. I feel that I hev been sadly and wofully neglected. I would make a good pardner fur any man, and yet I am passed by as though I was an insignificant reed which grew in the valley. Old Matilda Topp has circulated some slantindicular reports about me. She has said that I wasn't gentle and kind to my former pardner, and that he led a wretched life. This is an outrageous lie, and old Matilda Topp deserves to have her ears cut off. I believe that this report is what is keepin' the bachelor sect away, and I shill pursue old Matilda Topp throughout her nateral life with vengeance a burnin' n my heart. Some things kin be looked over, but this one thing can't be looked over. Here I am kept out of matrimony jest because this old hag has circulated slantindicular reports about me when fur four or five years past I should hev been j'ined in matrimony to a man and renderin' his home happy. The urgent voice of the hour calls aloud and says that somethin' must be done. As I said afore I hev'n't decided what would be the proper course to pursue, but I stand ready to do somethin'. The hour has come fur us to strike, I will perceed to say nothin' more at this time.

(Sits down.

Miss L. Miss Betsey Trott, will you give your idees now as to what should be done in this tryin' hour?

Miss Trott. (Rising.) The poet says :

“Know ye not

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?”

The poet also says :

“I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail,

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.”

Again the poet says :

“Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb ;

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.”

The poet also says :

“Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,

’Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range

The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart,

Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange

Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,

And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;

Men have all these resources, we but one,

To love again and be undone.”

I will not make a speech on this occasion, but I will read a few revolutions which I wish to offer. *(Reads.)*

"Whereas, We believe that it is the bounden duty of every woman to git married and endeavor to build up a happy home, and

Whereas, We hev decided with the poet that we must strike the blow, therefore,

Resolved, First, that we must do somethin'.

Resolved, Second, that we must do somethin' purty soon.

Resolved, Third, that we endeavor to strike the blow.

Resolved, Fourth, that we strike the blow by goin' from house to house and perposin' to the men.

Resolved, Fifth, that we perpose to the men we like best first, and if we don't succeed let us persevere and go on down and take one we do not like rather than not git one.

Resolved, Sixth, that the community should not look upon this perceedin' of perposin' to the men as improper.

Resolved, Seventh, that the mind of man is becoming enlightened, and the people are beginuin' to see that the women hev jest as good a right to perpose as the men hev."

These are the revolutions. I will not say anything on this occasion except this: I think we must strike the blow by goin' from house to house and doin' the perposin'. *(Sits down.)*

Mrs. Bibb. (Rising.) Them revolutions embodicates my sentiments to a t-y-ty. We must strike the blow by goin' from house to house and doin' the perposin'. In fact, to tell the illiteral truth about the matter, there ain't no other way of doin'. If the mountain won't come to us we must arise and git up and go to the mountain. I hev six six small children and I could build up a happy home fur any man. My children are some trouble to me, I admit, and I seek a husband so that he may assist me in bringin' them up in the way they should go. Sisters, in takin' this step let us not falter nor fall back, but let us go forward with a strong arm and a wicked heart. As the resolutioner sez, "If we don't git the man we like best, let us persevere and go on until we git a man we don't like, rather than to git none at all. Sisters, I am ready fur battle. *(Sits down.)*

Miss L. (Rising.) Miss Trott has give my sentiments exactly. I, too, think that we should strike the blow by goin' from house to house. I will not make a lengthy long speech, as I am anxious to be up and a doin'. We all seem to be of one opinion, and we will therefore adjourn this here meetin' and go out bravely to the great work which lies before us. 'This meetin' is over and also adjourned.

SCENE II.—*A Room. Doors R. and L. Table, c. Chair on each side of it.*

Enter Mr. ALEXANDER ADDLEFADDLE, R.

Alexander. I hear a step. Who can be coming here. (*Knock at L. door.*) Plague take the people; I wish they'd stay away. (*Looks through key-hole.*) Thunder and grindstones! I believe it's a woman. What would a woman come here for? (*Opens door.*) Jerusalem! it is a woman.

Enter Miss LONG, L.

Alexander. How do you do?

Miss Long. Are you surprised to see me?

Alexander. Surprised? Yes, terrified—struck all of a heap.

Miss Long. I'm sure I don't want to terrify anybody.

Alexander. You don't? (*Aside.*) I wonder what the old gal wants?

Miss Long. (*Aside.*) I wonder if he isn't going to ask me to sit down?

Alexander. I guess we're going to have some rain or some snow after awhile, ain't we?

Miss Long. Yes, I guess so, (*Aside.*) I'll sit down anyhow. (*Sits herself.*)

Alexander. (*Aside.*) That's an unprincipled old gal to sit down without being invited.

Miss Long. I have called for the purpose of speaking of an important matter.

Alexander. (*Aside.*) I wonder how long she's going to stay.

Miss Long. This matter may surprise you some, but I consider it my duty to speak. You are single, Mr. Addlefaddle, and so am I. This is altogether wrong. If we were united in the indestructible bonds of matrimony we could build up a happy home. It is your duty to hev a pardner, or a bosom companion, as it were. I would make a good wife for any man, Mr. Addlefaddle, and I stand ready to be your bosom companion.

Alexander. Great Peter Jehosophat!

Miss Long. I know it isn't customary fur the female sect to do the perposin', but mankind is beginnin' to become enlightened and the people are beginnin' to think that the female sect hev as good a right to do the perposin' as the man sect. The female sect of this place hev decided to take a step forward and commence to select their pardners. Mr. Addlefaddle, I hev allers thought a

great deal of you. You are a noble man. You hev a fine form, and you hev a house in which, if you had a pardner, or a bosom companion, as it were, you could hev a cheerin' family around you, and thus build up——

Alexander. Old gal, do you see that door? (*Calls.*) Tom, bring me my gun.

Miss Long. (*Springing up.*) Gracious! you wouldn't shoot, would you?

Alexander. Shoot? Yes, I'll pop you over in two minutes if you don't go.

Miss Long. Goodness! what a man! (*Exit L.*)

Alexander. What's the world coming to? Am I crazy, or is that old gal crazy? Something must have gone wrong. This beats the nation; old Suzy Long comes here and wants me to be her bosom companion. Jupiter! I have a notion to take my gun, follow her up and shoot her down in her tracks. (*Knock at door, L.*) Who's coming now? I suppose the old gal has come back and is going to try again. Tom, bring my gun. (*Opens door, L.*) Come in.

Enter MRS. BIBB, L.

Alexander. Oh! it's another woman—it's Mrs. Bibb. How do you do to-day? And how are all the little Bibbs?

Mrs. Bibb. (*Aside.*) He seems excited.

Alexander. (*Placing chair.*) Sit down, Mrs. Bibb, sit down. I feel a little queer to-day, but sit down, Mrs. Bibb.

Mrs. Bibb. (*Seats herself.*) Mr. Addlefaddle, I'll come to the pointat once.

Alexander. No, Mrs. Bibb, don't come to the point at once; come to the point at twice. It is a great deal better to do it that way.

Mrs. B. Some of the female sect of this place hev decided that if the mountain won't come to them, they must arise and git up and go to the mountain. They hev also decided that they must strike the blow by goin' from house to house. I hev sot out upon that work. I hev allers thought a great deal of you, Mr. Addlefaddle, and, therefore, I come to you first. I will now explain. I am a a widow with six small children, and if I had a pardner there could be a happy home built up. I understand housekeepin' and I kin make apple-dumplin's.

Alexander. (*Excitedly.*) Is that so? Can you make apple-dumplin's? Make us halt a dozen right on the spot.

Mrs. Bibb. Oh, Mr. Addlefaddle, if you would marry me we could be so happy, and I would make apple dumplin's every day.

Alexander. Apple-dumplin's every day, that's the ticket. I'll take you, Mrs. Bibb, but I'll shoot all the little Bibbs. I won't have any little Bibbs around my house. *No, sir!*

Mrs. Bibb. What makes you talk that way, dear Alexander. Are you not well?

Alexander. No, I'm not quite square this morning. My head feels sorter queer. But it's no difference about the head. Let's talk about the dumplings and the little Bibbs. How many little Bibbs have you?

Mrs. Bibb. I have six children, Alexander, and they are precious darlings.

Alexander. Yes, I suppose they are tip-top little chaps. Won't it be glorious fun to shoot six little Bibbs. (*Fiercely.*) Tom, bring my gun; I've got some Bibbs to shoot!

Mrs. Bibb. (*Startled.*) Alexander, be calm. Sit down and this will pass off.

Alexander. Sit down? *Never!* Do you think I can sit down when there is so much work before me? (*Dances around the room and sings.*) Tol de rol de riddle dol, tol de rol de riddle dol, tol de riddle di do, tol de riddle di do. Look here, Mrs. Bibb, with the sixty-six small Bibbs, will you honor me with your hand in the next dance?

Mrs. Bibb. Oh, Alexander, do sit down and rest yourself.

Alexander. Rest myself? I don't understand you. Sixty-six small Bibbs; that will take sixty-six guns. (*Culling.*) Tom, bring me sixty-six guns. (*Stands on a chair and declaims:*

"Though the old Allegheny may tower to heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Oh! then, let them glow on each helmet and brand.
Though our blood like our rivers should run,
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are *one*.

Then, up with our flag! let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could
dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground."
(*Jumps down and commences to sing and dance.*

Mrs. Bibb. (*Aside.*) The man is crazy. I will go, or he may shoot me. (*Goes to door.*

Alexander. Woman, where are you going? Didn't you promise

to be my Bibb? Are you going to leave me? Come, Mrs. Bibb, and we will build up a happy home. But, in the first place, we will shoot down the sixty-six Bibbs. (*Fiercely.*) Tom, bring me sixty-six guns.

Mrs. Bibb. I must go immediately.

Alexander. Must you go? Good bye, then. Call again some day when you want to build up a happy home. Bring the sixty-six little Bibbs along. (*Exit MRS. BIBB, L.*) Well, I think if that old fool goes forward in her endeavor to catch a husband, she'll not come again to strike the blow.

CURTAIN.

CURING THE BORROWERS.

A SKETCH, IN THREE SCENES.

CURING THE BORROWERS.

—: o :—

CHARACTERS.

THOMAS WORTH, *A Neighborly Neighbor.*

MRS. JANE WORTH, *His Wife.*

BILLY WORTH, *Their Son.*

JOHN BLACKFORD, *A Second Adventist.*

MRS. LUCY BLACKFORD, *His Wife.*

FANNY BLACKFORD, *Their Daughter.*

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Tables. Chairs. Sofa. Sewing and parcels for MRS. WORTH.
Pitcher for FANNY.

CURING THE BORROWERS.

SCENE I.—*A Neatly-Furnished Room. Doors R. and L. Window L.C.
in flat. Table at back, c. Chairs R. and L.*

Mrs. WORTH *discovered seated, engaged in sewing.*

Enter Mrs. BLACKFORD, L.

Mrs. Blackford. I thought I'd jist run in fur a minaute and hev a little talk. But, indeed, I can't stay long fur I hev so much to do.

Mrs. Worth. Take a seat, Mrs. Blackford.

Mrs. B. Yes, I will set down fur a little spell, but, indeed, I can't stay very long. (*Sets herself.*) You know the time's a-comin' fast and it'll soon be here and we must get our house set in order.

Mrs. W. What day is it you have set for the world to come to an end?

Mrs. B. Oh, I didn't set it; indeed, I didn't; and John didn't set it neither. It's a sort of a revelation or somethin' or another. The leaders they understand all about it, and the day is sot, and it's a-comin' jest as sure as anything, and there'll be fire and smoke and confusion and great hollerin', and everything will come to an

end. That's what the Elder says about it, and he understands clean through and through. He has studied the matter over and over and heerd revelations, and when he gits the day fixed there's no mistake but it'll come off.

Mrs. W. But what day is it they have fixed for the great ending?

Mrs. B. It is next Thursday, jest one week from to-day. Oh, when I think that it is comin' so soon, I feel that I ought to git up and go home and do somethin' more so as to git my house set in order. Yes, *Mrs. Worth*, it's a comin' purty soon now, and it makes me feel sad and kinder sick to see nice people like you un's goin' right on jest as if nothin' was goin' to happen. Oh, *Mrs. Worth*, do take my advice and git your house in order. There can't be no mistake this time. 'The leaders, which hev got the revelations, says that it is sure to come, and no mistake. And when it comes there'll be fire and smoke and confusion, and mebbe there'll be great big hailstones and a thunder storm. Oh! it will be a terrifyin' time, and jist to think that it will all come on next Thursday. (*Rising.*) I guess I can't stay any longer to-day, *Mrs. Worth*, fur when I git to thinkin' about it I feel like gittin' at and doin' somethin' more so as to git my house set in order. Oh! *Mrs. Worth*, do take warning' and rouse yourself and git ready fur the great confusion and tearin' up of all things.

Mrs. W. I think you need not give yourself any uneasiness, *Mrs. Blackford*, it is all a mistake. No man living can appoint the time for the general dissolution.

Mrs. B. Yes, that's jist the way they talked at the time of the flood. They went on gittin' married and hevin' feasts and doin' business jist as if nothin' was goin' to happen. They said among theirselves, "Oh, *Mr. Noah*, he's a fool fur to go and build sich a house as that." "There ain't goin' to be no flood." "There never was a big flood and of course there can't be one now." "*Mr. Noah*, will hev all his trouble fur nothin'." But how did it turn out? Didn't the flood come, and didn't the water keep risin' up and risin' up until everybody was drownid? Yes, indeed, and that's the way it'll be this time. The people will go on doin' business and gittin' married and hevin' feasts until next Thursday, and then the fire and the smoke and the hailstones will come and the people will see then that the Second Adventist's was right, and they'll wish then that they had set their houses in order and got into the ark of safety. But, *Mrs. Worth*, I had purty nigh forgot it. I wanted to ax you if you'd lend me three or four eggs. You see when I git to talkin' about the noise and the fire and the hailstones I forget everything else. We'll all be goin' next Thursday and it isn't worth while fur me to go to the store and buy a few eggs. If the end wasn't comin' so soon I'd go and lay in a good supply of eggs, but the time is short and it ain't any use fur us to trouble ourselves about the things of this life.

Mrs. W. (Rising.) Yes, you can have the eggs.

Mrs. B. And could you give me some saleratus and a little white sugar and a pinch of pepper? And I'd like to hev some tea too, if you hev any green tea, but I never did like black tea.

Mrs. W. Yes, I can give them to you. Eggs and white sugar and saleratus and what else?

Mrs. B. And a pinch of pepper and some tea, if it's green tea, but I never did like black tea. I would go the store to git these things, but it is doesn't seem worth while when the end is comin' so soon. It wouldn't be any use to buy a barrel of sugar now, fur we couldn't git it used.

Mrs. W. Sit down for a few minutes, Mrs. Blackford, and I will get the articles.

Mrs. B. And some salt. I had purty nigh forgot about the salt; but it's because I'm thinkin' so much about the noise and confusion which is to come upon the world next Thursday. About a quart of salt will do, Mrs. Worth. Of course it isn't worth while to buy a barrel of salt fur sich a short time.

Mrs. W. I will return in a few minutes. *(Exit R.)*

Mrs. B. It is a strange and startlin' thing to me how some people will go on with their work when the end of the world is starin' them right in the face. Mrs. Worth must be an awful worldly woman. Here she's sewin' away jist as if there wasn't anything goin' to happen. *(Takes up the garment on which Mrs. WORTH had been sewing.)* She's makin' a dress fur herself. Well, that's jist the way it was in the days of Noah. They went on makin' dresses and doin' housework, and the flood come and swept them all away. I declare, she's makin' it with a pollynay too! Oh, sich a woman! When the fire and the smoke and the hailstones comes next Thursday she won't care nothin' more about pollynayeses. I wish she'd hurry up with them groceries. I'm wantin' my dinner and I'spect John will be awful hungry too. Jist as like as not she'll give me brown sugar instead of white, and mebbe she'll wrap up black tea instead of green. She won't give me very much of anything I'll bet, fur she never was a woman to give much away.

Enter MRS. WORTH, R., with a number of parcels.

Mrs. W. (Handing the parcels.) Here are all the articles you named, I believe.

Mrs. B. Did you git white sugar?

Mrs. W. Yes.

Mrs. B. And green tea?

Mrs. W. Yes.

Mrs. B. Then I'm very much obleeged to you. I never could go brown sugar and black tea. Now, Mrs. Worth, afore I go away I would like to ax you to take warnin' and be prepared fur next Thursday. If you hev'n't got your house set in order it will be

very terrifyin' to you to see the fire and the smoke and the hail-stones.

Mrs. W. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Blackford. The world will not come to an end next Thursday. You or I, or both of us may die before that time, and in that way this life may be ended to us, but as for the fire and smoke and confusion, which you speak of, we will not see that next Thursday.

Mrs. B. Oh, how terrifyin' it is to hear a woman talk that way. And that's just the way it was in the time of Noah. The people went on makin' feasts and gittin' married and buyin' new dresses and making them up with pollynayses onto them, but all at onct the winders of heaven was knocked out and the rain begin to fall and the hailstones flew around and everybody was swallowed up but them that took warnin'. Oh! it is awful to think of people goin' on in this way. But I must go home, fur John will be wantin' his dinner. I'll come over to-morrow, mebbe, and talk to you about it. (*Exit L.*)

Mrs. W. Yes, she'll want some more white sugar and green tea and saleratus and pepper to-morrow, and she'll come for them and give me some more Second Adventist's talk at the same time. I suppose we may as well make up our minds to keep the family until next Thursday.

Enter BILLY WORTH, L.

Billy. Mother, I suppose that old hypocritical woman has been here talking fire and brimstone again, has she?

Mrs. W. Yes, Mrs. Blackford has been here, but I think her visit was more for the purpose of borrowing groceries than to talk of the coming Thursday.

Billy. Well, I'd see her in Halifax before I'd give her any more groceries. I don't think it's right to keep a family sitting round doing nothing and talking everlastingly about the world coming to an end.

Mrs. W. I am beginning to think so myself. But I suppose we will not be troubled with them after next Thursday.

Billy. You'll be troubled with them as long as they live here if you don't set your foot down and say emphatically that they sha'n't have anything more. They're a lazy set, and they ought to be cowhided until they'd give up their Advent notions. When next Thursday comes and they don't see the fire and smoke and brimstone, they'll appoint another day—they'll say there has been a slight mistake of about two weeks, and they'll continue to borrow flour and sugar and tea and coffee and saleratus. Oh! I'd stop this work, I wouldn't be bamboozled and made a fool of by the Blackfords.

Mrs. W. I think Mrs. Blackford really believes that the world will come to an end next Thursday, and when she and her husband find that they have been mistaken they will go to work again.

Enter FANNIE BLACKFORD, L., carrying a small pitcher.

Fannie. Mrs. Worth, mother sent me over to borrow some milk to put into our coffee. She says she forgot to ax you fur it when she was here. She doesn't want to buy any milk now, fur she thinks it wouldn't be any use when the world is coming so near to an end.

Mrs. W. (*Taking the pitcher.*) Yes, I'll get you the milk.

(*Exit R.*)

Billy. You folks are borrowing a good many things these times, aren't you?

Fannie. Well, there ain't no use in buyin' things now, fur we hev'n't long to stay.

Billy. You're going to move away, are you?

Fannie. Oh! you didn't know about it, didn't you? The world's comin' to an end next Thursday. I thought you folks knowed about it.

Billy. It'll be a mighty good thing if the Blackford's all get knocked to thunderation.

Fannie. (*Very much shocked.*) Oh! what an awful boy you are. It is awful to talk sich a way at sich a time. But I kin tell you, Billy Worth, it won't be so bad fur the Blackfords as it will be fur some other people that won't take warnin'. The Blackfords will all git safe over to the other shore, but I 'spect the Worths will all git swallowed up in the fire and the smoke.

Billy. I wonder that good people like the Blackfords will borrow sugar and milk and tea and saleratus from awful wicked people like the Worths.

Fannie. You are awful wicked people, but mother says you are purty good to lend, and she doesn't want to fall out with you. But you'll all git swallowed up next Thursday—see if you don't, fur you are awful bad.

Billy. If you were a boy I'd give you a thrashing.

Fannie. Oh! you are an awful boy. When I git the milk I'll go home and pray fur you.

Billy. Perhaps you had better run home now before you get the milk.

Enter MRS. WORTH, R., with pitcher of milk.

Fannie. (*Taking the pitcher.*) Mrs. Worth, Billy is an awful wicked boy. He doesn't believe that there will be an awful tear up next Thursday. Poor boy! I feel purty sure that I will not meet him over on the other shore.

Billy. I think it will take pretty good swimming for you to get there.

Fannie. I can't stay and talk to you now, but I hope you'll take warnin' and git ready.

(*Exit L.*)

Billy. Mother, this is a new kind of borrowing, isn't it? When do the Blackfords expect to return the articles they have borrowed?

Mrs. W. Oh, I suppose they think we will never need them. It is, in reality, giving to them; it isn't lending.

Billy. Well, I'd stop giving to them. If I wanted to be charitable I would give to worthy and deserving poor people, and not to the lazy Blackfords. (Exeunt R.)

SCENE II.—A Yard.

MR. WORTH and MR. BLACKFORD discovered.

Mr. Worth. And you think there will be a final burst up next Thursday?

Mr. Blackford. I'm sure of it; there can't be any mistake this time. It's bound fur 'till come off. The leaders hev had sich a revelation that there's no gittin' over it. I s'pose it's purty terrifyin' to some people to think of it, but it isn't terrifyin' to me, fur I hev been expectin' it and preparin' fur it. We ought to all git ready to go over there. Them that hasn't got prepared hasn't much time now but still I reckon they could git ready. I'd like to borrow a coat from you, Mr. Worth.

Mr. W. What do you want a coat for? You don't need a coat, do you? This is Tuesday. I guess you can run without a coat for two days, can't you?

Mr. B. My coat's got purty bad, and I want to dress up purty well on Thursday mornin'. I think it is the duty of every man to be well dressed when the end comes.

Mr. W. When are you going to return the groceries and other articles you have borrowed from me?

Mr. B. Oh! Mr. Worth, don't let your mind dwell on sich little things now. Think of what is before you; think of the terrifyin' scenes of next Thursday. What does a few groceries amount to at sich a time as this?

Mr. W. But if you don't pay your debts and git square with your neighbors, don't you think you'll be knocked into smithereens?

Mr. B. Oh! you talk in sich an unchristian way. And at sich a time when the destruction of the world is so near at hand. Oh! it is awful.

Mr. W. But what's your opinion on this point? Don't you think you'll be destroyed and smashed into flinders if you don't pay up and get square with the world?

Mr. B. I hope you don't care fur the few groceries which I borrowed. There wasn't any use in goin' to the store and layin' in a whole gob of groceries when we only had a few days to stay.

Mr. W. John Blackford, I feel very much interested in your case. You've been preparing for this occasion for some time, and now wouldn't it be dreadful if you should be knocked into the bottomless pit merely on account of a few groceries?

Mr. B. Oh! don't talk so perfane and wicked at sich a time.

Mr. W. Of course I don't care for the groceries, but it would be terrible if you should be sent whirling into the bottomless pit just because you had failed to return the articles you borrowed.

Mr. B. I'll pay them all back to you on the other shore. Yes, I'll give you *more* than I borrowed.

Mr. W. But I am very much afraid you'll never reach the other shore if you don't pay up before you start.

Mr. B. (*Moving away.*) You are sich a wicked man to talk! Oh! take warnin' and git ready. I s'pose you won't lend me the coat?

Mr. W. Mr. Blackford, I feel very much concerned about you. Here you've been preparing for the end of the world, and you expect it in two days, and now you're going to get jammed down into the bottomless pit, just on account of a few groceries. (*Exit MR. BLACKFORD, L.*) I wonder if that man does think that the world will come to an end on Thursday. Well, I'm decided on one point and that is that he can't borrow anything more from me. (*Exit R.*)

SCENE III — *Same as Scene I.*

Mr. and Mrs. WORTH and BILLY discovered seated.

Mr. W. Well, Thursday is past, and this is Friday. I wonder how the Blackfords feel now.

Mrs. W. I think they'll feel like staying in the house for a few days.

Billy. Oh, they'll soon have another day set and they'll commence to borrow again.

Mr. W. They can't borrow any more articles at this establishment, I'm decided on that.

Mrs. W. I suppose they will now return what they have borrowed.

Mr. W. They will do nothing of the kind, but they will be willing to continue borrowing and agree to pay us on the other shore.

Billy. (*Looking out of window, L.*) The old woman and her

daughter are coming now. I suppose they want more white sugar and green tea.

Mr. W. When they come, act strangely—act as though you weren't in your right minds; I'll do the same and we'll give them a scare and stop the borrowing business.

Billy. That's the idea exactly. Oh, I can be awful crazy. (*Knock at door, L., BILLY opens it.*) Come in, Mrs. Blackford; come in, Fannie.

Enter MRS. BLACKFORD and FANNIE, L.

Mrs. W. Good morning. Take seats. (*MRS. BLACKFORD and FANNIE sit down.*) The end of the world didn't come yesterday?

Mrs. B. No, it didn't come, but it will come yet. We were all ready, but it didn't come. The leaders made a little bit of a mistake; it is to come in three weeks from yesterday. (*BILLY goes to one corner of the room, and tries to stand on his head.*) I wanted to see if I could borrow a few things from you to-day. (*Sees BILLY.*) Goodness! what's that boy doin' there?

(*BILLY walks on his hands and feet to the door, R., locks it, and puts the key in his pocket.*)

Billy. (*Speaking slowly.*) Now we've got the end of the world and the fire and the smoke all shut up in this room.

Mrs. B. What's the matter with that boy?

Funny. He acts like as if he was crazy.

(*MR. WORTH goes to another corner of the room and tries to stand on his head.*)

Mrs. B. Goodness! Look at that man. Mrs. Worth, what's the meanin' of these doin's?

Mrs. W. The fire and the smoke and the hailstones have been too much for all of us.

(*MRS. WORTH rises and waltzes around the room.*)

Mrs. B. I wonder what has come over these people.

Fannie. I guess we'd better go home.

Mrs. B. But that wicked Billy has locked the door.

Mrs. W. Sit down, Mrs. Blackford; sit down. Fannie, don't be alarmed. We have not quite recovered from yesterday's excitement.

Mrs. B. Oh, I couldn't sit down, fur I feel somewhat terrified.

Mr. W. The concert is now about to commence. (*Gets up on a chair.*) Boys in the gallery, take off your hats. By permission of Root and Cady we will now sing some instrumental music. Order in the gallery and also in the boy-lery. (*Sings.*)

“Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with that spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS. Hurrah ! hurrah ! we bring the Jubilee !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! the flag that makes you free !
 So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound !
 How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found !
 How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! &c."

The concert is now over, and I want to borrow some blue sugar and some brown tea, and if you haven't any I'll take some green salt.

(Jumps down and hangs himself over the back of the chair.

BILLY gets up on another chair and barks like a dog.

Mrs. B. Well, I never seen sich doin's in all my born days.

Funny. *(Whimpering.)* Let's go home.

Mrs. W. *(Walking tragically across the stage.)* Where is me che-ild? Give me back me che-ild. *(Standing behind a chair.)* You have been informed that the concert is over. This is a mistake. By permission of Higgins and Scruggins I will now proceed to sing the "Red, While and Blue." *(Sings,*

"Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the Brave and the Free ;
 The Shrine of each Patriot's devotion,
 A World offers Homage to thee !
 Thy mandates make Heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view ;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS. When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue ;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue."

Billy. The next performance will be Shakespeare in fifteen acts. This is the first act. *(Declaims.)* Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth ; to know the worst, and to provide for it."

(BILLY gets up on a chair and crows like a rooster.

Mrs. B. (Very loud.) I ain't a goin' to stay among sich doin's. Let me out, I say. *(Goes to door and tries to open it.)*

Mr. W. Hush! Don't speak so loud, or you'll frighten the end of the world and spill the white sugar. *(Going up to her.)* Did you say you wanted to borrow some blue tea? How would some red sugar do? Don't you want a coat for the Jubilee? Did you ever march through Georgia? Did you ever catch a whale by the tail?

“What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hears? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.”

Mrs. B. Git out of this. Go 'way. *(Screams.)* Murder! murder! fire! fire!

Mrs. W. Don't make so much noise. It's nothing but the fire and the smoke and the hailstones.

(Takes hold of Mrs. BLACKFORD and endeavors to waltz with her.)

Mrs. B. Oh, don't! Oh, my! They're all crazy. *(Screams.)* Murder! murder! fire! fire!

Mr. B. (Shouting outside and rattling the door, L.) What's the matter? Let me in! Let me in, or I'll bust your door.

Mr. W. Yes, bust the door, and you'll get your head busted.

(Opens door, seizes Mr. BLACKFORD by the collar, drags him in, and then shuts and locks the door.)

Mr. B. What's the meanin' of these doin's?

Mr. W. Oh, we've got over to the other shore, that's all, and we're having a jollification.

Mrs. B. John, the excitement has put them all crazy. Can't you git us out of this?

Mr. W. (To Mr. BLACKFORD.) Did you say you wanted to borrow a coat? *(Strikes an attitude.)*

“Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and the dog will have his day.”

Mr. B. (To Mrs. BLACKFORD.) I feel a good deal skeered. We'd better jump out of the winder or we'll all git killed.

Mrs. W. (Speaking as if she had recovered.) Do sit down, Mrs. Blackford; it has all passed off.

Mrs. B. Oh, I think we had better go home. I hev a good many things to do. Won't you open the door? I'm all in a fluster.

Mrs. W. (Opening the door.) Certainly, I will open the door, and I suppose it is better for you to go before we get wild again.

(Mrs. BLACKFORD and FANNIE go out, L. Mr. BLACKFORD attempts to follow, but Mr. WORTH seizes him by the collar and pulls him back.)

Mr. W. How's this? Would you serve a next door neighbor that way? Would you rush out and go back to the shore you came from?

Mr. B. Let me out; I want to go home.

Mr. W. Aren't you on the other shore now? and isn't that the home you've been trying to go to?

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Mr. B. (*Trying to get away from Mr. WORTH, and speaking very loud.*) Let go, I tell you; you're crazy. Let me go.

Mr. W. (*Still holding him.*) Where do you want to go? Do you want to go back to the other shore? Would you run away and leave your next door neighbor? Shame on you.

Mr. B. Let me go, or I'll hev you arrested.

Mr. W. What! do they arrest people on this shore, just as they did on the other shore? Then I'll have you arrested for eating my coffee and tea and sugar and saleratus.

Mr. B. (*Shouting, and trying to release himself.*) Let me go! I want to go home.

Mr. W. Now don't make a noise.

Billy. Let us get our guns into position and fire on him.

Mr. B. (*Shouts.*) Oh! they're goin' to shoot me. Murder! Fire! Mur-d-e-r! mur-d-e-r!

Mr. W. (*Releasing him and opening the door.*) There, you'd better go. We don't want sich a man on our shore.

(*Exit Mr. BLACKFORD, L., hastily.*)

Billy. Good bye, Second Adventists.

Mrs. W. I think we'll not be troubled with them again.

Mr. W. The borrowers are cured, and as Shakespeare says, "For this relief, much thanks."

Disposition of Characters.

MRS. WORTH.
R.

BILLY.
C.

MR. WORTH.
L.

CURTAIN.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.

—: o :—

CHARACTERS.

JOBAB FLUKINS.
DANIEL SPAULDING.
JOSEPHINE CUMMINS.
HANNAH RAINBOW.

—

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

—

PROPERTIES.

Board fence, or a stump. Pail for HANNAH. Two chains.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.

SCENE I.—*Landscape.*

JOBAB FLUKINS discovered seated on a board fence or a stump.

Jobab. (Speaking to HANNAH outside.) I reckon yeou'll be done milkin' purty soon, won't yeou?

Hannah. (Outside.) Yes, I'm jest about done neow.

Jobab. Waal, I want tew talk tew yeou a short spell arter yeou git through. I thought I'd come over neow and not wait till arter night.

Enter HANNAH, R., with milk pail.

Hannah. Can't yeou come intew the house, Jobab?

Jobab. No, I guess not this evenin'. Yeou see I wanted tew tell yeon somethin' and I thought I'd hev tew run over.

Hannah. What is it yeou hev to tell me, Jobab?

Jobab. I s'pect it'll startle yeou and mebbe it'll make yeou feel kind of tickled too. Mebbe yeou could guess.

Hannah. (Setting down her pail.) No, I don't think I could guess.

Jobab. S'posin' yeou try.

Hannah. Waal, then, I guess there's goin' tew be a party.

Jobab. No.

Hannah. A picnic?

Jobab. No.

Hannah. Waal, then, hev yeou been buyin' a new yoke of oxen?

Jobab. No.

Hannah. Nor a horse?

Jobab. No; guess ag'in.

Hannah. Waal, then, hev yeou got a present fur me?

Jobab. No, it isn't that, but I swow, I ought tew be givin' yeou somethin'. I thought I would hev give yeou somethin' afore this time, but the price of butter has come deown awfully and the hens hev e'en a'most quit layin'. I reckon when a feller's ingaged he gives his gal a good many things?

Hannah. Yes.

Jobab. And we hev been ingaged fur three weeks and I hev'n't give yeou anything yet. I declare I feel purty bad about it. But I'll ketch up; I'll give yeou lots of things—see if I don't. What would yeou like tew hev fur about the fust thing?

Hannah. Oh, Jobab, I don't know. I would be ticked to git anything from yeou.

Jobab. Hokey! dew yeou railly say so? I swow, Hannah, I hev a notion to give yeou a buss right here in the paster.

Hannah. Oh, no, Jobab, that would never do; somebody might see yeou. Them Joneses over there is allers a watchin' what's goin' on areound here. But come intew the house.

Jobab. No, I can't go in this evenin'. I'll hev tew be at hum. But I'll come over to-morrow evenin', and we'll hev a long talk. Hev yeou got purty good health?

Hannah. Oh, yes; tip-top.

Jobab. Waal, take good keer of yeoursel, and we'll git married next fall. Won't it be awful nice tew hev yeou jest beside me all the time, and livin' in the same house?

Hannah. I will think it is awful nice tew hev yeou all tew myself, Jobab.

Jobab. (*Coming near to her.*) I swow, Hannah, I believe I'll give yeou a buss.

Hannah. Oh, no, Jobab; it wouldn't dew right eout here in the paster. Them Joneses is allers a-lookin' over this way.

Jobab. Hang them Joneses! They're allers lookin' round and mindin' other people's business. Waal, I must be a goin' fur I s'pose yeou want tew put the milk away.

Hannah. But yeou'll come over to-morrow night?

Jobab. Yes, I'll come to-morrow night. And I'll git the buss then, see if I don't.

Hannah. Oh, Jobab, yeou air sich a nice feller.

(*Taking up the milk pail.*)

Jobab. And yeou're a nice gal too.

Hannah. (*Setting down the milk pail.*) Oh, Jobab, yeou hev forgot; yeou know yeou had somethin' to tell me.

Jobab. Oh, yes, I did come purty nigh forgettin'. Waal, yeou can't guess, can't yeou?

Hannah. No, I can't guess. Yeou know I tried several times. What is it, Jobab?

Jobab. Waal, I'll tell yeou. I kin write po'try.

Hannah. Yeou don't say so! Oh, heow glad I am! When did yeou git commenced?

Jobab. I jest got commenced to-day. Yeou see I was sittin' thinkin' about yeou when all to onet I got to makin' rhymes, kinder in my head, yeou know. Then I went and got some paper and a pen and I writ some of 'em deown.

Hannah. Oh, I'm so glad. Neow yeou kin write some po'try to me and put at the top "To Hannah."

Jobab. Yes, I'm goin' tew dew that the fust thing. I'll put in my best licks and make it purty good.

Hannah. I reckon yeou kin write po'try fur the papers neow too.

Jobab. Yes, I'm kalkilatin' tew dew that. I kin write a he p better po'try than some I see in the papers. Some of the po'try we read in the papers now-a-days ain't of much acceount.

Hannah. Could yeou say some of yeour po'try neow, so I kin hear what yeou hev been doin'?

Jobab. Yes, I s'pose I might. Here's some which I hev been thinkin' up.

I love to sit upon a chair
And think and think while sittin' there;
I love my Hannah purty strong,
And wish to her I did belong.

I sometimes sit upon a stump,
And sometimes off I fall kerflump.
Sich was the case the other day
When I was out a makin' hay.

While livin' here we never know
About our lives and how they'll go;
We never know two days ahead
How soon we'll be laid sick in bed.

We never know how soon we'll die,
And go away and try to fly;
We travel on jest like a toad,
Or like a horse goes down a road.

This is some which I hev thought up, but I kin do better'n that when I sit deown and lay myself right eout tew the busi-ness.

Hannah. Oh, that is splendid! Yeou kin be a great man, neow, Jobab, and I shall be so ticked about it.

Jobab. I must go neow. I'll write a piece of po'try tew yeou purty soon. I swow I wish I could give yeou a buss afore I go.

Hannah. Yeou might give me one, Jobab, if it wasn't fur them Joneses, but they're a watchin' everything. But yeou're comin' over to-morrow night?

Jobab. Yes, I'll come to-morrow night. Good evening'. (*Walking away.*)

And while we live we jump and sing,

And go along like everything.

We feel so good we hardly know

Jest how we sing or how we go.

(*Exit L.*)

Hannah. Jobab's a purty nice feller, but I think he ought to hev give me somethin' afore this time. I'm tickled about his writin' po'try. That's a purty big thing these days. Waal, Jobab and me will git married next fall and he'll keep on writin' po'try and gittin' his name intew the papers, and mebbe he'll go tew Congress some day. Yes, things might keep goin' on till Jobab might git tew be President of these United States some day. Then if I am Jobab's wife, of course I'll be the President's wife. Oh! wouldn't that be grand and astonishin'? And wouldn't Josephine Cummins and Lucy Hopkins and the rest of the gals wish they was in my place? I don't jest altogether like Jobab in every partic'lar. I think I'd like him better if he'd quit farmin' and plowin' and diggin' around and go and live in some town or some place and keep a store. I believe I'm too smart a gal tew live here all my life and dew nothin' but cook and milk cows and churn and dew sich things. But I hev told Jobab that I would marry him and I s'pose I'll hev tew stick tew my word if nobody else comes along and axes me, I reckon it wouldn't be any harm tew break the ingagement if I found eout that I could dew better. But I might dew wuss inste'd of better, fur Jobab has got so he kin write po'try. (*Takes up milk pail.*) Waal, I s'pose I'd better put the milk away. (*Looks off R.*) I declare there's Dan Spaulding a comin'. I wonder what he's comin' here fur neow. But I s'pose he don't know I'm ingaged tew Jobab. He's a purty good lookin' feller.

(*Sets down milk pail.*)

Enter DANIEL SPAULDING, R.

Daniel. Good evenin', Hannah.

Hannah. Good evenin' to yeou.

Daniel. This is a purty evenin'.

Hannah. Yes it is so.

Daniel. I hev'n't seen yeou fur a good spell.

Hannah. No, I guess not.

Daniel. You wasn't out at meetin' last Sunday.

Hannah. No, I couldn't go, fur I had an awful bad toothache.

Daniel. Had the toothache, had yeou? Oh, it's terrible to hev the toothache.

Hannah. Yes, I think it is. Won't yeou come intew the house?

Daniel. Oh, no, I hain't got time. I want tew talk tew yeou about some things.

Hannah. Waal, I'm ready tew listen.

Daniel. I s'pose—I s'pose yeou know—that is, I s'pose yeou know that I think a heap of yeou?

Hannah. No, I didn't know. I s'posed yeou liked me a little, but I reckoned that was all.

Daniel. Oh, I like yeou awful hard.

Hannah. Why I heerd yeou was engaged tew Josephine Cummins.

Daniel. I am too. I'll jest tell yeou all about it. I axed her to marry, and she said she would, but I hev begun tew think that I don't like her near well enough to marry her. I'd a heap rather hev yeou.

Hannah. Oh, Daniel, yeou don't say so! But I'm engaged too. I'm engaged tew Jobab Flukins.

Daniel. Oh, what a sad affair! I believe we was cut out fur each other. But if yeou're agreed we kin break the engagements.

Hannah. Wouldn't that be doin' wrong?

Daniel. Oh, not at all—not a bit of it. It is a great deal better fur us to back out neow than to back out after we hev got married.

Hannah. I like yeou purty well, Daniel, but I don't think I kin give up Jobab neow, fur he has tuck to writin' po'try.

Daniel. Oh, that's nothin'; anybody kin write po'try.

Hannah. Kin yeou?

Daniel. Yes; I've been writin' po'try fur several years.

Hannah. Let me hear yeou say some of yeour po'try.

Daniel. Here goes:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.”

Hannah. Oh, that's tip-top po'try; I believe it's better'n Jobab's.

Daniel. Jobab can't write po'try. He hain't got no talent that way, at all. Don't yeou want tew hear somethin' more from me?

Hannah. Yes, I could listen all day tew sich po'try.

Daniel. “When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.”

Now I'll say some other po'try of a different kind.

“There was a man in our town,
He wasn't very wise,

He jumped into a bramble bush
 And scratched out both his eyes.
 And when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main
 He jumped into another bush
 And scratched them in again."

Hannah. Oh, that is so good and enlivenin'. If yeou would keep on writin' po'try don't yeou think yeou could git tew be a great man?

Daniel. Certainly I could. I guess I could git tew be a great man if I would just say the word. I hev been axed to run fur the Legislature.

Hannah. Oh, hev yeou? When a man goes to the Legislature he is likely tew keep on goin' till he gits tew be President, isn't he?

Daniel. Of course. I think I could be a great man if I'd try a little.

Hannah. Oh, yes, yeou could when yeou kin write sich po'try.

Daniel. Well, Hannah, I can't stay very long. What do you say about marryin' me?

Hannah. I guess I'll hev yeou, Daniel. Yeou kin write better po'try than Jobab, and I think yeou'll be a greater man. I reckon it won't be no sin tew break the ingagement.

Daniel. No, of course not.

Hannah. Waal, I'll tell Jobab about it to-morrow evenin' when he comes over.

Daniel. And I'll go and tell Josephine.

Hannah. I reckon she'll take on a good deal about it.

Daniel. No, I guess not, and anyheow I don't care much. If we like each other purty well we needn't care fur Josephine. Hannah, I'd like to hev a buss afore I go.

Hannah. I'd be willin', but it would never dew eout here in the paster, fur them Joneses would be sure tew see us. They're allers lookin' over this way.

Daniel. Well, I'll come to see yeou to-morrow night.

Hannah. No, not to-morrow night, fur yeou know Jobab's comin'.

Daniel. Then I'll come the next night.

Hannah. Yes, that'll dew. I'll give Jobab his walkin' papers to-morrow night.

Daniel. Good evenin', Hannah.

Hannah. Good evenin' tew yeou. (*Exit DANIEL SPAULDING, R.*)
 Waal, I guess I'd better pick up my milk and go on or I'll not git it strained to-night
 (*Exit HANNAH RAINBOW, with milk pail, L.*)

SCENE II.—A Room.

JOBAB FLUKINS and JOSEPHINE CUMMINS discovered seated.

Jobab. Yeou don't keer nothin' about me, dew yeou, Josephine?

Josephine. No.

Jobab. And I don't keer nothin' about yeou.

Josephine. No, I s'pose not.

Jobab. But I've been thinkin' that we ought tew act as if we was likin' each other awful strong.

Josephine. What would we do that fur?

Jobab. 'Cause, yeou see, yeour feller has kinder left yeou and my gal has kinder left me.

Josephine. I don't care fur Daniel; he kin go. I ain't agoin' to try to git him back, fur I don't run after no man.

Jobab. But couldn't yeou help me rekiver the love of Hannah?

Josephine. Yes, I kin do that. But if I was in your place I wouldn't run after her; I'd let her go.

Jobab. But I've got the likin's fur her awful strong. I can't give her up.

Josephine. Well, how can I assist you?

Jobab. We'll purtend tew like each other an awful heap the next time we air in their presence. Yeou kin make a big fuss over me and I kin make a big fuss over yeou, and mebbe Hannah will think I'm a purty slick feller when yeou air shinin' up tew me.

Josephine. Well, I'll do as you wish fur the sake of bringin' Hannah back to you, but I'm sure I don't care nothin' fur Daniel.

Jobab. We might sorter hitch up our chairs and purtend tew court a leetle jest tew kinder git intew the way of it.

Josephine. I hev no objections.

(They place their chairs near each other, and JOBAB puts his arm around JOSEPHINE.)

Jobab. We hev been livin' purty nigh tew each other all our lives, but I guess we never courted any afore this time, did we?

Josephine. No, I believe not.

Jobab. Waal, you're a purty nice gal, and it's sorter strange that I uever diskivered it.

Josephine. And I think you are a purty nice man, Jobab.

Jobab. Neow, railly, dew yeou?

Josephine. Indeed I do, and I think Hannah Rainbow was a purty big fool to turn away from you and take up with Dan Spaulding.

Jobab. Oh, well, I guess she kin hev Dan Spauldin'; I don't know as I keer anythin' about her neow.

Josephine. That's the way I would feel if I was in your place. I would let her go. Sich people as Dan Spaulding and Hannah Rainbow hev'n't any honor.

Jobab. That's jest the way I think. Neow, Josephine, s'posin' we git married?

Josephine. Oh, Jobab, are you in earnest?

Jobab. Yes, in rail deown airnest.

Josephine. (*Leaning against JOBAB.*) Oh, let me think a moment.

Jobab. No, don't take time tew think, but say it right eout suddenly. Yeou're a heap nicer gal than Hannah, and I like yeou a heap better. What dew yeou say? Will yeou hev me?

Josephine. Yes, Jobab, I will; I am yours.

Jobab. Hurrah fur Jerusalem and the North Pole! Neow we'll hev a buss. (*He kisses her.*)

Enter HANNAH RAINBOW and DANIEL SPAULDING at back.

Daniel. Hold!

Hannah. Stop! (*JOSEPHINE and JOBAB spring up.*)

Daniel. Josephine, how dore yeou kiss that man?

Hannah. Jobab, how dare yeou kiss that woman?

Josephine. Dan Spaulding, I guess I kin kiss anybody I please now, so you'd better shut your head. We've made "Another Arrangement."

Jobab. And I kin say the same tew yeou, Hannah Rainbow. Yeou hain't got nothin' tew dew with me. We've made "Another Arrangement."

Hannah. Oh, Jobab, forgive me! (*Commences to cry.*) Boo hoo; boo hoo!

Jobab. I don't want tew hev nothin' tew dew with yeou.

Hannah. It was all a mistake. Boo hoo! I don't want Daniel, and he can't write po'try. Boo hoo!

Jobab. Waal, yeou give me my walkin' ticket, and if I was yeou I'd be a man and not come boo hoo'in' areound here.

Daniel. Josephine, it was all a mistake. Won't you take me back?

Josephine. No, sir. You hev no honor, and I don't want to hev anything to say to you.

Daniel. Well, I s'pose I kin git somebody else.

Josephine. When you go to hunt up another gal tell everybody what a gentleman you are and how honorably you hev acted with me. (*Exit DANIEL, R.*)

Hannah. Oh, boo hoo! I s'pose I'll hev tew go, and I s'pose I'll go mournin' all the days of my life. Oh, I wish I hadn't acted so bad with Jobab, fur he kin write sich good po'try. Boo hoo! b-o-o h-o-o! (*Exit R.*)

Josephine. We kin be happy now, can't we, Jobab?

Jobab. Yes, as happy as the day's long. Hannah thought she'd kerflop me, but I kalkilate she's got kerflopped herself. Dan thought he'd hurt your feelin's, but I hev an idee he feels purty bad squashed himself abeout this time. I declare I feel so good I think I could make a varse of po'try right on the spot. *(To audience.*

Thus in this life we chase a thing,
And go along and jump and sing ;
But oft, alas ! we stub our toe,
We git kerflopped and down we go.

CURTAIN.

A SCENE
IN THE BOBTOWN SCHOOL.
IN ONE SCENE.

A SCENE IN THE BOBTOWN SCHOOL.

—: o :—

CHARACTERS.

G WASHINGTON WASH,	<i>Teacher,</i>
ANDY ALLEN,	} <i>Pupils.</i>
BILL BROWN,	
CHARLEY COBB,	
DAVE DEAN,	
ELWOOD ELDER,	
FRANK FOGG,	
GEORGE GRAY,	}
HENRY HOPE,	

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Desks, benches, books, slates, school furniture, &c. *Brocm.*

A SCENE

IN THE BOBTOWN SCHOOL.

SCENE.—A School-Room.

All the Characters discovered seated except the Teacher.

Teacher. (Addressing the school.) Boys and gals, no it's jest boys. I don't know why there ain't no gals here to-day, but I s'pect it's because it's the first day, I s'pose. Then, boys and gals, or ruther boys without the gals, I come before you to-day fur the purpose of bein' your master, and also fur the purpose of doin' all the whippin' or thrashin' which may be necessary. I ain't one of them as believes much in thrashin', yet I am one that kin lay on heavy if the necessity of the case demands it. I hev been a school-master fur up'ards of a good spell and I firmly believe that I kin teach school anywhere. School teachin' requires a good deal of science and scientific composition. Some schools needs a great deal of thrashin' while other schools needs sca'cely any thrashin'. The last school which I was the master in was the Frog Holler school, and they required a vast amount of thrashin' there. Indeed, the thrashin' was so extensive there that it amounted to lickin'. I hev been informed that I would hev to do consid'able lickin' if I cum to this school-house fur the purpose of bein' the master. I shill feel

vexed and shill repret it sorely if sich shill be the case, yet it ought to be understood at the first that I am a good hand at performin' lickin's and I shill stand ready to perform my duty as an upright American citizen. When a man takes hold of a school fur the purpose of bein' its teacher he is firmly and substantially bound to do the thrashin' and obliterate all the rumpuses which may arise. If he can't do this he should immediately give up his school and go to work in other fields and pasters. As I said before, I hev been teachin' fur up'ards of a good spell and I understand the business jest as well as it kin be understood. I know how to attend to the larnin' and I know how to attend to the thrashin', and you may feel sure that I shill do my duty as an upright American citizen. But what meant them rumors which did come to my ears, sayin' that this was a bad school and that I would hev a vast amount of thrashin' to do if I should come here fur the purpose of bein' the master of this "Bobtown School?" When I stand here and gaze upon you and look into your eyes and see your noses I think and purty near feel sure that you are not a bad set of boys. The question often arises in my mind what is the use of boys bein' bad and noxious? I kin git no answer to the said question, fur I kin see no reason why they should be bad. Now, boys, I would ax you not to be bad and noxious while I am remainin' among you. Of course, as I said before, I stand ready to do the thrashin' if it shill revolve upon me. I want to be a faithful American citizen while I am keepin' school, but still I hope there will be no cause fur thrashin'. Kin we not git along without thrashin'?

Andy. I don't think we kin.

Teacher. What? How's this? Has any of you dared to speak up while I was makin' a speech? Who was it spoke up? (*No reply.*) I want to know who it was that spoke up. (*No reply.*) I was speakin' so earnestly that I didn't notice who it was that spoke. Howsomdever it ain't any difference. If you feel like answerin' some of the questions which I so often put into my speeches I s'pose I shouldn't say nothin'. You may jest go on and answer, if I unwittin'ly ax any more questions. I somehow hev got into the way of axin' a good many questions when I am makin' a speech. This, I s'pose, is the best way, fur a good many big speakers and also large orators do the same when they are speakin'. I hev a good many things which I might say to you before I commence teachin'. I might say to you that if you want to become great men and great women—

Bill. I don't want to be a woman.

Teacher. There! I am interrupted ag'in, but I believe I shill let it pass and say nothin' about it. I sorter like to be interrupted, fur it shows that the boys before me hev interruptedness and also impertinacity. But as I was goin' to say, if you want to become big and great and celebrated you should be good boys when you are goin' to school. You should not act so as to be in danger of gittin' a

thrashin'. I could raise my finger and p'int back into the past ages and show you some men which got to be big and great and celebrated and as fur as history and Josephus instructs us on these p'int's they were first-rate, tip-top boys while they were goin' to school.

Charley. Point them out, mister.

Teacher. I don't know as it is altogether proper and parliamenterly fur me to be interrupted so often. But still when I come to think of it I don't care much, fur it shows that these boys of the "Bobtown School" hev inquiren' minds. Now, boys of this "Bobtown School," I want to ax you kindly and expectorantly to be good boys while I am stayin' here among you and teachin' this here school. There ain't no use in bein' bad boys, fur bad boys come to want and poverty and good boys don't never come to nothin' of the kind. Now in the first place it will be almost exceedingly necessary fur you all to hev books if you come to the school. I hev been the schoolmaster in school-houses where the boys and gals were almost destitute of books, and when sich is the case the aforesaid boys and gals don't often l'aru to any great consid'able extent. I also want to say to you that I would be very much obleeged if you would all keep your sittin's when you sit down. It isn't considered jest right to hev boys trampin' all over the school-house at all hours of the day, and goin' from one part of the school-house to another part of the school-house in a confusin' and terrifyin' manner. I believe I'd rather not hev sich doin's in this Bobtown school-house. But now I shill elose my speech and sit down, and we will commence to do somethin' in the way of openin' this school and commencin' to teach. (*Sits down.*) You boy over there with a red head, (*nodding to DAVE DEAN*) what's your name?

Dave. My name's Dave Dean.

Elwood.

Dave Dean
Swallowed a bean.

Teacher. I see we hev one boy who kin make po'try. The "Bobtown School" should feel rejoiced because this is the case.

Dave. I kin make as good po'try as that. Just listen :

Frank Fogg
Killed a hog.
George Gruy
Ran away.
Henry Hope
Stole a rope.

Teacher. It is wonderful how some people kin make po'try. But, I believe we needn't hev any more of it now. We had better git to doin' somethin' or we won't git the school opened to-day. All of you which has been in the cipherin' class come out, and I will ax you a few questions. (*ANDY ALLEN, BILL BROWN, CHARLEY COBB, DAVE*

DEAN and ELWOOD ELDER come out and stand in a line.) I s'pose you all know somethin' about cipherin'?

Andy. Yes, we know a heap.

Teacher. I will ax you a few questions. (*Taking up a book.*) That is, I will ax you a few questions which you must cipher out in your heads. This is a new kind of cipherin' and it takes a feller to know somethin' about scientifics to be able to do it. Here is a question which I shill ax you. What will six pounds of mutton cost at seven cents a pound? The boy at the top of the class may cipher that out.

Andy. That's an easy question and doesn't need much cipherin'. Let me see. Six pounds of mutton at seven cents a pound would come to about forty-two cents.

Bill. Mister, I don't know what mutton is.

Teacher. Don't know what mutton is? Why I had an idee that the scholars of this "Bobtown School" was well l'arnt. Next boy, there, do you know what mutton is?

Charley. 'Deed I don't. I never heerd of sich a thing.

Teacher. Is it possible that the scholars of this here "Bobtown School" doesn't know what mutton is? Next boy there, don't you know what mutton is?

Dave. I guess it's another name fur apple butter.

Teacher. (*Laughs*) Ho, ho! Sich a lot of boys! And don't you really know what mutton is? Next boy, there, don't you know what mutton is?

Elwood. I used to know but I forgit.

Teacher. Well, this must be a sligdoramus of a school. I had been told that this here "Bobtown School" was an awful smart school, but not one in this cipherin' class kin tell me what mutton is. Well, I shill perceed to ax another question.

Bill. Master, afore you go any further I'd like you'd tell us what mutton is.

Teacher. Pooh! you wouldn't want me to tell you sich a thing as that.

Charley. Deed we'd like to know, fur I never heerd tell of sich a thing.

Dave. Oh, yes, master, we want to know what it is. Allers afore when we had masters they'd tell us things which we didn' know.

Teacher. Oh, I don't want to take up time tellin' you sich little things. I had an idee that the scholars of this "Bobtown School" was well l'arnt.

Elwood. Yes, sir, we want to know what mutton is.

Bill, Charley and Dave. (*Together.*) Yes, we want to know.

Teacher. Well, if I hev to take up my time tellin' sich little things I will perceed to do so. Mutton is a vegetable which grows on some of the islands out in the sea somewheres. Now I hev told you, and you kin say that you have l'arned somethin' on the first

day of school. But the printer which prints these books ought to explain sich things in his books so that all boys and gals could understand the readin'.

George. (Aside.) What a teacher!

Teacher. We will now perceed to go on with the cipherin' class. Here is another question. (*Reads.*) If two apples cost four cents, how much will three apples cost? You boy there with the red head may answer that.

Dave. If two apples cost four cents how much will three apples cost? Well, I s'pose it would be about twelve cents, because four threes is twelve.

Teacher. Yes, that's right. You Bobtown boys is purty smart after all.

George. (Aside.) What a teacher!

Teacher. Now we'll hev one more question in the cipherin' class. (*Reads.*) If two pears cost eight cents, how much will five pears cost. The next boy below the red headed boy may cipher that out.

Elwood. Let me see. Five two's is ten. Yes, that's it; two pears is eight cents, then five pears will be five times two. Five times two is ten. Yes, that's the answer. I kin rattle off them questions purty fast.

Teacher. Yes, you are a purty smart boy. I had heerd a good deal about this "Bobtown School" and I was expectin' to see some purty smart boys.

Frank. (Aside.) And I guess you'll see 'em purty soon.

Teacher. The rest of you boys may come up here now and we'll hev a sort of a geography class. (*FRANK FOGG, GEORGE GRAY and HENRY HOPE come out and stand in the class.*) I s'pose some of you know somethin' about geography?

Andy. Oh, yes, we know a good deal about jography.

Teacher. I don't know none of your names, so I'll commence at the top and take you by numbers. First boy, up there, what's your name?

Andy. My name's Andy Allen, but I'm mostly called Sockdolager.

Teacher. Well, I s'pose we'd better call you Andy. I reckon you wouldn't want to be called Sockdolager in the school-house?

Andy. Oh, I ain't partic'lar.

Teacher. Well, fur the present we'll call you Number One. Next boy, what's your name?

Bill. My name's Bill Brown, ginerally speakin'.

Teacher. Well, we'll call you Number Two till we git things straightened up.

Bill. Git things straightened up purty quick then, fur I don't like that kind of a name.

Teacher. You oughtn't to talk back to your master, still I s'pose

it doesn't make any difference when we are jest gittin' the school started.

Bill. Oh, no ; it doesn't make any difference.

Teacher. No, I s'pose it doesn't.

Bill. Oh, no, not at all.

Teacher. Bill, you oughtn't to talk too much. A good many boys in this world talk too much and they are purty sure to come to some bad end.

Bill. They're big fools to come to a bad end when they jest might as well come to a good end.

Teacher. I believe I hev'n't anything more to say to you, Bill.

Bill. Oh, let's talk a spell and sorter git acquainted.

Teacher. Bill, you're Number Two. I must hurry up or we'll not git our school started to-day.

Bill. S'posin' we give it up fur to-day and start it to-morrow.

Teacher. I feel afeared that I'll hev to do some thrashin' in this school. And it would make me shudder to git at to do some thrashin' so soon.

Bill. If it would make you feel bad I wouldn't do it nohow.

Teacher. I must hurry along with this class. Next boy, what's your number ?

Charley. I s'pose I'm Number Three.

Teacher. Next boy, what number are you ?

Dave. Number Four.

Teacher. Go on with your numberin' on down to the foot.

Elwood. Number Five.

Frank. Number Six.

George. Number Seven.

Harry. Number Eight.

Teacher. I will now perceed to ax you some questions in geography. (*Opening a book.*) Number One, I want to ax you a question.

Andy. All right ; go ahead.

Teacher. What is a mountain ?

Andy. Let me see. I used to know what a mountain was. Now I hev it. A mountain is a vast pile of dirt hove up on a level place.

Teacher. That's right, Number One. Now, Number Two, kin you tell me the names of some of the most distinguished and influential mountains ?

Bill. Yes, I kin do that. There's Lookout mountain and Turn-over mountain and Peter Bottle's mountain, and Mount Washington and Mount Jefferson and Mount William Henry Harrison and Mount John Quincy Adams and Mount James K. Polk and the Black Hills and Pike's Peak and Philadelphia and New York and Cincinnati and

Boston and Madagascar and the Straits of Magellan and San Francisco and Turtletown and Bulger and ——

Teacher. That'll do, my boy. We don't want you to tell all you know jest on the first day of school. Mebbe you've told all you know now.

Bill. Oh, no; I know heaps of things.

Teacher. You kin tell me some more to-morrow. Now we'll pass on to the next boy which is Number Three. Number Three, what is an island?

Charley. It is a chunk of land which has got loose and slid out into the ocean.

Teacher. That's right, but still it isn't jest what the book says. I ain't one of them teachers though, which goes accordin' to the book all the time. A teacher which does that ain't of much account. A boy which kin use his own talk in answerin' questions, instead of usin' the talk of the book shows that he has got some pluck and animosity about him. I would jest say here that I would prefer that you would use your own talk on all occasions. Number Four, kin you tell me what a volcano is?

Dave. Yes, siree. A volcano is a mountain which busts up and breaks loose. My, oh, but I'd hate to be around when one of 'em busts out that way.

Teacher. If you was on top of a volcano when it broke forth, couldn't you run and git out of the way?

Dave. Git out of the way? Well, I guess you couldn't. No, sir-ee! When them things commence to go, they go in a hurry. I'd like to see you gittin' out of the way.

Teacher. I am glad you hev sich a power of language and kin talk so well. As I said before, it is a great deal better to do your own talkin' than to talk as it is in the book.

Dave. Uncle John says I'm a purty good talker.

Teacher. Yes, you'll do purty well.

Dave. Yes, I think I'll do purty well.

Teacher. But there is sich a thing as a boy talkin' too much.

Dave. Yes, I know there is sich a thing as a boy talkin' too much, but I'm not one of that kind. No, sir.

Teacher. (*Yawning.*) I shill perceed with the geography lesson. Number Five, kin you bound the State of Virginy?

Elwood. Yes, I kin bound the State of Virgiuny, or any other state. Virginy is bounded on the North by the tropic of Snappyourcorn, on the East by the rock of Gibraltar and the Gulf of Mexico, on the South by the straits of Timbuctoo and the Golden Gate and on the West by Pike's Peak and Morrison's Hill.

Teacher. (*Drowsily.*) Next boy, bound—next State.

Frank. Next State. I s'pose that's Pennsylvania. Well, I s'pose I might go at it recklessly jest as that other chap did. (*Speaks in a sing-song tone.*) Pennsylvania is bounded on the North—Pennsyl-

vany is bounded on the North—Pennsylvania is bounded on the North—(*Teacher goes to sleep*)—I'm jest thinkin' about Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is a big State and she is bounded on the North by the cape of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, she is bounded on the East by Nova Scotia and the Cannibawl Islands, she is bounded on the South by Greenland's icy mountains, and she is bounded on the West by—I really don't know what she is bounded on the West by, but I s'pose it doesn't make any difference, fur I think the old chap is sound asleep. Now, boys, don't git to cuttin' up too high all at once; let him git purty sound asleep and then we kin hev some of the tallest kind of fun. I'll keep talkin' away in this hummin' sort of a tone so as to sing him to sleep. Some fellers kin bound a state better'n other fellers. I reckon I kin bound Pennsylvania jest about as well as anybody. (*Some of the boys sit down and others slep out of the class.*) I guess you fellers hadn't better git too far away fur the master might wake and make a rumpus. This is a purty nice day but I reckon it will rain afore many days. (*Teacher moves slightly—The boys resume their places and FRANK commences again to bound Pennsylvania.*) Pennsylvania is bounded on the North by some water and some land, on the East by Yucatan, on the South by some more water, and on the West—but it doesn't make any difference fur the West fur the old feller's gone asleep again. I wonder what's the cause of the master bein' so sleepy.

Henry. I 'spect he's been visitin' his gal last night.

Andy. If he doesn't wake up purty soon he won't hear much of the jography class.

Bill. Accordin' to the way I look at the matter he won't lose much jography, fur there isn't much goin' on.

(*Some of the boys sit down.*)

Charley. Let's go out and play ball.

Dave. Oh, no, let's stay here and see how scared the master will be when he wakes up.

Elwood. Frank, I guess you'd better go on with your hummin' sound so as to keep the old feller sleepin'.

Frank. Well, I kin do the hummin'. Pennsylvania is bounded on the North by a row of rambo apple trees, on the East she is bounded by the green mountain boys, on the South she is bounded by the battle of Cowpens, and the battle of Brandywine, and on the West she is bounded by the Ozark mountains. (*Sings in a low tone.*)—

“When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout!

The ladies they will all turn out,

And we'll all feel gay,

— When Johnny comes marching home,”

I guess I might go on and speak a speech. Feller citizens, big boys and little boys, I stand before you to-day fur the purpose of makin' a speech. There's a heap of things which I might speak about, but I don't want to speak very loud, fur the master, who sits there a snoozin' might open his eyes and jump up and give me a wallopin'. Feller citizens, I think we hev a good master. We don't often hev a master which will sit down and take a sleep the first day of school. Let us be good to this master, fur sich a one may not come along ag'in fur a consid'able long spell. *(Teacher moves.)*

Charley. Hush! The master's wakin' up.

(The boys all spring to their places and FRANK commences to bound Pennsylvania.)

Frank. Pennsylvania is bounded on the North by Washington county, on the East by Mrs. Grundy, on the South by the Halls of the Montezumas, and on the West by the Choctow Indians. The master's asleep ag'in. Isn't he a good sleeper. Mebbe he's only actin the possum.

Dave. Gracious sakes! if he's actin' the possum won't you ketch a lickin'.

Frank. No; what would I ketch a lickin' fur? Hevn't I been boundin' away jest as hard as I could? It would be very unreasonable fur him to give me a lickin'.

George. Let us turn this into a spelling class.

Andy. Who'll be teacher?

Charley. I'll be teacher.

Frank. I'll be teacher. No, I guess I'd better go on with my boundin'. Pennsylvania is bounded on the North——

Dave. Oh, dry up we've had enough jography from you.

Frank. Well, you see, I was sayin' jography when the master went to sleep and I reckon I'd better be sayin' it when he wakins up.

Dave. Give him a poke in the ribs and rouse him. We can't pay him fur teachin' if he sleeps half the time.

Frank. I guess I won't do the pokin'. I'm too nervous fur that kind of business.

Dave. I'll go and get a brush out of the broom and tickle his nose.

Frank. That's jest the thing.

(DAVE goes to corner of the room, pulls a brush out of the broom and returns.)

Dave. This will git him aroused.

Ethwood. Yes, I calculate it will. And I 'spect a boy by the name of Dave Dean will git himself curflummuxed.

Dave. Now, boys, keep your places in the class and I'll do the ticklin'. *(DAVE goes near to tickle the Teacher's nose, when FRANK slips up behind and gives him a push which sends him sprawling against the teacher.)* Oh, gracious! Thunder and lightning!

Teacher. (*Springing up.*) What's all this about? (*DAVE runs towards the door.*) You young rascal, I'll give you a lickin' fur this.

(*Runs after him.*)

Dave. Master, I didn't do it. Somebody pushed me. (*Exit R.*)

Teacher. I'll settle your business. (*Exit R.*)

Bill. (*Shouting after them.*) Hi!

Charley. Whoop!

Frank. Hurrah!

Henry. Go it, ye cripples!

(*Boys laugh and shout as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

MRS. BOLIVAR'S QUILTING.

IN ONE SCENE.

MRS. BOLIVAR'S QUILTING.

—:o:—

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. PEGGY BOLIVAR.	
MISS PRUDENCE SPENCER,	} <i>Old Maids.</i>
MISS CHARITY CHICKWEED,	
MISS ANNIE REYNOLDS,	} <i>A Young Lady.</i>
Mrs. JANE JENKINS,	} <i>Widows.</i>
Mrs. JEMIMA PEPPER,	

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

A quilt and quilting frame, needles, thread, &c. Six chairs.

MRS. BOLIVAR'S QUILTING.

SCENE.—*A Room. A quilt in frame. Six chairs around it.*

All the Characters discovered seated and engaged in quilting.

Mrs. Bolivar. Now, I wan't to say to all of you that you needn't be partic'lar how you quilt this quilt, fur it is a quilt of not much importance. I hev been thinkin' fur some time that I ought to git a quilt quilted fur the hired man to sleep under. He is a norphan and he complains of bein' cold these frosty nights. Ginerally speakin' hired men are inclined to give a body a good deal of trouble and, therefore, I ginerally turn a heedless ear to their howlin's. This man however, bein' a norphan, seems to be more inclined to feel cold than a'most anybody else I ever had dealin's with. We did hev a boy here fur awhile, and he slept with the hired man, but he is gone away and the hired man, which his name is John Jones, is gittin very unreasonable. I'd a heap ruther not hev any hired men about the house, but it seems a'most impossible fur Jeremiah to git along without one.

Miss Spencer. What is the Christian name of the hired gentleman who now works fur Mr. Bolivar?

Mrs. B. His name is Jonathan Simms, but I ain't so sure that he is a Christian, fur I heard him swearin' at the pigs yesterday.

Miss S. Is Mr. Simms a beautiful man about the face?

Mrs. B. Well, he's got an awful long nose, but otherwise he'll do purty well.

Miss Chickweed. You must hev a notion of settin' your cap fur him when you ax so much about him.

Miss S. Set my cap fur a hired man! Who ever heard of sich a thing? Charity Chickweed, you must be a born fool or you wouldn't talk that way. Hadn't you better go and run after Benjamin Brown ag'in?

Miss C. Some people must get mad jest about a little thing. I was only speakin' in a sort of a jocular joke. I reckon a body might joke a little at a quiltin'.

Miss S. But when it comes to evenin' me to a hired man I won't stand it. It isn't any joke when it comes to this.

Mrs. J. Oh, let us drop the subject, and let peace reign in Handsaw, as the poet says. It is very terrifyin' on the feelin's to hev two people git savagerous and talk slantindicularly at each other. I would advise you both to go on in the even tendril of your ways and look upon each other jest as if there hadn't been nothin' said of a slantindicular natur'.

Miss C. Well, I'm agreed to let the matter drop, fur as true as preachin' I don't harbor no animosity within my bosom.

Miss S. I s'pose I kin let the matter drop. I was allers considered one that could take a joke if the necessity of the case demanded it, but I wasn't quite expectin' to be evened to Mr. Bolivar's hired man. The Spencers allers held theirselves up purty high. They had purty good blood in their veins fur some of their relations signed the Declaration of Independence, and to hev a person in sich a standin' evened to a hired man is a leetle to overwhelmin' to be endured.

Mrs. J. Oh, well, you needn't say nothin' more about it, fur Charity has sed that she didn't harbor no animosity within her bosom, and I feel purty sure she didn't. She is one who never allowed animosity to rankle within her constitntion.

Miss S. Oh, I kin let it drop. I allers could take a joke, but I considered it a leetle too much to be evened to Mr. Bolivar's hired man when one of my ancestral relations writ his name to the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. Pepper. Fur the purpose of changin' the subject and stoppin' the flow of conversation in regard to Mr. Bolivar's hired man, I would inquire if any of you hev seen Deacon Slimkins lately?

Miss Reynolds. I saw his son last Friday night. (Giggles.) Te hee.

Mrs. J. Is it possible that George Slimkins has commenced to go to see the girls.

Miss R. I didn't say he went to see anybody. Te hee.

Mrs. J. Well, I reckon you didn't go to see him?

Miss R. Couldn't I see him without going to the house? And couldn't he see me without coming to our house? 'Te hee.

Mrs. J. There wasn't no singin' nor nothin' last Friday night, and how could you see him if he didn't come a courtin'?

Miss R. Couldn't he have come over for the handsaw or the spade or the shovel or something or another? 'Te hee.

Mrs. J. Oh! I s'pose he's courtin' you.

Mrs. P. Yes, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Annie Reynolds. You're too young to be keepin' company with George Slimkins.

Miss R. And you're too old to be keeping company with Deacon Slimkins. But all the company you're keeping with him doesn't amount to much. You'd like to catch the Deacon, but he knows what you are and he won't have anything to with you.

Mrs. P. (Angrily.) You impudent young thing, you'd better hold your tongue. You don't know how to talk to your superiors. Better stay at home till you l'arn some manners.

Miss R. (Giggles.) 'Te hee! You're getting kind of cranky.

Mrs. P. You don't know how to talk, and your marm ought to keep you at home. I don't like sich sassy people.

Miss R. I would like to inquire who commenced to sass, as you call it.

Mrs. B. La, sakes! if you git up a few more fights around this quilt it will be quilted bad enough.

Mrs. P. I wish I hadn't axed anything about Deacon Slimkins since this impudent young thing has tuck to cuttin' up so bad. But I merely axed to sorter squelch the animosity which was arisin' between Prudence and Charity.

Miss R. Oh, you axed jest because you're tryin' to catch Deacon Slimkins and you can't think or talk about anything else.

Mrs. P. (Rising.) You young, ugly, abominable, rantankerous gal, I hev half a mind to rush upon you and scratch you awful.

Miss C. (Rising.) Now let me say somethin' to still the angry waters and squench the risin' billows. Jemima Pepper, I wouldn't mind what a young bit of a gal says. And I s'pose she didn't railly mean to be sassy, but she was jest kinder led on to it. Jemima Pepper, you know that as we travel along through this world of obstickles and sich things we must forgive and forget. On every hand, yes, on the North and on the South, on the East and on the West we must encounter and run ag'in obstickles and sich things. We are all liable to hev trouble and sometimes we will encounter sassy gals. And here the question arises, why is it that we hev sassy gals in this world, or rather, why is it that gals are sassy? There might be several answers giv to this question. Without desirin' to consume too much time I might give a few of them.

In the first place, gals are sassy because it is their natur'. Sassiness is born and bred into some people and you might jest as well try to dam up the Rocky Mountains with a chip as to take it out of 'em. People that are born in this sad condition hev my largest and most extensive pity. But all people are not born sassy. No, not by a long chalk. A great many people git their sassiness after they hev arrived at the age of, say ten or twelve. Some young folks, when they come to this age think that everything they say or do is jest right and that nobody has any business to say anything contrary to their way of thinkin'. Sassiness of this kind is almost as bad as the sassiness I spoke of in the first place. Yes, I will even go furdur than that and say that this kind of sassiness is wuss, a great deal wuss, than the sassiness I spoke of in the first place. And now I will perceed to give the reason why this sassiness is a great deal wuss than the sassiness I spoke of the first place. When a person is explainin' a matter it devolves upon that person to superinduce and explanitale his reasons fur sich and sich things, and actin' upon this devolvolution I will now proceed to give the reason why the sassiness I spoke of in the last place is so much wuss than the sassiness I spoke of in the first place. The sassiness in the first place is not really the sassiness of the people involved; from the fact that the sassiness is herrydittery and therefore the people involved are not to be blamed because the sassiness does not come by their own doin's. No, it does not come by their own doin's, fur their sassiness is herrydittery. When I commenced to speak on this matter to you I looked upon the first kind of sassiness as awful bad, but as I went on, and as I thought over the matter I could plainly see that the first sassiness which I spoke of was not near so bad and terrifyin' as the second sassiness which I spoke of. And this if all ownin' to the first sassiness bein' herrydittery. When anything is herrydittery there ain't nobody to blame fur it. I could enlarge upon this subject, but I must hasten and proceed to speak of the third kind of sassiness, which comes upon the sasser almost unknownin'ly and unwittin'ly. This kind of sassiness is brought on by the remarks of another person which may be slightly sassy, hugely sassy or not in the least sassy. And I might here say that some people would consider a remark hugely sassy which other people would look upon as not in the least sassy, and visey versey t'other way. You see, different people look upon things in different lights. I will hasten on to explain that the sassiness of the present sasser, or in other words, the sassiness of Annie Reynolds was brought on unknowin'ly and unwittin'ly. It isn't fur me to say whether the remarks which brought on the sassiness of the present sasser were slightly sassy, hugely sassy, or not the least bit sassy, and it isn't fur me to say anything in regard to the remarks of Annie Reynolds. Some of you may consider them slightly sassy, others may consider them hugely sassy, while others may consider that there wasn't any sass included and incorporated in them.

I didn't rise fur the purpose of decidin' on that p'int; I only rose fur the purpose of tryin' to git peace to spread her broad wings ag'in over this quiltin' assembly. Ladies of this here quiltin', I want to say to you that quarrelin' and fightin' and jawin' and scratchin' and kickin' up fusses is bad and demoralizin' and ought to be abandoned. Let us quilt in tranquillowty and harmony and while we jab the needle into the yieldin' quilt, let us endeavor to hev peace hoverin' around.

(Sits down and commences to quilt.

Miss S. When you're so much ag'in sassin', I wonder that you should git to sassin' me by evenin' me to Mr. Bolivar's hired man.

Mrs. J. Oh, fur the land's sake, don't git to slantindictin' each other ag'in. Let that matter drop. Do both of you go on in the even tendrils of your ways or we won't never git this quilt done. As I before said in a brief remark, I feel sure that Charity didn't mean nothin' fur the Chickweeds never was persons to let animosity rankle within their constitutions.

Miss S. It seems to me, Jane Jenkins, that you are meddlin' a little too much with the conversation which is goin' on between me and Charity. When two people gits to talkin' it is the height of onpoliteness fur another person to speak up and make remarks and interrupt. If you want to talk I guess you'd better go and talk to old Timothy Jackson. They say you're tryin' to ketch him now.

Mrs. J. (Rising.) Now I'm goin' to give you a piece of my mind. You're an old reprobate and a hypocrite and a blathershite and a big fool. Hevn't you jest been jawin' Charity Chickweed fur considerin' you equal to Mr. Bolivar's hired man. And now I ax you in clarified tones, who is Timothy Jackson? Answer that question, Jane Jenkins. Ah! I feel as if I could swoop down upon you like a vulture swoopin' down upon somethin' which it wanted to eat. But the questions recurs, *Who is Timothy Jackson?* and the answer comes boomin' down in all its startlin' vividness. *He is a hired man!* Is it possible that sich doins can be did at a quiltin'? Base, hypocritical woman, didn't you get blusterous and also gusterous when Charity Chickweed remarked good humoredly that you must hev a notion of settin' your cap fur Mr. Bolivar's hired man. Mr. Bolivar's hired man is too good fur you.

Miss S. (Springing up.) What's that you say? Halt! Stop! I'm infuriated now.

(Seizes the quilt and knocks down the frame.

Mrs. B. Good land! my quilt will be ruined.

Mrs. P. What a distressin' rumpus!

Mrs. J. Don't come near me or I'll tear your wig all to fin-ders.

Miss S. Do you dare to say that I wear a wig?

Mrs. J. I do.

Miss S. Now then fur vengeance.

(Mrs. BOLIVAR seizes Miss SPENCER and Mrs. PEPPER seizes Mrs. JENKINS.)

Mrs. B. You shill not fight. Why, what would the people say if there should be a fight at Mrs. Bolivar's quiltin'? It would be an everlastin' disgrace upon both of you, and upon me also.

Mrs. P. Yes, and the people would talk about it fur six months.

Mrs. B. No you shill not fight. You may ruin my quilt and tear down my quitin frame, and the hired man may do without a kiver fur forty years, but you shill not fight. No, you shill not. It would be a terrifyin' disgrace.

Miss S. I don't want to disgrace nobody, but no woman shill say that I wear a wig without gittin' fearfully scratched.

Mrs. B. Waal, you sha'n't do no scratchin in this house.

Miss S. No, I'll give it up fur the time bein' and proceed to quilt jest as if nothin' had happened to mar and disjoint the sublimity of the occasion. But to Jane Jenkins I would say, there will come a day of vengeance.

Mrs. J. Let her come. Now let us set up the quilt and return to our quiltin'. I'd a heap rather this circumstance hadn't occurred, but I was kinder let into it unknowingly.

(The quilters set up the quilt while Miss CHICKWEED speaks.)

Miss C. Yes, let us hev peace and let us drive animosity and indignation far away. Quiltin's are got up not only fur the purpose of quiltin', but also fur the purpose of meetin' together in good humor and hevin' some sociable and revivifyin' talk. At quiltin's we should hev an exchange of good feelin', as it were. But how has it been at this quiltin'? Ah! it makes me sithe when I think how it has been. We hev had wranglin' and janglin' and snappin' and snarlin'. Now while this quiltin' goes on and continners and perceeds, let us put away this wranglin' and janglin' and while we jab the needle into the quilt let us endeavor to hev peace hoverin' around. Ladies of this here quiltin', can we not git off a jocular joke upon each other without hevin' a fuss raised and without startin' animosity? Yes, I think we can. Who hev we at this quiltin'? First we hev the lady who was kind enough to make this said quiltin', and who wants to git a kiver fur her hired man's bed. This woman is a good woman. Nobody can rise up and say anything ag'in' Mrs. Bolivar.

Mrs. B. Oh, Charity, how you do talk!

Miss C. (Continuing.) And then we hev Prudence Spencer, who is a young and handsome gal. She was inclined to say some things ag'in' me a short spell ago, but she said them without thinkin', and I ain't one of them kind of people as allows myself to feel wrathful ag'in' anybody. And now I shill pass on to Annie Reynolds. She is a lively gal. Sorrow rests but lightly upon her brow. I learn with sincere pleasure that she has got a beau and that beau is George Slinkins.

Miss R. I didn't say I had a beau. Te hee.

Miss C. I now come to Mrs. Jane Jenkins, widder of the late lamented Jacob Jenkins. She is an amiababble woman, and yet if the necessity of the case demanded it, she would strike fur her altars and her fires. I shill now speak of Mrs. Jemima Pepper. She is an amiababble woman, but she has sufficient pluck to take her own part. I learn that Deacon Slimkins is takin' occasion to look at her at church now-a-days. The Deacon would make a good choice if he would choose Jemima.

Mrs. P. Oh, Charity, you are sich a flatterer!

Miss C. I hev now given a telescopic view of what this present quiltin' is composed. The quilt is now set up. Sisters of this quiltin', let us ag'in fall to and, as I said before, while we jab the needle into the yieldin' quilt, let us endeavor to hev peace hoverin' around. *(Sits down and they all commence to quilt.)*

Mrs. B. I guess my quilt isn't ruined after after all. But when Prudence grabbed it I thought it would be smashed into flinders.

Miss S. I was infuriated, and when I am infuriated I am liable to rend things asunder.

Mrs. J. But you didn't do much rendin' that time.

Miss S. I hev'n't anything to say now, as I wish to hev respect fur Mrs. Bolivar and fur this quilt. But I would jest say calmly to you, Jane Jenkins, that a day of vengeance will come.

Mrs. J. Pooh!

Miss C. Don't say nothin' more. As soon as we git one rumpus squelched another one bursts forth. Sisters of this quiltin', I beseech you, do not let your animosities git aroused, but as I said afore, while you jab the needle into the yieldin' quilt, endeavor to let peace hover around.

Mrs. B. I believe I shill hev to go out and see about gittin' the supper. Who of you will hev coffee and who will hev tea?

Mrs. P. I'll take tea, fur my part. Deacon Slimkins says that coffee is bad fur the disgustible organs.

Miss R. Te hee. She's talking about Deacon Slimkins again.

Mrs. P. What's that you say, you young hussy?

Miss R. You can't talk about anything but Deacon Slimkins.

Mrs. P. You imppedent young thing, you're commenin' ag'in, are you? You don't know how to talk; you don't know nothin'. Jest because George Slimkins has gone hum with you once or twice from singin' school you think you can say a'most anything. But I'll show you that you can't give me none of your sass.

Mrs. B. Good land! if there isn't another fuss arisin'.

Miss C. Annie Reynolds, if you go on in this way I will hev to put you into the second class of sassers of which I spoke.

Miss R. Te hee! It would be a terrible thing to be put into that class.

Mrs. P. You imppedent young thing, this is the second time

to-day that you hev sassed me about Deacon Slimkins. (*Rising.*) Now I rise up and call upon you to take it all back—yes, I rise up and call upon you to recataract.

Miss R. Recataract! Te hee! What's the meaning of that word?

Mrs. P. Don't give me no more of your sass, but take back what you hev said about me and Deacon Slinkins.

Miss C. Oh, now, let us endeavor to hev amiababbility within our walls while we are doin' this quiltin'. As I remarked before, let us go forward and jab the needle into the yieldin' quilt, and at the same time let us endeavor to hev peace hoverin' around.

Mrs. P. I don't want anybody to talk to me now about peace and amiababbility and sich things, fur I am furiously and spon-tonatically aroused. (*To MISS REYNOLDS.*) Annie Reynolds, are you goin' to take back what you hev said about me and Deacon Slinkins?

Miss R. No, I'm not. You're an old fool and you'd better hold tongue.

Mrs. P. Land of Goshen! Would I hev thought that the imppeident young thing would talk way to me. (*To the other quilters.*) You see who has got up this fuss. But a day of reckonin' has come. As I said before I am furiously and spontonatically aroused.

Miss S. (*Springing up.*) And I'm aroused in that kind of a way too. Jane Jenkins, my day of reckonin' is come. I did think that I would say nothin' on the present occasion, but I can't keep still; the indignation is boomin' within me and it must bust forth.

Mrs. B. Good land! If you git up any more fusses my quilt will be ruinated intirely.

Miss C. Sisters of this quiltin', let me beseech you to scrunch back your indignation. Let us endeavor to hev tranquillowty abounidin' within these walls while we are doin' this quiltin'. Let us go forward in peace and jab the needle into the yieldin' quilt.

Miss S. (*To MRS. JENKINS.*) Are you ready to be most terri-fically scratched?

Mrs. J. (*Rising.*) Yes, I stand ready fur the cornflict.

Mrs. P. (*To MISS REYNOLDS.*) You imppeident thing, are you ready to be cruelly dealt with?

Miss R. (*Raising her arms.*) I am.

Mrs. B. Good land of Nantucket! what will become of my quilt.

Miss S. Jane Jenkins, you slanderalytical woman, come on.

Mrs. P. Annie Reynolds, you imppeident young thing, come on.

(*MISS SPENCER and MRS. JENKINS, and MRS. PEPPER and MISS REYNOLDS rush together and commence to fight and scream. The quilt is knocked down. Other quilters scream. General confusion.*)

CURTAIN.

A R U M P U S .

IN ONE SCENE.

A R U M P U S .

—:o:—

CHARACTERS.

MISS EVALINA NOBB,	{	<i>Old Maids.</i>
MISS MIRANDA JOBB,		
MRS. LUCINDA DOBB,	{	<i>Mothers who have infants on exhibition.</i>
MRS. FLORABEL BOBB,		

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Table. Four chairs. Two pillows dressed up as babies.

A R U M P U S .

SCENE.—*A Room. Table at back, c. Chairs R. and L.*

All the Characters discovered seated.

Miss Nobb. I never was at a baby show afore and it seems kind of funny.

Miss Jobb. This is the first baby show I was ever at too, and I kalkilate it will be the last one. It makes me nervous to hear the cryin' of different babies in different parts of the buildin'. I don't keer nothin' fur babies.

Miss N. Well, I can't say as I keer fur babies either, but it is kind of funny to be at a baby show. You git to see a good many people when you come to a baby show. The men sect all come out fur to see the babies, and then, besides that, it is kind of funny to be at a baby show.

Miss J. Well, I am sure I don't keer fur the men sect. They hevn't got no attractions fur me. I don't want to hev nothin' to do with them, fur they are all a deceitful class of individuals and they deserve the scorn and thunderation of all enlightened females.

Miss N. I am not so rebutive ag'in the men sect as you are, Miranda, You know the poet says,

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!"

The men sect, generally speakin', is an abused class. Now there are some mighty magnificent men in this town. Look, fur instance, at Washington Webb and Alexander Jones and Mark Baxter.

Miss J. Don't tell me to look at them, fur I won't. They ain't any better than the rest of the male sect. I don't want to hev anything to say to any of them. I wish I had stayed at home. 'The squallin' of the brats around me is terrifyin'.

Mrs. Dobb. Well, if I didn't like the squallin' of the brat's I'd git up and leave.

Mrs. Bobb. Yes, that's what you ought to do.

Miss J. I've jest got as good a right to stay here as either of you. It's you two women that ought to leave. I think you'd better hunt up your squallin' brats and go home.

Mrs. D. (Rising.) Do you dare to say that my Alexander John Benjamin is a squallin' brat?

Mrs. B. (Rising.) Do you dare to open your unparalled jaws and wag your slanderous tongue in sich a way as to intimate that my precious William Boanerges Harrison is a squallin' brat?

Miss J. Oh, now, you needn't git fussy about nothin'. Under the Constitution and By Laws of these United States I hev jest as good a right to talk as anybody. If I don't like the male sect the Constitution of the United States gives me the power to say so, and if I don't like squallin' brats, the Declaration of Independence of these United States will uphold me in speakin' my mind.

Mrs. D. But you ain't goin' to come into my presence and say that my little wopsy popsy Alexander John Benjamin is a squallin' brat.

Mrs. B. And you ain't goin' to come into this baby show of ours and open your rebellious jaws and wag your slanderous tongue and take occasion to intimate that my dear hoity toity William Boanerges Harrison is a squallin' brat. I don't keer fur the Declaration of the United States nor the Constitution of America nor nothin' else. My William Boanerges Harrison isn't goin' to be slandered and lacerated by anybody. The Bobbs never was a people that could be trampled upon.

Miss J. Now, Lucinda Dobb and Florabel Bobb, what's the use of gittin' up a fuss? If you talk so loud you'll wake the whole

caboodle of babies which are sleepin' in the next room. If I don't like squallin' brats hev'n't I a right to say so?

Mrs. D. If you don't like the dear babies you ought to git up and leave as quick as possible.

Mrs. B. Yes, that's jest what you ought to do, fur you ain't agoin' to sit up here and take occasion to intimate that my William Boanerges Harrison is a squallin' brat. Sich doin's can't be did here, fur the Bobbs never could be trampled upon, and as long as there is a drop of blood in my sinews sich doin's sha'n't be consummated under the shinin' heavings.

Miss N. Perhaps I can interpolate, or in other words, poke in a few syllables what shill act as oil poured upon the troubled waters, as it were. I think Miranda Jobb didn't really intend to utter any words which would cause an uprisin'; I think she merely wished to say that she didn't take an immense delight in infant babies, and havin' said this much she wished it to be understood that the Constitution of the United States guarantees the freedom of speakin' about babies and also about the male sect. She didn't really intend to send a shaft which should rankle like a serpent's tooth. You know the poet says,

"Oh! many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

Mrs. D. Evalina Nobb, you needn't interfere and endeavor to take Miranda's part. I reckon she kin fight her own battles. She's got to take back what she said. She isn't goin' to say that my precious Alexander John Benjamin is a squallin' brat.

Mrs. B. No, nor she isn't goin' to say that my innocent little darlin', William Boanerges Harrison is a squallin' brat. She's got to take it back.

Miss N. Now let peace reign in Warsaw, as the poet says. Don't ask Miranda Jobb to take back a harmless remark. She didn't mean nothin' and there ain't no use in gittin' up an uprisin' about nothin'.

Mrs. D. Evalina Nobb, I'd like you'd attend to your own affairs. You're nothin' but a meddlesome old maid and you're jest goin' round tryin' to ketch a husband.

Mrs. B. Yes, you're jest a meddlesome old maid, and when I tell Miranda Jobb that she mustn't call my William Boanerges Harrison a squallin' brat, I don't want you to interfere and endeavor to pour oil on the troubled waters, as you call it. You're wantin' to git married awful bad, but nobody'd hev you.

Miss N. What do I hear? Is it possible that Lucinda Dobb and Florabel Bobb will talk so to Evalina Nobb? Can I believe

my ears? Do I hear aright? Now then fur vengeance. I hev held my peace fur a good spell, but now I am aroused.

Miss J. Give them calamity. They hev'n't got good common sense. If they hadn't been so touchy about Alexander John Belzebub and William Boanerges Bolivar they wouldn't hev got into this trouble. I was only assertin' my rights under the Constitution and By Laws of the United States.

Miss N. I hev endeavored to pour oil onto the troubled waters and—

Mrs. D. (Interrupting.) And you hev got into trouble yourself. That serves you right. You had no business to interfere and endeavor to screen Miranda Jobb. She said that my precious Alexander John Benjamin was a squallin' brat and she shill take it back or suffer severely.

Mrs. B. And she said that my darlin' William Boanerges Harrison was a squallin' brat. She shill take it back or there it back or there shill be "A Rumpus" which shill shake this earth from centre to circumference.

Miss N. I don't care a picayune how you and Miranda Jobb fix things now. I did endeavor to pour oil on the tronbled waters, as it were, but you, Lucinda Dobb and Florabel Bobb hev said that I am runnin' around huntin' a husband and now I stand ready to dash upon you. No woman shill say to me that I am runnin' around huntin' a husband. No, indeed, for sich isn't the case. Lucinda Dobb, come forth. I stand ready for the fray. Come out and let me tear you into atoms, and then after I hev demolished a Dobb let me commence upon a Bobb. *(Baby cries outside.)*

Mrs. B. There! that's the cry of my precious William Boanerges Harrison. I must away to my darlin' wopsy popsy.

Miss J. Yes, run to your squallin' brat. It is a squallin' brat, and the sounds which are now comin' from the room are positive proof of my assertion. Under the Constitution of these United States I hev a right to say a squallin' brat is a squallin' brat. *(Very loud.)* Florabel Bobb, I say that your brat is a squallin' brat, and I dare you to do your worst.

Mrs. B. Miranda Jobb, you git very uproarious when you find that I hev to leave the room. I go, but I will return. You hev said that William Boanerges Harrison is a squallin' brat. You shill take it back, or I shill break the Constitution of the United States and break your head too.

Miss J. Oh, I ain't afeared of you.

Mrs. B. I go, but I will return, and then I will sound the war whoop. *(Baby cries outside.)* But I must hasten to my precious William Boanerges Harrison. *(Exit R.)*

Miss N. Bobb is gone. And now, Dobb, I call upon you to come forth. You hev said that I am a meddlesome old maid and that I am a runnin' around huntin' a husband. Dobb, will you take it back?

Mrs. D. Did you ever know a Dobb to take back anything? No, there is neither flinch nor falter in a Dobb. You had to put in your tongue when we get into trouble with Miranda Jobb, and I jest said what I thought. I said you were a meddlesome old maid and that you were runnin' around huntin' a husband.

Miss N. 'Tisn't so. It's a base falsification. Take it back or I'll give you a bouncin'.

Miss J. Now let me say a word.

(Baby cries outside.)

Mrs. D. There! that's the cry of my Alexander John Benjamin. I would know it anywhere. I must rush to my dearlin' ootsey tootsey, but I will return and then I will stand ready for the fray.

Miss J. Yes, run to your squallin' brat. Didn't I say it was a squallin' brat, and wasn't I right? The Constitution of the United States upholds me in savin' that your brat is a squallin' brat, and I will stick to it. Yes, it is a squallin' brat; it is squallin' even now. Go and attend to it.

(Baby cries outside.)

Mrs. D. I go, but you will see me again. I will not be scrunched and trampled upon.

(Exit D.)

Miss N. She's gone.

Miss J. Yes, she has gone to her squallin' brat. Isn't it strange that women will make sich fools of themselves about their babies? Now what is there in a baby to admire? I'm sure I can't see anything.

Miss N. Miranda, what would you do with a couple of women who had the imperdence to say that you was runnin' around huntin' a husband?

Miss J. Well, that would depend on circumstances. If they told the truth I would let them alone; if they didn't tell the truth I would fight till the last armed foe expired.

Miss N. You don't intend to say that they told the truth in my case.

Miss J. Yes, they told the truth. I say it with a realizin' sense of the moral responsibility of the assertion. That's what you hev been doin' fur several years. You tried to ketch Abraham Wingerly and Tom Richetts and Jake Spooner and Sam Johnston and Natty Briggs, and now you are after Washington Webb and Alexander Jones and Mark Baxter. Yes, Evalina Nobb, I'm sorry to hev to say it, but you hev been makin' a dunce of yourself fur several years. Now, I wouldn't do sich a thing. I despise the male sect from first to last, and I won't hev nothin' to do with them--nothin' whatsoever. But if I was wantin' to git married I'm sure I'd never run after the men; I'd see them in Halifax first.

Miss N. Can I believe my ears? Do I hear aright? Is it possible that you, Miranda Jobb, hev turned ag'in' me? Now I shall jest proceed to tell you what I think of you, and it won't require much time either. You are a base old reprobate and an unprincipled falsificator? Don't I know that you hev been tryin' to ketch

Washington Webb and Alexander Jones and Mark Baxter? Yes, I do, and you hev got cranky and ugly and sour and mean and unprincipled because you can't get them. Oh, I know you Miranda Jobb and I jest tell you now that no woman is goin' to talk that way about me, and go home without gettin' an awful scratchin' at my hands. (*Holding up her hands.*) You see them hands? You see the finger nails upon them hands? You see that them finger nails hev'n't been cut off fur some time? My anger on this occasion shill make them nails ten thousand times sharper. My anger on this occasion shill make me scratch with a ferocity unparalleled in the annals of ancient history. My anger, which is as hot as the burnin' lavender which rolls down the sides of Mount Vesupiter, shill cause me to dive onto the top of your head and tear out the few remainin' hairs which are still clingin' there. Yes, Miranda Jobb, I am fully aroused. I feel like a ragin' lion on the tops of the Adirondacs. I feel like an Adriatic tiger which is about to spring upon his prey. Yes, Miranda Jobb, I am about to spring.

Miss J. Spring then, and don't talk so much. In the language of the poet:

"Come one, come all; this rock shall fly,
From it's firm base as soon as I."

I stand ready to meet you. Do you think I'm afeared? A Jobb afeared of a Nobb? Never.

Miss N. Then here I come and I shill tear you all to pieces. (*Springs towards her with hands upraised.*) Hadn't you better retreat!

Enter MRS. BOBB, R., with baby—the baby should be a small pillow dressed to resemble an infant.

Mrs. B. What means this rumpus?

Miss N. I am goin' to spring upon this ugly old maid and tear her all to pieces.

Mrs. B. Yes, spring upon her; crush her; tear her eyes out. She's a venomous, rantankerous, pusillanimous woman. (*Talking to baby.*) Yes, she is, isn't she, my 'ittle wopsy topsy, Willie Bonnerges Harrison? He is mamma's pet, so he was, and the bad, ugly ooman said he was a squallin' brat. 'Tittle wopsy topsy go to s'leepy.

Miss J. Woman, don't talk to me. You're a Bobb and I don't want to hev anything to say to a Bobb.

Mrs. B. And isn't a Bobb as good as a Jobb? What were the Jobbs? They didn't amount to anything; they were a good fur nothin' set. I know all about the Jobbs. Hev'n't I heard what your father was, and your grandfather, Yes, I know all about the Jobbs.

Miss J. Woman, you're turnin' your squallin' baby upside down.

Mrs. B. (*Straightening up the baby.*) Why so I am turnin' the 'tittle ootsey tootsey upside down. Was I hurtin' the 'tittle poity toity? Yes, he was gettin' his precious head turned over. You is sich a darlin' baby—yes, he was.

Enter Mrs. DOBB, R., carrying a baby.

Mrs. D. I hev returned and I stand ready fur the battle.

Miss N. Hold, Mrs. Dobb! Stay, Mrs. Bobb! I want to attend to this Jobb. She has said that I am hunting a husband. It is a base falsification; it is an outrageous lie. I will attend to this Jobb. And I will make a short job of this Jobb. Now, Jobb, I am ready to spring.

Miss J. Well, it seems to me that you are all talk and no fight. I think you are doin' a job of talkin'.

Miss N. You shill soon see that I kin fight. Did you ever know a Nobb that wouldn't fight when she was trampled upon? Prepare for the conflict. I am now about to spring, jest as a Bengolly tiger would spring upon an unsuspectin' pullet.

Mrs. D. Stay, Miss Nobb.

Mrs. B. Hold, Miss Nobb.

Mrs. D. She has said that my Alexander John Benjamin is a squallin' brat. Kin I endure this? Never! She must be scrunched and I must hev a hand in the scrunchin'. I will set my baby down here on the floor and then I will be ready fur the rumpus.

(*Sets her baby down at R. entrance.*)

Mrs. B. And I also must hev a hand in the scrunchin'. She has said that my William Boanerges Harrison is a squallin' brat, and shill I hev sich venomous things said about my William Boanerges Harrison? Never! (*Becomes excited, holds the baby in one hand, flourishes it and gesticulates wildly while she is speaking.*) Shill my William Boanerges Harrison be abused and villificated and curflummuxed? *Never!*

Miss J. I think he's gittin' purty bad curflummuxed now.

Mrs. B. (*Still waving the baby around her head and speaking wildly.*) Ain't I a Bobb, and kin I endure sich doin's? Am I goin' to stand quietly by and see my William Boanerges Harrison ridiculed and knocked about and curflummuxed? No, never! I am aroused now. I feel like an ostrich or an antelope or somethin' or another. I feel prepared to dash upon Miranda Jobb jest like a thunderbolt and upset her at one fearful blow. Am I a Bobb? Yes, I am a Bobb, and William Boanerges Harrison is a Bobb, and the Bobb family shill not be dislocated and abused by a member of the Jobb family; I am aroused to the highest pitch; I feel like a thunderstorm, I feel like a locomotive. Come on, Miranda Jobb. I can't be restrained any longer.

Miss J. You kin all do more talkin' than fightin'. Why don't you come at me? I will now take occasion to say that I am

aroused. I see that I will hev to strike the first blow, and it shill be a fearful blow. I will knock you Southwards and Northwards and Westwards. I will sweep over you like a hurricane. Come, Nobb. come on, Dobb, come on, Bobb ; I kin fight you all.

(Raises her arms and rushes up to Mrs. BOBB.

Mrs. B. Oh, hold on till I set my baby down on the floor.

Miss J. I'll set him down fur you. *(She seizes the Baby and dashes it upon the floor.)* Come on, Nobb, come on, Dobb, come on, Bobb, I kin fight you all. Whoop !

(They all rush together and commence to fight and scream as the curtain falls.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IN A RAILWAY STATION.

IN ONE SCENE.

SCENE IN A RAILWAY STATION.

—:o:—

CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM YOKEL, *A Dutchman.*

BRYAN MALONE, *An Irishmn.*

JOHN SMITH, *Ticket Agent.*

RALPH RUFUS, *An Exquisite.*

MRS. PRUDENCE PEGG, *A Woman of Pluck.*

ELLEN ELDER, *A Young Lady.*

COSTUMES.—To SUIT THE CHARACTERS.

PROPERTIES.

Carpet-bag for MRS. PEGG. Tickets for Agent. Railroad porters.

SCENE A
IN A RAILWAY STATION.

SCENE.—*The Interior of a Small Railway Station. Small window a one side of the room.*

All the Characters, except Ticket Agent, discovered seated.

Mrs. Pegg. I do wonder what time the two o'clock train leaves.

Bryan. Shure an' it laves at half-past foive, mum.

Mrs. P. Now that's an awful falsification you hev told. What's the use of tryin' to impose on a poor lone woman?

Bryan. Faix, an' do ye mane to say that ye are 'a poor lone woman?

Mrs. P. Yes, I hev a pardner, and his name is Anthony Pegg, but he has run away and left me, and I'm jest travellin' round tryin' to find him.

William. Vell, I t'inks I would led him go to t'under.

Mrs. P. Oh, mister! you are a cruel, cruel man. How kin I live without my Anthony?

William. Vell, berhaps you could find a man py t'e name of William vich would pe petter dan Misder Andony. T'e Villiams nefer git up und run away from dere vifes.

Mrs. P. If you know of a good, kind man by the name of William you may give me his address. I cannot yet give up my dear Anthony, but it may be that he has passed away from this vale

of tears, and if sich is the case it may be that I will seek another pardner, fur you know it is dreadful lonesome to hev to live without a companion. But I would not think of sich a thing as seekin' fur a pardner until after I had mourned a consid'able spell fur my departed Anthony. But I think that my Anthony is still in the land of the livin'.

William. Vell, now, if I was in your blace, I would gif him up. He ain't of no agcount when he gids up und runs away from you, und I t'inks he don't care not'ing vhatsoever apout you.

Mrs. P. Oh, don't be so cruel as to speak uproariously about my Anthony. He was sich a good man. 'Tis true he had corns on his feet and he would swear a leetle when he got somewhat obsteepevious, but he was a good man fur all that. It seemed very home-like to hev him about, and when he went away the sight of his old coat a hangin' behind the kitchen door would bring tears a rusbin' to my eyes. But if you know a good man by the name of William you may give me his address.

Bryan. An' how w'ud ye loike to have a husband by the nane of Bryan Malone.

Mrs. P. I don't want to hev anything to say to you, mister, fur I think you aren't a gentleman. Didn't you tell me that the two o'clock train didn't leave till half-past five. Now anybody would know that that was a falsification. I don't want you to talk to me, sir, fur I think you ain't the right kind of a man.

Bryan. Faix, an' I think ye are an ould darby.

Mrs. P. You'd better keep your mouth shut now, mister, or I'll fetch you a whop over the head with my carpet-bag. I've got a bottle of hair ile and a smellin'-bottle and a tin whistle and severil other little trinkums in my carpet-bag and they'd rattle joyfully about your ears. If my Anthony was here you wouldn't give me none of your sass—no, you wouldn't—you'd be afeared, fur Anthony would take you by the back of the neck quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson and he'd pitch you right out of the station-house.

Bryan. I think ye are an ould Tartar. I hain't got nothin' more to say.

Mrs. P. But I've got somethin' more to say. Do you think I'm goin' to sit still and take your sass and say nothin'? Well I kalkilate I ain't. You've got me aroused now and I'm goin' to give you a piece of my mind. What kind of a man are you anyhow? Do you call yourself a gentleman? I wasn't sayin' an oncivil word to you and yet you must give me some of your sass. I s'pose you're in the habit of talkin' to unprotected females, but I'll let you see that I am a Rickleson—my name was Rickleson afore I married Anthony—and I kin tell you, mister, that I am able to take keer of myself. (*Rises.*) I hev a good mind to fetch you a whop over the head with my carpet-bag.

Bryan. (*Rising.*) Faix, now, an' I don't want ye to do that.

Shure, an' wasn't I talkin' a bit fur the fun av the thing? I never thought ye'd take the tantrums that way.

Mrs. P. And you thought you could poke your fun onto me, did you? I'll let you see that I can't be imposed upon by an Irishman or anybody else. I'm gittin' madder and madder and I hev a good mind to fetch you a whop with my carpet-bag.

Ralph. Would you allow me to make a wemawk? I don't wish to intawfeaw in the distawbance, and yet I don't want this gentleman to get hurt about the head. We should be careful how we wush into twouble. This gentleman, I think, did not weally intend to get you awoused; he merely wanted to say something amusing. I hope you will take this into considawation and not be any fawther awoused.

Mrs. P. And who are you?

Ralph. My name is Walph Wufus.

Mrs. P. Walph Wufus! Why what a heathenish name! Where'd you come from? China, Nova Scotia, or the Japan Islands? You must be a furriner, fur you've got sich a queer twist to your talk.

Ralph. I live in the city and I am about to weturn.

Mrs. P. Weturn? What's that? Do you mean that you're goin' to vomit? If you are, I kalkilate you'd better step outside.

Ralph. You aw an absuwd woman.

Mrs. P. Do you often take these spells of vomitin'? I s'pect a leetle catnip tea would be good fur you. Drink it jest afore goin' to bed.

Ralph. (*Rising.*) Woman, I don't want to hold any fawthar conversation with you. You aw an absuwd woman and I considaw you beneath my notice.

Ellen. Yes, you are a disgrace to your sex.

Mrs. P. You don't say so! And what are you? I s'pose this furriner is your beau, and you feel bad because he wants to vomit and can't git it done.

Ellen. Don't talk to me.

Mrs. P. Does it make you nervis to hear me talkin'? If you are one of them nervis kind of gals I pity you. Now there was Prudence Ann Bunkerly, she was an awful nervis sort of a gal; she couldn't stand it to hev anybody talkin' about the house when she got into one of her tantrums. But, say, I'd like to know if this furriner is your beau. (*ELLEN doesn't reply.*) Won't tell, won't you? Well, it don't make any partickelar difference, only I jest want to advise you not to marry a furriner, fur it is likely to make a disturbance in the family. Now there was Becky Bradley, she married Patrick McManus, he was jest a raw Irishman, and they never could git along. Patrick wanted to keep the pig in one corner of the house jest as he'd been used to doin' in Ireland, and Becky wouldn't hear to sich doin's and they had trouble about that and half a dozen

other things, and awhile they had a split and Becky went one road and Patrick went the other. No, don't never marry a furriner.

Bryan. This ould gal is givin' us all a lick wid her tongue. Shure now an' I think it wasn't any wondher that her Anthony run away from her.

Mrs. P. Silence, sir. Didn't you say that the two o'clock train would leave at half-past five? Sir, you are a falsificator and an Irishman. You wanted to poke your fun at a poor lone woman, but I kalkilate I am able to take keer of myself. Now, sir, you'd better not talk any more or I'll give you a whop with my carpet-bag.

Bryan. I haven't anything more to say. I am intirely spachless.

John Smith. (*Opening window.*) Any tickets wanted?

Ralph. (*Going to window.*) Yes, I want a ticket to Bunkawtown. Give me two tickets.

Mrs. P. La sakes! does it take two tickets to kerry a furriner?

Ellen. Old woman, you have too much talk. Attend to your own business and let other people attend to theirs.

Mrs. P. Gracious Peter! Then he must be a beau of your'n when you speak up that way. Well, I wouldn't marry a furriner; leastwise, I wouldn't marry a furriner when he has sich a weak stummick.

Ralph. (*Retiring from the window.*) There aw a gweat many fools in this countwy.

Mrs. P. And hev you got any in the furrin land which you cum from?

Bryan. (*Going to window.*) I wont a ticket to Hagenstown, fur ye see I want to be afther gittin' away from this ould carpet-bagger.

Mrs. P. I'm an old carpet-bagger, am I? (*Striking him over the head with her carpet-bag.*) Take that, you old son of a gun. I guess you feel that I am a carpet-bagger now, don't you?

Bryan. Be the powers, ould woman, if I double up me fist an' hit ye on the nose I'll stop yer jawin'.

John Smith. Here's your ticket.

Mrs. P. And you'd strike a woman, would you? Shame on you.

Bryan. An' do ye think I'll sthand here an' let ye bang me over the head wid yer ould carpet-bag? *Never!* Shure an' I won't be slammed around by no ould crazy woman.

Mrs. P. Do you say I'm an ould crazy woman? If I give you another whop with my carpet-bag I'll knock you as flat as a flounder. Git away from the winder, you ugly Irishman; I want to buy my ticket. (*BRYAN moves away from the window.*)

William. I'd shoost as lief as not make you a bresent of a dicket.

Mrs. P. Oh, you are sich a good man! The German popelation is so much better than the Irish popelation. You hev some feelin's and symphonies for a lone woman who has lost her pardner, but that Irishman doesn't know nothin'. Your kindness has teched my heart-strings and made them jingle.

William. Oh, dot is not'ings. I would shoost as lief pny a dictet for a goot, nice vomans like you as nod. (*To JOHN SMITH.*) Gif me two dictets.

John Smith. Where to?

William. T'under! I forgot. (*To MRS. PEGG.*) Vere do you t'ink you vant to go?

Mrs. P. To Bunkertown. Oh, you are sich a sweet, scientific man!

Ralph. Gwacious! what vulgaw cweatures!

William. (*To JOHN SMITH.*) Dwo dictets vich vill dake a shendleman and a lady to Punkertown.

Bryan. Be jabers, an' I think the ould woman is goin' to drap her Anthony, an' cling to the Dutchman.

Mrs. P. What's that you say?

Bryan. I say ye are an ould fool.

Mrs. P. I'll settle your business. (*Rushes at him and raises her carpet-bag.*) I'm an old carpet-bagger, am I? (*Strikes him.*) There! isn't that well done fur a carpet-bagger?

Ralph. (*Seizing MRS. PEGG's arm.*) Hold! wash woman, what would you do? Stay youaw awm.

Mrs. P. I don't want any of your furrin talk. Let go my arm. I'll give you a whop too, and I 'spect it will be as good fur you as a dose of catnip tea. (*Strikes RALPH RUFUS with her carpet-bag.*) There! how do you like that, you dandified furriner?

Ralph. You aw an old wepwobate.

Ellen. She ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum.

Mrs. P. Send me to a lunatic asylum, eh? I guess I'll hev to give you a whop too.

Ralph. This woman must be supressed.

Bryan. (*Advancing.*) Be the howly jaminikers, an' me timper's gittin' up. Lit us tie the ould haythin.

William. T'under! Now I shoost dell you you'd petter nod douch dot voman. I vill fighd mighty pig loud if you comes near.

Bryan. Come on.

(*BRYAN MALONE and RALPH RUFUS rush up to seize MRS. PEGG. She strikes furiously and knocks them down.*)

Mrs. P. Yes, come on. Come on, you ugly Irishman; come on, you slim furriner. (*Swings her carpet-bag.*) Hurrah fur the Star-Spangled Banner! My name is Prudence Pegg, and I never falter nor fall back.

John Smith. Train's coming!

(*Scream of a steam whistle heard. BRYAN and RALPH rise and all the characters rush out as the curtain falls.*)

THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN

REPUBLIC

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AND

THE

WEST INDIES

A PANTALON FIGHT.

IN ONE SCENE.

A PANTALON FIGHT.

—: o :—

CHARACTERS.

MISS ABAGAIL DOVETAIL, { *Old Maids.*
MISS MIRANDA PICKENS, }
JEDUTHAN WINGERLY, *An Old Bachelor.*

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Clothes line. A pair of pantaloons to tear apart.

A PANTALOOON FIGHT.

SCENE.—*A Lawn. A clothes line drawn across the stage at back, and a pair of pantaloons hanging thereon.*

Enter ABAGAIL DOVETAIL, L.

Abigail. Oh, I so love to wander near to Jeduthan's house and meditate and think and ponder and hang around. Soon I shill live here and Jeduthan shill be all my own, and so shill all these surroundin's. Those apple trees shill be mine and those peach trees and them sheep and those cows and them hop vines and those tall and majestic sun flowers and them chicken coops and those hollyhocks and that smoke house—all, all shill be mine. And dear Jeduthan shill be mine too. Oh! how my heart jumps up into my throat when I think of these things. Jeduthan hasn't jest said the word yet, but he loves me, yes, I know he loves me, and he'll come to the p'int before many days. He looks at me lovin'ly and he sithes and sithes when I am near to him, and I know he would hev perposed long ago, but he is so very bashful. I hev been endeavorin' to help him along, but somehow he can't say the words which would make him a happy man. I s'pose, under the existin' circumstances it wouldn't be unproper fur me to ax him, but I shrink from doin' that until the last extremity. I think I would feel happier if he would ax me, but if he can't get it did

I shill not shrink from my duty in the tryin' hour; I shill ax him rather than lose him. Oh! I could not think of losing dear Jeduthan. The thought of sich a thing is painful and terrifyin'. There is a pair of his dear trouserloons hangin' out on that clothes line. How I love them trouserloons! I kin skeercely keep from runnin' up and embracin' them. I do wish Jeduthan would discharge that family which is keepin' house fur him and take me into his abode. Oh! we could be as happy as two pigs in a potato patch, or to speak more poetically, we could be as happy as two woodpeckers in a bird's nest. I wonder if it would be a sin to steal them trouserloons. How I should like to take them home with me. Then I could hang them over the back of a chair and it would seem so home-like. I would not feel so lonely in my dwellin' if I jest had them trouserloons to hang by the fireside. I would jest sit and think about Jeduthan all day long. I believe I'll take them along with me. But I see some of the Jones family walkin' around. I'll step aside until they hev disappeared and then I'll seize them trouserloons.

(Exit B.

Enter MIRANDA PICKENS, L.

Miranda. I seed somebody jest agoin' out behind the bushes and it 'pears to me that it is that meddlesome old maid Abigail Dovetail. I wonder what she's a hoverin' around on Jeduthan's grounds fur. Well, if I was her I wouldn't be ketched hoverin' around about Jeduthan's house. But she's got the likin's fur him so dreadful bad that she'd do a'most anything. She is one desateful old serpent. What business has she to be likin' Jeduthan Wingerly when him and me are jest about the same as engaged to each other? Jeduthan hasn't jest said the word yet, but it will come to that purty soon. I know he loves me deeply and botanically, fur he looks at me in a lovin' way and he sitches a great deal and his heart thumps in a terrifyin' manner when he is near to me. Oh! I shill be so happy when I am united to my dear Jeduthan. Then these grounds shill all be mine; that pig pen shill be mine and that smoke-house shill be mine. But these are nothin' when I think that Jeduthan shill be mine and I shill be Jeduthan's. When the Jones family are turned out of this place and I hev become Jeduthan's pardner I will fix things up around here. See them posey beds how they are goin' to destruction! See that gate how it is hangin' on one hinge! Oh! I think it is sad fur Jeduthan to put off axin' me to be his pardner. He should turn out them Joneses soon, or everything around here will go to ruin, and it will be so hard fur me to get things straightened up when I come here as Jeduthan's bride. (Sees the pantaloons on the clothes line.) Ah! there is dear Jeduthan's breeches a hangin' onto the clothes line. I s'pose Mrs. Jones has been a washin' them. What beautiful trouserloons them breeches are! How my heart leaps when I look upon them,

and how my thoughts run out after Jeduthan. Excellent man! He is now away from home and Mrs. Jones has been washin' his trouserloons. I wonder if it would be a sin fur me to steal them trouserloons. Under present circumstances, I don't spose it would. Jeduthan and me are almost the same as united. Some day soon I'll be hisen and he'll be mine, so it can't be very wicked fur to borrrer his trouserloons until that happy time arrives. It may be that there are holes in them trouserloons, fur I jest expect that Mrs. Jones doesn't attend to them right. It would only be doin' my duty as a Christian woman to take them trouserloons home with me and set some patches upon the weak places. Yes, I'll take them home with me, fur it will be takin' some of the work off my hands which will devolve upon me when I become Jeduthan's pardner. I expect there will be a heap of patchin' to do. And then how comfortable it will be to hev them trouserloons in the house. It will keep me continnerally reminded of the happy day which is soon to arrive. And if Jeduthan should delay fur to ax me I kin stuff them trouserloons with straw or somethin' or another and set them up on a chair and then sich a happy fireside as we will hev! I kin then imagine that Jeduthan is sittin' there, and I kin talk to them trouserloons jest as I would talk to Jeduthan. Yes, I will take them trouserloons. Takin' everything into consideration I think it would be right and proper fur me to do so. (*Goes up to the line and removes the pantaloons.*) And these are Jeduthan's trouserloons. How my heart thrills as I hold them up! (*Looking them over.*) I expect there's some holes in them. Yes, here's a hole in the knee. I will set a strong and excellent patch upon this knee and then these trouserloons will be almost as good as new. Can it be that I hold in my hands a pair of Jeduthan's trouserloons? Can it be than these trouserloons hev been worn by Jeduthan? Is it possible that Jeduthan and these trouserloons are all to be mine some day? Yes, it is possible. The world seems bright and happy to me now.

Enter ABAGAIL DOVETAIL, R.

Abigail. You old reprobate, what are you doin' with them trouserloons?

Miranda. (*Endeavoring to conceal them.*) Abigail Dovetail, what business hev you here?

Abigail. Mind your own affairs, Miranda Pickens, but drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. What are you talkin' about? What do you mean by speakin' of trouserloons?

Abigail. You hev Jeduthan's trouserloons under your shawl. You can't fool me. I saw you pullin' them off the line.

Miranda. How dare you speak of sich an absurd thing? Abigail Dovetail, you are a meddlesome old maid.

Abigail. What's that you say? But I will not fight with you on Jeduthan's grounds. I hev this to say, however, you'd better drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. (*Holding up the pantaloons.*) Yes, I hev a pair of trouserloons here, and I don't care who knows it. They are Jeduthan's trouserloons and I hev a right to take them jest wherever I want to.

Abigail. Take my betrougheled husband's trouserloons, will you? Well, I'll see about that. Drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. Jeduthan isn't your betrougheled husband, nohow. He wouldn't look at sich an ugly old maid as you are.

Abigail. Don't give me any of your sass. I know somethin' which you don't know, but I ain't goin' to tell you everythin. Drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. You needn't say drop them trouserloons, fur I sha'n't do it. Jeduthan and me is to be pardners soon, and I'm goin' to take these trouserloons home and put a patch on the left knee.

Abigail. That isn't so. Jeduthan and you will never be pardners fur he is jest as good as ingaged to me. And if I was you I'd be ashamed of myself to be a sneakin' round here and stealin' old breeches.

Miranda. Abigail Dovetail, you'd better git off these grounds purty quick now. These are my grounds and I won't hev no old reprobates here.

Abigail. Well, I kin tell you that I'll stay here jest as long as I hev a mind to. These ain't your grounds and you're makin' a dunce of yourself a runnin' around here and huntin' after Jeduthan.

Miranda. And what are you doin' here? Ain't you sneakin' round tryin' to git a look at Jeduthan? Didn't I see you goin' in behind them bushes? I jest tell you 'tain't no use fur you to try to ketch Jeduthan, fur him and me is jest as good as ingaged.

Abigail. Don't give me none of your sass, but drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. I won't drop them trouserloons, so now! Do you think I'm goin' to give up my Jeduthan's trouserloons?

Abigail. Drop them trouserloons, I say, or I'll tear them all into flinders.

Miranda. I ain't afeared of you. If you come near me I'll wallop these trouserloons around your head.

Abigail. Wallop me with my Jeduthan's trouserloons? I dare you to do sich a thing.

Miranda. I jest tell you you'd better keep your distance or you'll git walloped.

Abigail. Miranda Pickens, I ain't afeared of you. You think you kin skeer me, but the Dovetails ain't people that kin be

skeered very easy. Once more I command you to drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. You may command from now till dooms-day, but I tell you I will never give up my Jeduthan's trouserloons. What! drop these trouserloons? Drop Jeduthan's trouserloons when me and Jeduthan are to be pardners for life? *Never!* So you kin do your worst.

Abigail. Miranda Pickens, I don't want to git up a scrimmage right here near to Jeduthan's house, and so I would calmly advise you to leave this place instantly. I would also advise you to drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. *Never!* I hev said it and I will stick to it. Abigail Dovetail, you are an old rioter and a reprobate and I tell you once more if you come near to me I will wallop you over the head with these trouserloons.

Abigail. Whose afeared? (*Rushes in upon MIRANDA.*) Drop them trouserloons.

Miranda. Never, while my name is Pickens.

(*They commence to fight and struggle.*)

Abigail. You old thing, let go them trouserloons.

Miranda. *Never!* I shill cling to them forever. You old Jezebel, stop pulling my hair. (*She releases herself, steps back and brings the pantaloons with a furious siceep over the head of ABAGAIL.*) There! how do you like that, you old Dovetail?

Abigail. (*Straightening herself up.*) Land of Rephidam! is it possible that I hev been walloped over the head with a pair of Jeduthan's trouserloons? Now then, fur vengeance. (*She rushes in, wrests the pantaloons from MIRANDA and wallops her over the head with them.*) How do you like that, you old forkentine? (*Strikes her again.*) How do you like that, you old hornet? (*Strikes her again.*) How do you like that, you old ginger-snap?

Miranda. (*Rushing in and seizing one of the legs of the pantaloons.*) Let go, I tell you. You shall not mangle Jeduthan's trouserloons. (*ABAGAIL pulls at one leg and MIRANDA at the other.*) If you tear these trouserloons I will be avenged.

Abigail. I will tear them all into ribbons and carpet-rags before I will surrender. Yes, I will tear them into ten thousand pieces.

(*They both pull.*)

Miranda. But they are Jeduthan's trouserloons, and if you tear them the law will take hold of you.

Abigail. Who keers fur the law. I will hev these trouserloons or they shill be tore into flinders.

Miranda. Well, I kalkilate I kin pull harder'n you.

Abigail. No, you can't. (*They both pull, the pantaloons part in the middle and they both fall.*) Now, who's got Jeduthan's trouserloons?

(*ABAGAIL and MIRANDA rise.*)

Miranda. Hand over that part of them trouserloons.

Abigail. This is the way I'll hand it over to you.

(*Strikes MIRANDA over the head with her part of the pantaloons.*)

Miranda. I guess two can play at that game.

(*Strikes ABAGAIL over the head with her part of the pantaloons.*)

Abigail. Take that.

(*Strikes again.*)

Miranda. And you take that.

(*Strikes again.*)

Enter JEDUTHAN WINGERLY, R.

Jeduthan. Halt! Stop! What's the meanin' of this rumpus?

(*They cease striking.*)

Abigail. She stole your trouserloons.

Miranda. And she tore them in two pieces.

Abigail. 'Tis a falsehood. I didn't. She tore them herself. Drive her away.

Miranda. Abigail has been hidin' behind the bushes and lookin' fur you.

Abigail. And Miranda went and took your trouserloons off the clothes line. I s'pose she thought if she couldn't git you she'd git your trouserloons.

Jeduthan. I don't understand these doin's. But it seems to me you hev both been makin' big fools of yourselves.

Miranda. Ain't we jest about the same as ingaged, and hadn't I a right to come and git your trouserloons so as to patch them?

Jeduthan. No, we ain't jest about the same as ingaged. What did you come here and tear up my trouserloons fur? I hev a notion to go and sue you by the law.

Abigail. Ah, ha! old Miranda Pickens, didn't I know how it would turn out? Didn't I know you wasn't ingaged? And don't you feel tolerable cheap? He! he! Oh, I could laugh all over.

Miranda. Jeduthan Wingerly, I want to ax you one question; are you ingaged to Abigail Dovetail?

Jeduthan. Ingaged to Abigail Dovetail! Jernsalem! No, I guess not. Who ever thought of sich a thing? You are a couple of old fools and I think you'd better go home.

Miranda. Do you say I am an old fool? (*Strikes him over the head with her part of the pantaloons.*) Take that, you old reprobate.

Jeduthan. Stop! Fire! Murder! What do you mean?

Abigail. Do you say I am an old fool? And do you say you are not ingaged to me? (*Strikes him over the head with her part of the pantaloons.*) Take that, you old hottentot.

Jeduthan. Clear out! Git off my grounds or I'll have you arrested.

Miranda. Didn't you say you'd marry me? (*Strikes him.*)

Abigail. Didn't you say you'd marry me? (*Strikes him.*)

Jeduthan. Never! I'd rather be hung than marry either of you. Marry a couple of old fools who come here and tear up my

Sunday go-to-meetin' breeches? Thunderation! The idea is absurd and preposterous.

Miranda. Take that, you old reprobate. *(Strikes him.)*

Abigail. Take that, you old hottentot. *(Strikes him.)*

Jedulhan. Thunder Murder! I guess I'd better fly.

(Runs out R., followed by MIRANDA PICKENS and ABAGAIL DOVE-TAIL.)

Miranda. *(Striking at him as she goes out.)* Oh! you villain.

Abigail. *(Striking at him as she goes out.)* Oh! you deccitful man.

CURTAIN.

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A BOYS' MEETING.

IN ONE SCENE.

A B O Y S ' M E E T I N G .

—: o :—

CHARACTERS.

JOHN HAYS.
TOM BANKS.
BILL HOGAN.
ERASTUS ROBB.
POMPEY PINK, *A Colored Boy.*

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

!—

PROPERTIES.

Desks, benches, books, slates, and school furniture generally.

A BOYS' MEETING.

SCENE.—*A School-Room.*

Boys all discovered seated.

John. The question arises in my mind what are we going to do this evening?

Tom. We're going to speak.

Bill. And sing.

Erastus. Tom told me to come, but I didn't understand what the exercises were to consist of.

Pompey. Bill tole me that he 'spected you was gwine to git up a exherbition, an' dat you would want me to hab a 'formance.

John. You'd be a buster to have a formance.

Pompey. Dat's what 'Tom Scott was sayin' 'bout me. If you hab an exherbition I is gwine to gib a lecture on de diff'rent kind ob humbugs.

John. You are a little humbug yourself.

Pompey. Well, I is growin' right fast. De folks at home say dat I will soon be a kersloshin' big fellow. Eberyt'ing points dat way.

Tom. If we are going to do anything to-night let us commence.

Bill. How shall we commence? What shall we do?

Erastus. What did we come for, anyhow?

Pompey. Yo' mus' be a strange lot ob confuselated boys when yo' don't know what yo' hab come fo'. I nebber does nuffin nor goes nowhar unless I knows what I is gwine to do.

Erastus. Can you tell what you came here for?

Pompey. I jes' kin. I is come fo' de puppose ob habin' a 'formance at de exherbition. I is a good 'fornier when I is sayin' a speech or deliberin' a lecture.

Erastus. Have you been lecturing in different parts of the United States?

Pompey. Yes, I hab been all ober de Untitled States and Beaver county.

Erastus. Do you git well paid for delivering your lecture?

Pompey. Yes, I git mighty heaby pay.

Erastus. I suppose you get a hundred dollars a night.

Pompey. Oh, more'n dat, more'n dat.

Erastus. How much do you get?

Pompey. I git—lemme see—yes, I git, as nigh as I kin recollect, ober a t'ousand dollars a year.

John. Erastus, you shouldn't make that boy tell so many yarns.

Pompey. He isn't makin' me. I is jest tellin' them myse'f.

John. Don't you know you shouldn't tell lies?

Pompey. Is dat a fac'? Sam Jones Johnson says he makes his libin' by tellin' lies.

John. Well, if Sam Jones Johnson tells lies he will come to a bad end; and so will you.

Pompey. I don't t'ink I ought to be sent to a bad end jes' because Sam Jones Johnson tells lies.

John. I meant that if Sam Jones Johnson told lies he would come to a bad end, and if you tell lies you will come to a bad end.

Pompey. Dat will be two bad ends, one fo' Sam Jones Johnson and one fo' me. How does a person circumboborate aroun' so as to come to de bad end yo' speak ob?

John. I will tell you. A boy—we will say a colored boy—commences to tell lies, after that he steals something, then he fights, drinks, robs, gambles and murders. Then he gets hanged, and that's the bad end.

Pompey. Dat is a drefful state ob affairs. I will nebber tell anodder whopper, no nebber, not even if I shouldn't make half a libin'.

John. That's right; stick to that and you may become a great man. Can you name one great man who would not tell a lie?

Pompey. I spec' I could name five or six, or mebbe I could name half-a-dozen if I would try extawordinary hard.

John. But I want you to name a man who would not tell a lie when he was a boy. He was a President of the United States.

Pompey. Will I git to be Prezzledent ob dese Untitled States if I don't do no mo' lyin'?

John. I can't say, but I hardly think you will. Now tell me the name of the President who wouldn't tell a lie when he was a boy.

Pompey. And did he git to tellin' lies when he got to be a man?

John. No; but you haven't answered my question. What is the name of the President who wouldn't tell a lie when he was a boy?

Pompey. Oh, dat was Bill Smith.

John. No, Pompey, you are mistaken. Bill Smith never was President of the United States.

Pompey. Den I spec' it must hab been Jim Crow or Dan Rice.

John. No, sir; it was George Washington.

Pompey. Oh, yes! I used to know dat feller, first rate.

John. What feller?

Pompey. George Washtenon.

John. Be careful, Pompey, you're telling fibs again.

Pompey. No, sah, I'se telling de truf. George Washtenon libs down to Bulgertown an' he dribes a fo' hoss team. I'se correc' about dat matter.

Tom. John, if you are going to talk to Pompey all night we'll not get anything done.

John. Well, what do you want to do? Proceed, and Pompey and I will drop our conversation.

Tom. We want to prepare for our school exhibition. We want to speak and sing and make all necessary arrangements.

John. Then, as the first performance, I think you should make a stump speech, or any other kind of a speech you may choose to give us. What do you all say?

Bill. Yes, let us have a speech.

Erastus. Speech! speech!

Pompey. I am in favor ob havin' de gemman speak 'fore dis assembly.

Tom. (*Rises.*) Ladies and gentlemen——

Pompey. Hold on dar, dat's one big awful mistake.

Tom. What is the mistake?

Pompey. Don't you see dar ain't no ladies and gemmen heah? Dey is all boys.

Tom. You are correct.

Pompey. I is about a'mos' correc' purty neah all de time.

Tom. I will commence again. Fellow citizens, this is a world—in other words I mean we live in the world.

Pompey. (*Aside.*) Dat's a fac', fo' de world don't lib in us.

Tom. There are a great many people in the world, and in spite of the depressions and discouragements—yes, fellow citizens, as I said before, we live in this world, and I might add that this is an age of improvement. Sometimes we think and sometimes we don't.

Pompey. (Aside.) I t'ink he jes' don't know ixactly what he is talkin' about.

Tom. (Continuing his speech.) If the sun in yonder heaven should be knocked from its sphere or if the moon should refuse to give us light what would be done? In all seriousness I put this question to you. Have you thought the matter over? Have you dwelt upon it as I have, in the silence of the midnight hour. No, fellow citizens, I don't think you have. And this reminds me of a little circumstance which occurred recently. It is about a man who came into the kitchen and about a woman who struck for her rights. He was a farmer, she was his wife. She was cleaning house and he had been plowing. The dinner horn had sounded and he had come home to take a "dry bite." He didn't expect anything more, for when a woman cleans house, you know, she doesn't take time to cook, you know. He didn't expect much, and he got more than he expected, but it was of a different quality and taste. Alas! alas! If he had known the sorrow and heart-ache and the rest of those things which awaited him he would have stayed in the field until after harvest. But we never know what wash day or a cleaning day may bring forth. Now anybody knows that when you plow the virgin soil will cling to your boots. It was so in this case. The man came in at the kitchen door and broke for the water pail to quench his raging thirst. "You big fool," screamed his wife, "don't you see my clean floor? And jest look at your boots!" The man had plowed up a yellow jacket's nest that afternoon and he had been stung on both hands and both legs, above one eye and below the other and he wasn't in a good humor—he felt that he was about worked up to that pitch when he could strike for his altar and his fire. "Blarst your clean floor!" he exclaimed. That was all the man said. The next instant, or perhaps I might say in the last half of that same instant, the woman doubled her fist and struck him on the neck, just below the parageflimakadimity of the bobaflostakarusity and just above the leadencilum of the wobblegobble, and he came down on the floor kerwhop. The woman's wrath knew no bounds. "You'll walk on my clean floor, will you? And she kersloused the floor cloth around his head. "You'll say, 'Blarst your clean floor, will you?" And she emptied a tub of soap suds upon him. "You'll bring your dirty boots in here, will you?" And she rammed a bar of soap into his mouth. That man was a subdued man, and it might be remarked that the plow stood still in the field that afternoon. *(Sits down.)*

Pompey. What a drefful comboberation to hab in a well regelated family!

John. Tom, do you call that a speech?

Pompey. I call it an awful big lie. If yo' keeps goin' on dat way yo' will nebber git to be a George Washtenon and dribe a fo' hoss team down in Bulgertown.

Tom. How sad!

Erastus. I am not a speaker, but I think I can make a better speech than Tom has made.

Tom. We are ready to hear you.

Bill. Speech! speech!

Erastus. (*Rising.*) "I come not here to talk."

Pompey. Den what under de sun did yo' come fo'?

Erastus. You young rascal, I want you to keep silent.

Pompey. All right, I'll do my bes' but I spec' I won't succeed.

Erastus. (*Commencing again.*)—

"I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell; a name."

John. Stop!

Tom. Halt!

Bill. That's enough.

Erastus. Why am I interrupted.

Pompey. Dat's what I call downright bad conduc' to stop a man when he is speakin'.

Tom. I thought you were going to make a speech.

Erastus. And wasn't I making a speech?

Tom. No, you were only speaking "Rienze's Address to the Romans." My speech was extemporaneous. Can't you make one of the same kind?

Erastus. Yes, I can make any kind of a speech. (*Speaks.*)

"On to Freedom! on to Freedom!

"Tis the everlasting cry

Of the floods that strive with ocean—

Of the storms that smite the sky;

Of the atoms in the whirlwind,

Of the seed beneath the ground—

Of each living thing in Nature

That is bound.

'Twas the cry that led from Egypt,

Through the desert wilds of Edom;

Out of darkness—out of bondage—

On to Freedom! on to Freedom!"

John. Stop!

Tom. Halt!

Bill. That's enough.

Erastus. Why am I again interrupted?

Pompey. Dat is outrageous bad conduc' to stop the speech befo' it is done.

John. Can't you spéak extemporaneously?

Pompey. Dat was what I'd call an exswamporaneous good speech.

Erastus. I can speak any kind of a speech.

John. Shall we give him another trial?

Tom. Yes, let him make another effort.

Pompey. Ob course. I don't like to see a gemman stopped speakin' befo' he gits commenced.

Erastus. I will commence again, and I hope you will not interrupt me. (*Speaks.*) Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

John. Stop!

Tom. Halt!

Bill. That's enough.

Pompey. That was anodder exswamparaneous buster ob a good speech an' de gemman has been stopped again befo' he has got commenced. Now if dar is any mo' ob sich perceedin's, I shall git up and leabe de meetin' an' retire in disgu's'.

Tom. Then the meeting would be broken up.

Erastus. I will not speak any more.

Pompey. De speaker has been treated mos' absurdly.

Erastus. That's true, Pompey. Bill, you can take my place and make a speech. (*Sits down.*)

Bill. I didn't come to speak; I came to sing.

Pompey. I 'spec's I'll hab to make a mos' exswamparaneous speech.

John. Let us have Bill's song.

Tom. A song! a song!

Pompey. I'se a putty good singer too.

Bill. What shall I sing?

John. Suit yourself.

Tom. Make your own selection.

Pompey. De "'Todder Side ob Jordan" is a putty good song.

Bill. I will sing the "Grave of Bonaparte."

SONG.—BILL HOGAN.

“ *Bonaparte's Grave.* ” *

“ On a lone, barren isle, where the wild roaring billows,
 Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
 The hero lies still, while the dew drooping willows,
 Like fond weeping mourners lean over the grave.
 The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
 He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain ;
 He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
 No sound can awake him to glory again—
 No sound can awake him to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
 For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
 Thou springest from bondage, and leav'st behind thee
 A name, which, before thee, no mortal had won.
 Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
 No more on thy steed shalt thou sweep o'er the plain ;
 Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou has fought thy last battle,
 No sound can awake thee to glory again—
 No sound can awake thee to glory again.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
 That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on ?
 Alas ! they have perished in far chilly regions,
 And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
 The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
 They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain ;
 They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
 No sound can awake them to glory again—
 No sound can awake them to glory again.

Pompey. Now I spec's de time hab come fur me to make an ex-swamparaneous speech.

Tom. On what subject do you propose to speak ?

Pompey. Oh, I can speak on mos' any subjec', but I spec's I can speak better on the subjec' ob apples dan any odder.

John. Then we will hear Pompey speak on the subject of “ Apples.”

Pompey. (*Rises.*) De apple is a vegumtable which grows upon de apple tree. De apple tree mos'ly grows in de orchard but sometimes 'casionally one ob dem will find itself growin' in de corner ob de fence, or out upon de road, so dat the hogs can root about its

* If the person representing the character of Bill Hogan cannot sing the above song, another can be substituted.

roots. Yo' sca'cely ebber make saw logs out ob de apple tree an' dis arises from de fac' dat de apple tree doesn't grow big enuff to make saw logs, or dat de wood is too vallyble to make into board an' shingles an' sich things. Dere is diff'rent kinds of apple trees an' likewise dere is diff'rent kinds ob apples. De rombo is a buster ob an apple. He grows upon de rombo tree. Yo' sca'cely ebber find a King ob Thompson's county or a Shipnose Peepin' growin' upon a rombo tree. An what is de cause ob dat fac'? De cause ob dat fac' is from de simple reason dat ebery tree mus' hab an apple ob its own. Does de Rhode Island greening grow upon a rombo tree? Does de Bellflower grow upon de Golden Gate tree? No, siree. Sich isn't de case nohow.

Tom. I have seon rambo apples growing upon trees that were not rombo trees.

Pompey. Dat is one falsettofication, it is one whoppin' big lie. Sich doin's would be contrary to human natur' among apple trees. It would be absurd and ridicelmus fur sich things to occur. I hurl back the aspersion an' I say dat it is von awful big lie. Who ebber did heah ob sich a thing?

John. Pompey, don't you know that a rambo graft can be put upon an apple tree of another kind?

Pompey. I don't know nuffin 'bout graffs. I nebber heerd ob sich things, and 'sides dat I am makin' dis speech an' I don't want to be interrupted. I is speakin' about de apple, an' I was gittin' along ver' well until yo' fellers got to interrupplin' me. Now I is goin' to perceed and speak 'bout de apple an' I tell yo' all by dese presents dat I mus' hab order when I am speakin' on the vital an' 'portant questions ob de present day. De apple is an excellent condiment to eat wid de mouf. But dere is some people dat would prefer to hab dem cooked, an' dere is some dat would a heap rather hab dem made into apple sass. Apple sass is good fur the constitushun an' also fo' de health. Dere is va'rus kinds ob apples in dis section ob de country. Dere is de rambo an' de fall pippin an' de bell flower an' de early rose an' de peach blow an' de Hubbard an' de Coneord an' a good many mo' which I don't now jis' disrecollec' ob.

Bill. Is there an apple called the perch blow?

Pompey. Dere, yo' is interrupplin' me again. How can yo' expect me to make a decent an' presentable speech when yo' is speakin' up all de time an' axin' me intemperate questions? Now I want yo' to take dis matter into yore considerumpton. I didn't interruptle yo' when yo' was singin' yore song, I didn't interruptle Tom when he was tellin' about dat comboboration in de bosom ob a respectable family, an' I didn't interruptle 'Rastus when he was speakin' his pieces. 'Take dese t'ings into yore considerumpton an' don't speak to me so as to spoil de looks ob my speech.

John. Proceed, Pompey, and we will endeavor to preserve order.

Pompey. Well, as I was jes' takin' occasion to say, de apple is a

splendid condiment to eat wid de mouf. Yo' can make de apple into apple sass, an' also into apple butter. Apple butter is much sought after an' hunted aroun' fo' by de people ob de present day. Dis article ob human eatin' is made in dis manner. Fust yo' git a long pole or stick an' second yo' git a short board into which by de aid ob an auger yo' change into a board containin' many holes ob de size ob de auger which yo' hab had de honor ob usin'. Dis board yo' fasten to de long pole or stick an' den yo' hab what is called in geography as de apple butter stir—no, not de apple butter stir, but de apple butter stir——

John. You mean the apple butter stirrer.

Pompey. De fac' ob de matter is I isn't goin' to stan' dese inter-ruppletons. I don't git fairly started until some ob yo' speak up an' bodder me. I couldn't jes' say apple butter stir—dat is, I mean I couldn't jes' say apple butter stir—yo' know what I mean—on account ob de precocity ob my mouf, but dere was no call fur anybody to speak up an' endeavor to put me right. Dere is one t'ing which I wish to be disrecollected, an' dat is dat I is de feller dat is makin' dis speech. An' now habin' got dis thing fixed I shill perceed wid my speech about de apple. After yo' hab got yore apple butter stir—dat thing, yo' know—after yo' hab got it made, yo' take some apples an' yo' also take a knife ob some description an' yo' go to work to pare dem aforesaid apples. Dis is done by commencin' at one end ob de apple an' parin' away patiently until yo' git to de odder end. When de apples is all pared yo' cut dem into pieces an' souse dem into a copper kittle or a brass kittle or some instrument ob dat kin', an' den yo' bile an' stir an' stir an' bile an' pour in 'lasses an' cider, an' bile an' stir, an' keep on pourin' in more 'lasses an' cider, an' if yo' do de business right yo' hab some fust class apple butter. Ob course dere is sich a thing as habin' good apple butter an' dere is also sich a thing as habin' bad apple butter. If I was wantin' to make de bes' kin' ob apple butter I would take de bes' kin ob rombo apples an' den I would hab rombo cider and den I would git dem well kersloshed an' biled, an' I think dat kin' ob apple butter would be putty hard to beat. In dis worl' ob ours dere is some people dat can't jist git along berry well unless dey can hab apples mos' all de time. Dey can feel at home an' also hab good health if dey can jist git as many apples as dey can pour down. Accordin' to dere views ob de matter apples is one ob de staves ob life. Apples is a putty good thing to eat when yo' is sittin' roun' de louse an' ain't doin' much. Many a time have I whiled away a lonely hour by eatin' apples, partic'larly rombos. Dere is many people dat think dat de rombo is the best apple dat has ever been got up, an' I am one as agrees wid dem in dat partic'lar. Yes, feller citizens, de rombo is de king ob beasts.

Tom. I thought it was the lion.

Poupey. Dere, I is interrupted again, an' I is jist goin' to stop. Dere ain't no use in tryin' to make a good speech in sich a bad com-

munity. I is intirely disgustified wid dis meetin' and I isn't goin' to hab anythin' mo' to do wid yo'. I won't hab nothin' to do wid de exherbition which yo' is goin' to git up. Would I associate wid fellers dat can't keep quiet when a genkleman is speakin'? I is ashamed ob yo'—yes, I is ashamed ob de hull pack ob you.

Tom. (*Rising.*) I can't stay here and be used up in this manner. Good bye, Pompey. (*Exit R.*)

Pompey. An' why shouldn't I be ashamed ob yo'? I ax yo' dat question. Yo' habn't used parliamentary manners nohow. Bill Hogan, yo' is a rascal an' yo' is no genkleman.

Bill. (*Rising.*) Oh, dear! And must I be lashed by Pompey Pink? I shall flee. (*Exit R.*)

Pompey. Don't de white boys ob de present sentinel know nuffin at all, nohow? I fling dat question right at yo'. Don't yo' know nuffin at all, now? John Hays an' 'Rastus Robb, yo' don't know nuffin, or yo' wouldn't sit an' see me abused; yo' wouldn't interrupt me when I am makin' a speech if yo' was genklemen ob de pure an' proper kind. I feel like hurlin' thunderbolts upon yo'.

John. I say, Erastus, if he's goin' to hurl thunderbolts we'd better fly.

Erastus. Yes, let us fly. I don't want to be crushed.

(*Exit JOHN HAYS and ERASTUS ROBB, R.*)

Pompey. Dey is gone, an' dey ought to be ashamed of demselves. (*Turning and speaking to audience.*) Sich boys is a disgrace to dis fo'teenth sentinel. Now I ax yo', ladies an' genklemen, what kin' ob a country are we libin' in, an' what do yo' s'pose dis worl' is comin' to? But I will now go on wid my speech. Dere is no un-genklemanly boys here now to interrupt me. Apples is a vegumtable dat grows upon apple trees. Mos' all apple trees grow in orchards, which is a place set apart fo' fruit trees. An apple tree is a fruit tree. Dat is a fac' which cannot be successfully denied. Dere is some apple trees out on de side ob de road sometimes, an' it 'pears to me dat dey was set dere fo' de purpose ob habin' he hogs root aroun' dere roots. Dere is several kin's ob apples, but it 'pears to me dat de rombo is de bulliest ob all de apples. De rombo grows on de rombo tree and—

(*The curtain should fall while POMPEY is speaking.*)

A HAPPY FAMILY.

IN ONE SCENE.

A H A P P Y F A M I L Y .

—: o :—

CHARACTERS.

JAMES TOPP, *Head of the Family.*
MRS. RACHEL TOPP, *His Wife.*
SAMMY TOPP, }
JOHNNY TOPP, } *Their Children.*
FANNY TOPP, }

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Newspaper. Knitting. Stick to whittle. Doll. Table. Chairs.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

SCENE.—A Room.

Characters all discovered at the rising of the curtain. MR. TOPP reading a newspaper, MRS. TOPP knitting, SAMMY whittling a stick, JOHNNY lying on the floor, FANNIE holding a doll in her arms.

Mrs. Topp. Sammy, stop yer whittlin'. Do you want to hev shavin's all over the house.

Sammy. Yes, all over the house, or all under the house, I ain't partic'lar which.

Mrs. T. You are an impudent boy and you ought to be lambasted.

Sammy. Lambasted—what does that mean? I reckon that's the Latin word for lickin'.

Mrs. T. Well, you'll git a lickin' purty soon if you don't look out.

Sammy. (*Still whittling.*) I'll look out then, so's not to git the lickin', which means lambastin'.

Mrs. T. Aren't you goin' to stop yer whittlin'?

Sammy. No, I guess not, till I git this thing made.

Mrs. T. You're an awful bad boy.

Johnny. Marm, if I was in your place I'll bet I'd make him stop his whittlin'.

Sammy. Oh, you dry up. If I was in marm's place I'll bet I'd stop you rollin' over the floor and kickin' up your heels.

Johnny. Oh, you ain't of no account.

Mrs. T. (Angrily.) Stop your whittlin', I tell you.

Mr. Topp. (Looking up from his paper.) What's all this rumpus and jawin' about?

Johnny. Sammy's whittlin' a stick, and puttin' the whittlin's all over the floor.

Mr. T. Is that all? I don't see as you need git up a rumpus about that.

Mrs. T. Oh, I s'pose you think that's nothin', but if you had to sweep up the whittlin's maybe you'd make a fuss about it.

Mr. T. Some women will make a fuss about jest nothin' at all.

Mrs. T. James Topp, you're an unreasonable man—you are a tyrant—you hain't got no sense. When I am correctin' one of the children I don't want you to commence to jaw about it.

Mr. T. (Resuming his paper.) I was readin' a very interestin' piece and I'd rather not be disturbed.

Mrs. T. I don't care a snap whether your piece is interestin' or not. You've got me aroused now and I am goin' to talk. (*Speaking very loud.*) And I'm goin' to talk mighty loud too.

Mr. T. Go ahead then and I'll hear you through.

Mrs. T. James Topp, you are a very aggravatin' man. When I commence to correct the children you always try to put a stop to it. Now, James Topp, I can inform you that we ain't agoin' to hev sich doin' here. These children are mine and I am goin' to correct them jest whenever I hev a mind to. If I tell Sammy to stop his whittlin' he shill stop his whittlin' immediately, and right straight upon the spot, and it won't be of any use fur you to put in your gab and endeavor to stop me of correctin' my children. Sammy has got to be an awful, bad, excruciatin' boy already, and it all comes of your interferin' when I commence to correct him. How can you expect any good to come of boys when they are not brought up in the way they should go? James Topp, you will hev a vast amount of sins to answer fur; you hev been doin' wrong fur many years, fur you hev allers endeavored to arrest the rod of correction, and no good will ever come of a man who will do sich doin's. But I jest tell you once fur all that we won't hev sich doin's around here any longer. It isn't right, and I'm goin' to hev my children brought up in the right way. Sammy is a bad, excruciatin' boy, and he has a bad excruciatin' father, and I am goin' to hev things done in a different way about this house. James Topp, you are a bad, deceitful, excruciatin' man. Ain't you ashamed of yourself and don't you wish you hadn't said anything?

Johnny. (To SAMMY.) Ain't marm a pourin' it into him heavy?

Sammy. I tell you she's a fiery woman.

Funny. Marm, I'd like to have a new dress fur my dollie.

Johnny. (To FANNY.) I wouldn't say much about dollie's dresses now. 'Tisn't a good time.

Sammy. No, the weather's too squally.

Mrs. T. Shut up, Sam; you're allers talkin'. Ain't you goin' to stop whittlin' that stick?

Sammy. Well, I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you. You see I'm makin' somethin'.

Mrs. T. I'd like to know what you're makin'.

Sammy. Well, I don't want to tell jest yet a spell. That's a sort of a secret.

Mrs. T. If I thought you were makin' anything of use I s'pose I might let you whittle.

Johnny. Humph! he can't make anything that's of any use.

Sammy. Oh, you keep still. If I was marm I'd stop your rollin' over the floor.

Johnny. I'd like to know what harm it does to roll over the floor.

Funny. Couldn't I have a new dress fur my dollie?

Mrs. T. Johnny, I guess you'd better git up off the floor.

Johnny. I can't see as there's anything bad about rollin' over the floor.

Fannie. I'd make him git up. He might hit me with his heels when he's rollin' round that way.

Johnny. (To FANNIE.) Keep still, you ngly little girl, or I'll smash your doll all to flinders.

Fannie. He says he'll smash my doll.

Mrs. T. He'd better not. Johnny, git up off the floor jest this minute.

Johnny. Well, I don't see as there's any harm in rollin' on the floor.

Mrs. T. I won't allow you to roll on the floor anyhow, so git up this minute.

Johnny. Well, I s'pose I'll hev to git up, but I don't want to git up this minute, I'd rather wait till the next minute.

Mrs. T. You are an awful bad boy.

Johnny. Yes, I'm like my brother Sam; he's an awful bad boy.

Sammy. (Still whittling.) You're allers talking when you ought to keep quiet.

Mrs. T. James, what are you keepin' so quiet fur? (Mr. TOPP doesn't reply.) James, I say, what are you keepin' so quiet fur? (Mr. TOPP doesn't reply.) James, you are a blockhead and a numbskull, and a deceitful, excruciatin' man. I allers like a man to speak when he is spoken to; and all men will speak when they are spoken to if they know anything at all. But, James, you don't know anything, you never did know anything. You hain't got no sense and you ought to be hung.

Sammy. The old man's a ketchin' it again.

Mrs. T. Shut up, Sam. And you're a whittlin' yet. Now lay down that knife and stop whittlin' jest this minute.

Sammy. Make Johnny stop rollin' on the floor then.

Johnny. I won't stop rollin' on the floor till after you stop whittlin'.

Sammy. Well, I ain't goin' to stop whittlin', fur I'm makin' somethin' which will be of some use.

Johnny. I ain't goin' to stop rollin' on the floor, fur I ain't doin' no harm.

Mrs. T. You're a couple of awful bad boys and you'll both come to the gallus some day.

Johnny. I'll bet Sammy'll git there first; he's the oldest and the worstest.

Mrs. T. James, I wouldn't sit there like a dunce, pertendin' to read the paper and sayin' nothin'. I'd be a man of intelligence if I was you. You needn't be so glum because I give you a talkin' to. I know how to bring up a family and I don't want to hev no man contradictin' my doin's. What would these boys come to if they weren't brought up in the right way.

Johnny. (To SAMMY.) Sammy, what is the galluses?

Sammy. You little dunce, don't you know what galluses is? It's them things you wear on your shoulders.

Johnny. I know them's galluses, but I thought the galluses marm was talkin' about was somethin' else.

Sammy. Oh, you don't know much.

Johnny. Marm, do you wear galluses?

Mrs. T. Shut up, Johnny. Git up and stop rollin' on the floor.

Johnny. Oh, I ain't doin' no harm rollin' on the floor. If I was doin' any harm I would git up, but when I ain't doin' any harm I don't see as there's any use in gittin' up.

Sammy. Marm, I'd make Johnny git up or I'd give him a slashin'.

Johnny. You ought to be slashed fur whittlin' that stick when she told you not to.

Mrs. T. You're a couple of mighty exeruciatin' bad boys. James, ain't you goin' to talk any more to-night? If you ain't, you might as well go to bed. You are an awful stubborn man and you sit there jest like as if you didn't know nothin'. I'd be ashamed of myself. Can't you say nothin' at all?

Mr. T. You're bringing up this family, ain't you?

Mrs. T. Yes, I am, and what have you got to say about it?

Mr. T. Nothin', only I'm delighted with the prompt manner in which Sammy stopped whittlin' and Johnny stopped rollin' on the floor when you told them.

Mrs. T. Oh, you're allers growlin' about somethin'. They ain't doin' no harm. (Commandingly.) Sammy, stop whittlin' this minute; Johnny, get up off the floor immediately.

Sammy. Oh, I ain't whittlin' very much.

Tommy. I won't git up, but I'll jest roll around kind of easy.

Mr. T. You see, Rachel, you have very obedient children.

Mrs. T. (Angrily.) Who said they were my children? I reckon they're you're children too. They take after you, so they do, and they're bad nasty brats.

Mr. T. Now you go again.

Sammy. Another storm broke out.

Johnny. Another 'Topp goin' to spin.

Mrs. T. Now, James 'Topp, I'm goin' to give you a piece of my mind. You are a base, ex cruciatin' man; you are a villian; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What kind of a man are you to bring up a family? You ain't no man at all. You see what these boys are comin' to.

Mr. T. Yes, I see what you are bringin' them to.

Sammy. Oh, we're gittin' along first rate.

Johnny. (Rolling over the floor.) Yes, we're rollin' onward.

Fannie. I'd like to have a new dress fur my dollie.

Johnny. Don't give it any more dresses; it might make it feel too big for its clothes and maybe it would come to the galluses some day.

Fannie. Oh, you hush up.

Johnny. Sammy, s'pose we go to bed.

Sammy. (Dropping his knife and stick.) I'm agreed. Come on.

Johnny. (Jumping up.) Good-night, old folks. Go ahead with your jawin'. *(Exit SAMMY and JOHNNY, R.)*

Mrs. T. There, you see how you're bringin' up your children.

Mr. T. I thought you said you were bringing them up, and bringing them up in the right way too.

Mrs. T. James 'Topp, I won't talk to you. You are an absurd man. Do you call yourself the head of a family? Purty head of a family you are!

Mr. T. (Yawning.) Oh, I'm so sleepy! I guess I'll go to bed.

Mrs. T. Yes, that's the way. When I commence to talk to you about your duty to your family you git up and go to bed. Now you sha'n't go to bed. It isn't treatin' me right.

Mr. T. Pooh! you're an old reprobate.

(Exit R.)

Mrs. T. Oh, sich a man!

CURTAIN.

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A FARMERS' MEETING.

IN ONE SCENE.

A FARMERS' MEETING.

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CHARACTERS.

THOMAS YADKIN, *Hard of Hearing.*
PHILIP YOKEL, *A Dutchman.*
SAMUEL SLOPE, *A Yankee.*
O'CONNELL BARNES, *An Irishman.*
ADAM ACKLEY, *A Laughing Man.*
PETER POPPLES, *A Spread-Eagle Orator.*

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COSTUMES.—To SUIT THE CHARACTERS.

PROPERTIES.

Desks, &c., to represent a school-room.

A FARMERS' MEETING.

SCENE.—A School-Room.

Characters all discovered seated.

Peter. (Rising.) Gentlemen here assembled: It seems to me that the time has come for us to organize this meeting and prepare to do the work which is before us. Gentlemen, there is a great work before us; yes, a tremendous work, and it seems to me that we should organize this meeting, and—and—and we should strike for our altars and our fires. We live in a rushing world. Everything around us is going forward with a tremendous whiz, and this being the case we cannot afford to sit still and do nothing. No, we must be up, we must bestir ourselves, we must rush onward and upward or we will be considered of no account, we will be considered ciphers, and we will do down to our graves unwept, unhonored and unsung. (*Looking at his watch.*) If my time is right, and I think it is, the hour appointed for the opening of our meeting has come. This is an important meeting. We have met for the purpose of organizing a Farmers' Club, and we could not have met for a more noble purpose. I am a farmer, and I am proud to say it. Who is it that peacefully smites the soil and wizard-like calls forth the comforts and luxuries of our common life? I answer in joyous accents, it is the farmer. Who is it that rises early

in the morning, walks out among the dew drops and breathes the pure and fragrant air? I rejoice to say that it is the farmer. The farmer is a happy man. My friends what have we met here for this evening? We have met for the purpose of organizing a Farmers' Club. Could we have met for a more noble purpose? No! The farmer then with his vine garlanded cottage is a happy man. He can sit by his cheerful fireside and feel happy if his cribs are full of corn.

O'Connell. Be jabbers, if ye're goin' to talk all night we'll never git this matin' sthorted.

Philip. Yas, dat is drue. Vat is t'e use of talkin' all day apout shoost notings at all?

Peter. I see that some of you are getting impatient. I have only a few more words to say, and then I will make a motion.

Philip. Dot is you vill make a motion to sit town.

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! Oh, this is such a funny meetin'. I was goin' to stay at home owin' to the bad inclemency of the weather, but my wife, her name's Rebecca Jane, she said I'd better come and see how you started the meetin', and I feel glad I did come, fur we are havin' so much fun, ha! ha!

Samuel. Wall, neow, I can't see nothin' tew laugh at.

O'Connell. Nor I can't, nayther, but thin it's a dale av a sight betther to be laughin' thin to be growlin' about iverything.

Philip. Vell, I t'inks ve had petter git to doin' some peesness, und if ve can't git to doin' dot, I shoost t'inks ve had petter git up und go home. I don't vant to sit up all night unless ve can do some peesness. I haf to git up purty early in de mornin's on account dot I haf got to meelk six cows und do a heap of odder t'ings peside. Now I t'inks ve should somehow git de meetin' s'darted up so as ve could learn somet'in' apout farmin' und cows und not s'day here all nighd und do not'ings.

Samuel. Them's my sentiments.

Peter. I think when a man rises to make a speech he should be allowed to proceed—he should be allowed to continue even though his speech should be two hours in length. I only have a few more remarks to make, and as I have the floor I shall proceed. I hope that there is intelligence enough here in Slimtown to allow a man to proceed when he has commenced to speak. It is not necessary that we should be unduly exercised about the flight of time. Let us spend a few moments in speechifying; let us enjoy ourselves intellectually. Some of you, I know, are not orators, and, therefore, you should not endeavor to crush down those who are orators. I feel that I have a gift for making speeches, and it is the great delight to me to stand before a body of intelligent men, such as I stand before to-night, and pour forth words of burning eloquence.

O'Connell. (*Aside.*) Faix, an' I think the gentleman has licked the blarney-stone.

Peter. As I said before, the farmer is a happy man and he lives a pleasant life. What picture can be painted that is more cheerful, more inspiring, more pleasing—more—more—yes, my friends, what picture is more cheerful, more inspiring, more allegorical—no, I mean——

Sammel. I guess yeou mean paregorical.

Philip. I t'inks dot de sbeaker is apout sboke oud.

Peter. (*Continuing.*) More pleasing, more cheerful, more fructifying than the farmer's home? Look at his vine garlanded cottage, his cribs full of corn, his fields and orchards waving with grain and fruit.

Philip. I t'inks you ought to say somet'ings apout his cows.

O'Connell. And his pertater patch.

Peter. Yes, my friends, I will. What can be more cheering than to see an honest man like Mr. Yokel out amongst his sleek and well-fed cows? What is more pleasing than to see an honest man like Mr. Yokel milking them cows?

Philip. Yes, it is pooty nice to meelk cows if you ton't git keeked ofer.

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! Oh, this is sich a funny meetin', and I'm glad I happened to come. The bad inclemency of the weather made me feel like staying at home, but my wife said I had better come and see the meetin' gittin' started, and I'm mighty glad I did come, fur we are havin' so much fun. Ha! ha!

Thomas. Are you laughin' at me, sir?

Adam. No, I wasn't laughin' at you.

Thomas. What did you say about my shoes?

Adam. (*Very loud.*) I didn't say anything about your shoes. I said I wasn't laughin' at you. You're mighty touchy.

Thomas. Did you say I was a Dutchman?

Adam. (*Very loud.*) No, I didn't say you were a Dutchman.

(*Aside.*) But you're an old fool.

O'Connell. Be jabers, I think the ould ginleman ought to have a spakin' trumpet to hould to his ear.

Philip. Now I shoost vants to know if ve ain't goin' to do not'ngs to-night apout gittin' t'e meetin' started to learn apout farmin', sich as raisin' pig cuppages, und also apout gittin' a whole caboodle of meelk from t'e cows. If we ain't goin' to do not'ngs I t'inks I had petter go home und go to ped, for I haf to git up pooty early in t'e mornin's.

Peter. My friends, I am sorry that I have been so often interrupted. The proper way to organize this Farmers' Club is to have an oration at the opening, such as I am endeavoring to give you. It is essentially necessary to have an oration. All Farmer's Clubs should open with an oration. Now, my friends, let me direct you in this matter. Keep silent until I have finished my oration, and then we will immediately proceed to business. I am a rapid speaker

and I can say all that is necessary to be said in the space of an hour.

Philip. Vell, I t'inks I vill go home und git somet'ing to eat, und den I vill come pack after t'e speech is ofer.

Thomas. What's all this talk about anyhow?

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! The old fellow has broke out again.

Thomas. Are you laughin' at me, sir?

Adam. No, sir; no, sir-ee, sir; no, sir-ee, double sir.

Thomas. Speak a little louder. I'd like to know what you're sayin'.

Adam. (*Aside.*) I wish you were in Halifax. (*Very loud.*) I said I wasn't laughin' at you. (*Aside.*) If this old reprobate was out of the meetin' we could have lots of fun.

Samuel. Wall, as we ain't gittin' much done I kalkilate I might tell yeou a story.

O'Connell. Be the ould crickets an' it's my opinion that if we git all av the spache it will be enough fur this avenin'.

Philip. Vell, I t'inks a sdory vould pe a heab petter dan a sbeech, but I t'inks all dese t'ings should be dropped a'ready, und ve should go to york und see apout cappages und t'e cows.

Peter. Yes, we should go straight to business, and to commence properly we should have an oration as a sort of an opening. My friends, we should open this club in the right way. It is always better to commence right. Who knows but this club may yet be a power in the land? Who knows but some of the leading agriculturists of the land may spring from the Slimtown Farmers' Club? How necessary then that we should start right. How necessary that we should open our club in a correct manner and have an oration at the starting out upon which we can look with delight! When years have come and gone and cycles have rolled away how sad we will feel if we look back and see that we have have not commenced aright!

Thomas. Who's goin' to fight? I can't hear very well, but I can fight jest as well as anybody.

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! The old fellow is breaking out again.

Thomas. Who are you laughin' at now?

O'Connell. Don't ye see he's only laughin' at the funny things in the spache?

Thomas. What's that you say?

O'Connell. Faix, an' I wasn't spakin' at all. I was only whistlin'.

Thomas. I want to know what's goin' on in this here meetin'. I am a farmer and I have a right to know what is bein' done in this club. I believe some of you are tryin' to laugh at me, and I have jest got this to say. When people laugh at me my dander gits up,

and when my dander gits up I tear around in an awful manner. I am a perfect hoss when my dander gits up.

Samuel. Then I kalkilate we ought tew hitch yeou tew a plow.

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! Oh, this is sich a funny meetin', and I'm glad I came. Ha! ha! Oh, I haven't laughed so much for a week.

Thomas. Are you laughin' at me again, sir?

Adam. (*Rising and shouting.*) Laughin' at you again, sir? No, sir. 'The idea is preposterous, sir. Why should I laugh at you, sir? There's nothin' funny about you, sir. No, sir; nothin' at all, sir.

Thomas. It's all right then; let's git to business.

O'Connell. Be gobbs, an' I think it's about time fur us to have a bit av an inthermission.

Peter. Am I to be interrupted again, or shall I be allowed to proceed with my speech?

Philip. Shoost go aheat, und let her odder feller dalk doo, und den you vill all git done pooty gwick a'ready.

Samuel. I hev got a rale deown funny story to tell, and I s'pose as heow it ought tew be told at the openin' of the club, fur when we look back over the years which hev flowed away we will feel right deown bad and squamish like if we don't open the club by havin' a tip-top story.

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! Oh, yes, let us have the story, ha! ha! I always did like funny stories. Ha! ha!

Peter. I will go forward with my speech. I think I should do so regardless of interruptions. It devolves upon me to make the opening speech, and I think I should proceed at all hazards. My friends, you do not seem to understand that it is a difficult matter to make a creditable speech when I am continually interrupted; you do not seem to know that I could speak more fluently and agreeably if you would keep silent when I am addressing you. Now I propose to proceed with my speech, and for the credit of the Slimtown Farmers' Club I hope you will preserve order.

Philip. I vill dake von leedle sleebe while de shendlemans is obenin' de glub vid his pig sbeech. (*To O'CONNELL.*) Vill you vake me ub ven de pig gun has got itself shot off?

O'Connell. Yis, I will wake ye up. Go to sleep, poor, weary Dutchman.

Philip. Vell I t'inks you needn't git so sassy apout it. I kin keeb awake if I wants to.

Samuel. Hello! here is a war between Ireland and Germany.

Philip. No, dere aint't no var, but I shoost dells you dot I ain't goin' to be drampled on und pampoozled py nobody.

O'Connell. Whist, now, don't ye know the giutleman is spakin' to yez?

Peter. My friends, let peace and harmony prevail! How can we expect to have an interesting and edifying Farmers' Club if we fall

out and fight among ourselves? Let us not quarrel, but let us think upon agriculture, let us speak upon agriculture, and let us become the leading agriculturists of the land.

Thomas. I wish you would speak out so that I could hear you.

O'Connell. Be jabers, the ould gintleman is interested in the spache an' that's because he can't hear it.

Peter. (To *THOMAS.*) My friend, I fear that it will be impossible for me to speak so that you can hear me. But I have an idea in my head I think it would be well for the members of the club to get my speech published in pamphlet form for the benefit of humanity and the country at large. It would not cost very much and it would be a valuable book to have about the house.

(*PHILIP goes to sleep on his chair.*)

Thomas. I don't know one word you are sayin'. I don't know why everybody can't speak out so that they can be heard.

Peter. (Shouting.) I can't speak loud enough for you to hear. I would advise the club to get my speech published for your benefit and for the benefit of the world at large.

O'Connell. Whist, now, spake aisy, or ye'll be afther wakin' the Dutchman.

Thomas. You want the club to git the speech published!

Peter. Yes.

Thomas. That's a good idee, but who's goin' to pay for it, I'd like to know?

Peter. Shall I continue or shall I give up in despair?

Samuel. Wall, yes, I s'pose yeou'd better dew or t'other. If yeou give up in despair I s'pose I might tell my story. Yeou know we ought tew hev some kind of an openin' to the club, so that after millions of years hev rolled away we kin look back and feel that we have opened the club in a way someheow abeout right.

Adam. (Laughs.) Ha! ha! Yes, go ahead and tell the story. I do like funny stories. Ha! ha!

Peter. I believe I will make another effort ts give my oration, and I hope you will be patient and hear me through. Slimtown has just as good a right to rise and become famous in the eyes of the world as any other town upon the face of the rolling globe. The Slimtown Farmers' Club may become a great institution. Then why not open it right? Why not open it in sich a way that we will not be ashamed of the opening? History tells us that Washington was a soldier. But was he nothing more than a soldier? Yes, my friends. General George Washington was a farmer. When the father of our country was a farmer, should we be ashamed to be farmers? Israel Putnam was a farmer, for we are informed that he left his plow in the field and shouldered his gun in the defence of his country. Farmers should stand in the high places of the earth. I am a farmer and I am proud of my occupation. Let us be thrifty farmers and let us not fall from our high places.

(*PHILIP falls off his seat.*)

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh, sich fun!

O'Connell. Be jabers, an' the Dutchman has fell from his high place.

Philip. (*Half asleep.*) Dot olt fool mooley cow has keecked me ofer.

Samuel. I kalkilate Mr. Yokel had better not sit upon the high places. It would suit him better to sit on the floor.

Philip. (*Awake.*) Is dot speech not ofer yet?

Samuel. No, he's jest commencin'. I tell yeou he's a powerful speaker.

Philip. How long haf I peen sleebin'?

Samuel. (*Aside.*) Now I'll astonish him. (*To PHILIP.*) Wall, I kalkilate about tew hours and a half.

Philip. T'under! Und de man is vas sbeakin' yet? Yell, I t'inks ve had petter adjourn dis meedin'.

Adam. (*Laughing and holding his sides.*) Ha! ha! Oh! sich fun!

Samuel. Yeou hev had a good sleep now, and I s'pose yeou kin listen tew the speech.

Philip. Vell, yes, I do feel pooty vell vaked up und sort of good. I vill listen avhile. I dought de olt mooley cow had keecked me ofer.

Peter. Then I will proceed with my oration. I was just saying that farmers were calculated to stand in the high places of the earth. Before I proceed further I want to say that I am a candidate for the State Legislature. Shouldn't Slintown be represented in the Legislature? Certainly, it should, and am I not a fit man to represent it?

O'Connell. (*Rising.*) Gintlemin av the Slintown Farmers' Club, I ax yez, haven't we listened to this gintleman long enough?

Samuel. Yes, sir-ee!

Philip. Yaw, I t'inks so.

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! Oh, isn't this fun?

O'Connell. Yez can see fur yerselves that this gintleman has been kapin' us listenin' to a long rigmarole av nothin', an' now it comes out that he is afther a bit av an office. He has been endeavorin' to make a political spache. Sich conduct is onbecomin' and ongintlemanly. Let us have no more av it. I move that we git to business by electin' Adam Ackley president.

Philip. I second dose motions.

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! Oh, I wouldn't know how to be president. I never was president of a meetin' and I wouldn't know what to do.

O'Connell. Oh, ye're a gintleman, an' ye'll git along first-rate. All thim that's in favor av the motion say aye, an' thim that's opposed to the motion say no. (*All vote aye except PETER and THOMAS.*) Adam Ackley, ye are elected prisident.

Philip. Now I t'inks ve ought to git to doin' somet'ings pooty gwick.

O'Connell. Mr. Ackley, be afther gittin' into the chair.

Adam. (*Going to the chair, laughing.*) Ha! ha! I don't know how to be president. I never was a president of a meetin' and I might do somethin' wrong.

Samuel. Yeou'll make a tip-top president. But if yeou let that air teller make any more political speeches we'll h'ist yeou eout purty quick.

Adam. Now, I want to know what to do first. I believe it would be better to have a lot of fun to-night and not bother about organizin' a meetin'.

Peter. (*Rising.*) It makes me sad, indeed, to hear a Slintown farmer speak in this way. Mr. President, you have been elevated to the highest position in the gift of the members of the club, and you astonish us by saying that it would be better to have some fun to-night and give the great interests of agriculture the go-by. This is, indeed, a sad state of affairs, and I have no doubt when this becomes known Slintown will blush painfully, Yea, more, the whole world will blush painfully.

Adam. If you've got anything to say about farmin' or about the Farmers' Club, say it, and stop your highfalutin' nonsense. I'm in the chair now, and I'll show you that I know enough about the president's duties to keep you straight, anyhow.

Samuel. Hi! That's the way tew talk tew him.

Philip. (*Laughs.*) He! he! I feels pooty sure dot he vill make a goot presidint.

Adam. Now, Mr. Popples, if you hev got anything to say about farmin' or Farmers' Clubs, go ahead. I am in the chair now and I'll take care of you.

Peter. I have some remarks to make in regard to the formation of a Farmers' Club. I think we have started aright. Slintown is aroused and there seems to be a desire in the minds of the people to march in the foremost ranks. Slintowners, do you want to lag behind? Mr. President, I could speak for hours on the importance of being good farmers, but I will not detain you. I have simply this to say, that when we have organized this club we should attend the meetings; we should take an interest in farm matters and we should exchange ideas and opinions, and if we do this I have no doubt Slintowners will soon rank as the best farmers in the land. I believe that farmers should hold high offices. I am a candidate for the State Legislature, and I hope——

Adam. Stop now, we've had enough of that.

Peter. I have done.

(*Sits down.*)

Philip. (*Rises.*) I t'inks ve haf been listenin' to a lot of pig fool nonsense. We haf been here a goot sbell und ve hafn't got nothings done. Now I is goin' to gommence de peesness in de right vay. I is goin' to sbeak upon de cow subject. De cow is a useful

animal und she has four legs und von tail. Some cows haf only a bart of a tail, pecause somedimes in deir lives dey haf had de holler horn or de holler head or de holler neck und de ends of deir tails haf been whacked off for de purpose of curin' deir heads or deir horns. I diinks dot is a pooty goot blan to feed de cows into de mouth mit soft feed of von kind or anodder, sich, for inshtenct, as gorn meal vich has been transmollified indo mush. Dis article is made py usin' poilin' vater und gorn meal und a pig fire. Dere is some beoples dot feed deir cows on turnips und garrots und cellars und cappages und sich t'ings, und I diinks dot it is pooty near apout righd. Accordin' to de laws of nature und astronophotomy de cow should haf a fariety of feed—nod all gorn meal, not all vheat straw, nod all oads straw, nod all cappages, nod all bumpkins, nod all of nodings. Dot is de rule vich I stand up to, und if any of you should go indo de cow und de meelk peesness you vill find pooty-gwick out dot you must gif de cows und de heifers a fariety of differend kinds of feed. Some cows is inclined py nature und defilishnes to keeck ofer de meelk pucket und somedimes also de man or de voman vich is siddin' calmly py und doin' de meelkin'. Some few esenin's ago von mornin' I vas siddin' meelkin' a mooley cow vich is von outrageous pig fool. Vot you t'inks dot mooley cow did do righd on de spot? Vell, she lifted up von of her fore feet vich is pehind und she whacked it oud in a nord-easterly direction und she sent de meelk pucket und de meelk a flyin' awful. I vas dere, und I vas sent a flyin' too. I rose up pooty gwick und I felt like smashin' dot cow's pack righd through in de middle. But I restrained my angry bassions vich apout dot dime or someveres along dere, vas risin' pooty high, und I says to myself, Feelip, dot von't do, nohow; you mustn't kill dot cow on de spot nor off de spot, for you must remember dot dis cow cost you fordy-eighd tollars und sixdy-dwo und a half cents. Den I laid town de pig rail vich I had took up und adjourneled de preakin' of de cows pack for dot dime. But, Mr. Farmers of Slimdown dot cow is von drouble und a fexation to mind und pody, und she also keeks me from sleebin' pooty goot at nighd. Now, I vant to ax de members of dis Slimdown Farmers' Glub if dey can't dell me how to sdop de keeckin' of dose ugly prute of a cow. I do not feel dot I can afford to preak de pack of dot cow, for she cost me de pig sum of fordy-eighd tollars und sixdy-dwo und a half cents. Farmers of Slimdown, can't you dell me somedings or can't you dell me nodings dot vill stob de keeckin's up und de cuttin' round of dot cow? If you vill dell me somedings it vill cause me to git my sleeb vhen I go to ped in de silence und de darkness of de nighd, und it vill also save me fordy-eighd tollars und sixdy-dwo und a half cents, for I feels sure dot if de cow keeps goin' on as she has been doin' I vill preak her pack righd smack clean off, sure as t'under. I haf got nodings more to say shoost now for avhile. *(Sits down.)*

Adam. If the members of the Slimtown Farmers' Club have anything to say about horses, cows, wheat, corn, potatoes, plows, har-

rows, wagons, double shovel plows, cultivators or any sich things, they will please git at forthwith and tell all they know.

Peter. (*Rising.*) I would like to make some remarks on the subject of——

Adam. Popples, sit down. We don't want to hear any of your rigmarole and palaver. You have commenced to speak twice this evenin', and both times you have finished by askin' the members of the club to vote for you. Sich doin's won't be allowed while I boss this meetin' and sit in the presidential chair. This is a farmers' meetin', and we can't have anything talked about in this meetin' but farm matters. Do you understand, Mr. Popples?

Peter. Yes, I understand you, sir; but I rise for the purpose of speakin' on farm matters.

Adam. I know how it would be. You would commence on farm matters and end your speech by sayin' that you ought to sent to the Legislature. No, sir, Mr. Popples, sich doin's can't be allowed. But I will say this much. After the other members have said all they have to say you will be allowed to make a few remarks.

Peter. Unless there can be a change of officers. I fear that the Slimtown Farmers' Club will amount to nothing. There must be a change—yes, a radical change or the club will go down to its grave unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Adam. You've said enough. Better sit down, or I'll appoint a committee to put you out.

Peter. I feel sad and I will sit down.

O'Connell. (*Aside.*) The gentleman fales sad. Mebbe he's got a spleen av the tic dolly tooster.

Adam. Gentlemen of Slimtown, let us hear from you. Don't be afraid to speak. The club is ready to listen to your speeches. Don't hesitate about gittin' up and sayin' somethin'. If some of you don't speak we will have to let Mr. Popples commence again. Therefore, members of the Slimtown Farmers' Club, keep Mr. Popples down as long as possible. Who has somethin' to say?

Samuel. Wall, I don't know as I hev got anything partickelar tew say, but I'll git up and speak awhile anyheow.

Thomas. What are you talkin' about now?

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! The old fellow's broke out again.

Peter. If a man can't keep from giggling he should not sit in the presidential chair.

Adam. Oh, you keep silent. I'm jest goin' to laugh when I want to.

Thomas. (*Speaking very loud.*) I want to know what you are all talkin' about.

Adam. (*Very loud.*) About farm matters.

Thomas. Whose hat?

Adam. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! I guess we may as well give it up. Well, who's goin' to speak?

O'Connell. Faix, an' I dunno. It seems like as if the paple was goin' to quit spakin'. I'm gittin' slapey an' I think I'll not say anythin' more, but whin ye have the nixt matin' I'll be afther makin' a spache on pertaters.

Thomas. (*Rises and speaks very loud.*) Yes, I must make a speech. That's what I came here for. Did you think I would sit here in my seat all night and not say a word? I'm not one of that kind. I can't hear very well, but I can speak jest as well as anybody. And I know somethin' about farmin' too; yes, sir-ee, a great deal more than some people who think they know a heap. Some people think they know everything when they don't know nothin'. That's the trouble with the most of the farmers of the present day. Now I know how to raise wheat and corn and oats and rye, and I know how to raise sheep and cows and hogs and horses. A fellow doesn't l'arn these things in a week or a month or a year, but it takes a great many years to l'arn it all. I hev been l'arnin' all my life and I s'pose there are some things that I don't know yet. Some people seem to hev got the idee into their heads that they can git a big lot of wool off their sheep even if they don't feed them. This is a mistaken idee and ought to be abandoned immediately. I hev allers found that the more corn and oats I git into my sheep the more wool I git off 'em when I come to shear 'em. If you want to git a consid'able amount of wool you must pour in a consid'able amount of corn and oats. This is the philosophy of the matter. A farmer ought to be a philosopher and understand what he is doin', and also what he is tryin' to do. When I was a boy I sot out to understand things as I went along, but that's not the case with the most of the farmers nor the most of the people either. They dive into things without thinkin' and as a natural consequence they soon become bankrupt. Now we are gittin' up a Farmers' Club here, and we are doin' well in gittin' it up. Let us endeavor to keep the club a goin'. If we don't attend the meetin's and keep the club agoin' we won't be doin' our duty as farmers and as upright citizens of these United States. I hev nothin' more to say. (*Sits down.*)

O'Connell. Faix, an' I think the ould gentleman is a right sinsible man.

Adam. Who speaks next? Samuel Sloper, haven't you a word to say?

Samuel. No, I guess as heow I'll make my speech at the next meetin' of the club. It is purty late neow, and I'm gittin' most all fired sleepy and I think I'd better go home and go tew bed.

Adam. Peter Popples, you can speak now if you want to. But you'd better not say anything about politics.

Peter. (*Rises.*) Gentlemen of the Slimsown Farmers' Club, you see I have not been fairly dealt wth to-night. I rose to make a speech some time ago, but was compelled by the president to sit down. Was this right? Was this proper? Was this just?

Samuel. I give it up, I give it up, I give it up.

Peter. We live in an age of progression and enterprise. The organization of this club is one of the marks of progression. But, gentlemen, are we progressing very fast when we place in the chair a man who doesn't know anything about parliamentary law?

Adam. Better shut up now on that subject. If you have anything to say about farms and farm matters or Farmers' Clubs, go ahead, but don't git to talkin' about me, fur I won't stand it. I am in the presidential chair and I will endeavor to keep you in the right path.

Peter. I have no hesitation in saying that there should be a change and that I should be placed in the presidential chair.

O'Connell. Be jabers, an' the gintleman is electioneerin' again.

Peter. I have no hesitation in saying that the man who now occupies the presidential chair of the Slimtown Club is a numskull, a dante, a blockhead, a pudding head.

Samuel. Grindstones and butternuts!

Philip. Vell, I t'inks dot is pooty high taik.

Adam. (*Rising hastily and rushing towards PETER.*) You old impostor, I'll settle your business. You think you know somethin' but you don't know nothin'.

Peter. Don't come here, sir, don't come here.

(O'CONNELL, PHILIP and SAMUEL rush between them.)

Philip. Sdop, shendlemens, sdop! Don't disgrace de Glub py glub py gittin' ub a tog fighd righd here on de spot.

Samuel. Fellers, if yeou don't keep still I'll slam yeou both; I will, by Haginstown!

O'Connell. Be aisy now, gintlemen, or ye'll be afther makin' me blush for me counthry.

Peter. (*Struggling to reach ADAM.*) Let me get at him.

Adam. (*Struggling to get at PETER.*) Let me tear his eyes out and pull his head off.

Thomas. (*Speaking very loud.*) What's all this fuss about?

O'Connell. Let me adjourn this matin' by takin' this gintleman home. Here ye ould thafe av a farmer, come along.

(*Seizes PETER and drags him off the stage, R.*)

Samuel. Neow, Mr. President, we're agoin' tew take yeou home and let yeour wife give yeou a thrashin'.

Philip. T'under! Sich awful doin' at a Farmers' Glub.

(SAMUEL and PHILIP lead ADAM off, L.)

Thomas. (*Speaking very loud.*) It looks a good deal like as if this meetin' had busted up. I wonder what the fuss was about anyhow. Sich kerryin' on is a disgrace to Slimtown and also to the United States at large. This meetin' may now consider itself adjourned.

(*Exit L.*)

CURTAIN.

UNCLE SAM'S WARS.

IN TWO SCENES.

UNCLE SAM'S WARS.



CHARACTERS.

JONATHAN (UNCLE SAM), *A Youth with a Disposition to Rise in the World.*

PATRICK MCGLAHERTY, *A Free-born American Citizen from Ireland.*

JACOB HEIFELBOCKER, *A German and a Soldier.*

JOHN BULL, *A Tyrannical Father.*

THOMAS, }
RICHARD, } JOHN BULL'S *Right Hand Men.*
HENRY, }

JEMIMA PEABODY, *A Patriotic Young Woman.*

COSTUMES.

Jonathan.—"Yankee suit;" short striped pants, red, white and blue, with straps; bright colored vest; bell crowned hat; tall dickey; flashy neck-tie; long tail coat and yellow wig.

Patrick McGlaherty.—Breeches; blue stockings; low shoes; bob-tailed coat; Continental hat.

Jacob Heifelbocker.—Heavy boots; short coat with belt; Continental hat.

The persons representing the characters of PATRICK and JACOB should make some slight changes in their dress as the play proceeds. During the second war, or war of 1812, they should wear hats similar to those worn by the soldiers at that time. Afterwards, caps similar to those worn at the time of the Rebellion.

John Bull.—The common "John Bull suit." Boots with pantaloons inside; short, heavy coat, low crowned hat. The person representing this character should be so made up as to present a stout and heavy appearance.

Thomas, Richard and Henry.—British uniform.

Jemima Peabody.—Short plaid dress of red, white and blue; hair combed up in a knot; very large comb.

PROPERTIES.

GUNS for JACOB, PATRICK and JEMIMA. Pitchfork for JEMIMA.

UNCLE SAM'S WARS.

SCENE I.—A Road.

JOHN BULL and JONATHAN discovered in conversation.

John Bull. Now, sir, I 'ave hincurred great expense in the French and Hindian war; my debt has been greatly hincreased, hand as this was done in defending my Hamerican possessions, I ham going to give you a touch of the Stamp Hact, hand make you 'elp to pay the debt.

Jonathan. Neow, look'ee here, governor, yeou've been a purty good old feller, but I ain't agoin' tew stand that noheow. If my dander gits up I'll show yeon that I kin hoe my own row. I'm only a youngster, but I want yeon tew understand that I hev got some of my feyther's pluck and fightin' qualities. 'There ain't no use in bein' imposed on by anybody.

John Bull. Well, sir, as you seem disposed to create a disturbance, I won't be so 'ard on you. I'll revoke all the duties except on tea. You will 'ave to pay that tax; yes, sir, you will.

Jonathan. No, sir, *I won't*. Yeou see I ain't tew be scrunched deown and imposed upon. It is the principle of the thing I am contendin' fur. I don't believe in taxation without representation. And if yeou send any of yeour blarsted old tea over here I'll not drink it. Wuss than that, sir, I'll pitch it right eout intew Boston Harbor.

John Bull. You har a refractory young dog, hand I see I will 'ave to spill some of your blood to bring you to your senses.

Jonathan. Wall, yeon kin jest spill if yeon hev a mind tew, but I kalkilate yeon'll find that there's two that kin work at that game.

John Bull. You har a hinsolent boy, hand I don't want to 'ave any more conversation with you. I'm going now, but you'll 'ear from me hagain if you continue on in your stubborn hand rebellious way. *(Going.)*

Jonathan. Walt, I kalkilate yeon'll hear from me too, if yeon air goin' tew act the tyrant. *(Exit JOHN BULL, R.)* Neow I s'pose Mr John Bull wants tew frighten somebody, but it 'pears tew me he has come tew the wrong chap. I don't keer so much about the tax on the tea and sich things. I s'pose it would amount tew consid'able too, but it's the *principle* of the thing I'm contendin' fur. Does anybody think that I'm jest goin' tew sit still and let people pile dewties onto me when I can't hev a voice in the doin's? *(Striding about.)* Am I goin' tew submit tew taxation without representation? No, sir! Not while my name's Jonathan. Not while I hev a strong right arm which kin swoop a sword or pull a trigger. No, sir!

(Exit L.)

SCENE II.—A Landscape.

PATRICK and JACOB discovered with guns in their hands.

Jacob. Dot is vot I t'inks apout it. Misder Sam Jonat'an is a pooty nice goot poy, und I am goin' to stand py him in all de cases of emergency vich may arise. I t'inks it is doo pad for Misder Shon Pull to dry to make Misder Sam Jonat'an pay der taxes und git no rebresendations. I haf got von pig shod gun und I vill fight for him undil he vips Misder Shon Pull, or undil I gits scrunched und shod down. Yaw, I vill fight undil de last armed Shon Pull man egspires. Dot is vot I haf got to say, und my name ish Jacob Heifelbocker.

Patrick. Faix, an' ye're roight, Jacob, me b'y. Sam is a moighty foine chap, an' as long as I can hould up a gun I'll foight for him. Shure an' whin I come over to this blissid counthry didn't I become one av the childrer? An' faix an' what koind av a childer w'u'd I be if I w'u'dn't foight for me pap? Samuel is a young gntleman, but he's a darlint, an' I belave I'll call him Uncle Sam, jist to show me respect. *(Noise of shouting and distant guns outside, L.)* Whist, now, an' what's that? *(Elevates his gun.)* Faix, an' I belave the

war has commenced. Jacob, let us be afther goin' an' gittin' a chrack at thim fellers.

Jacob. (*Examining the lock of his gun.*) I shoost vill fighd. I am ready. (*Sounds as of a battle in the distance.*) T'ree cheers for dis coundry. (*Exeunt PATRICK and JACOB, L.*)

Enter JEMIMA PEABODY, R., carrying a pitchfork.

Jemima. The war has commenced; yes, the war has commenced, and the women hev as good a right tew fight as anybody. I hev'n't a gun, but I carry a pitchfork, and I kalkilate if I git a prod at a Britisher, I'll make him howl and squirm areound. I don't know as I will be allowed tew go ontew the battle-field tew fight, but if I can't dew that I kin take keer of the wounded. The battle-fields would be my delight. I'd like tew carry a musket and step intew the thickest of the fight. I'm a sort of a fightin' woman anyheow. Neow there was Jerusha Jane Wingerly, she tuck a notion as heow she'd bamboozle me and sorter bounce me areound. But I reckon she didn't. I jest up and told her that the Peabodys warn't a people as could be scrunched, leastways tney couldn't be scrunched by a Wingerly. (*Noise of battle heard, L.*) They're fightin'. I mustn't stand here when my country is a callin' fur me. The Peabody's never would stand by and dew nothin'. They was allers ready tew pitch in. I hain't got nothin' but a pitchfork, but I'm agoin' anyheow. (*Exit L.*)

Enter JACOB and PATRICK, R.

Jacob. T'under! it seems pooty treadful to shood men town und see dem hollerin' und screamin', but sich t'ings haf to pe did vhen dere is a var proke oud. I t'inks dot I haf knocked von feller ofer in sich a vay dot he von't gid up soon a'ready. I nefer vas much of a feller for shoodin', but if I hadn't fired my shod gun at him he vould haf fired at me, so vat's de tifference? I am shoost as goot as de feller vot I made him keeck up und fall ofer. Und my tander has got pooty high up too, und I vould shoost as lief shood town 'leven t'ousand of dem fellers as nod. Dey ain't goin' to make us pay der taxes und git no rebresendations, nod vhile I am able to shoulder a gun und carry a flag. I is von free-porn Amerigan citizen, und I vill fighd for my coundry und knock dem tarnal red coats to ever-lasdin' smash und t'underation.

Patrick. The bloody work has commenced, and, Jacob, me b'y, we'll have to be afther doin' a dale av foightin'. This is a blissid great counthry an' I'm moighty glad I've come to it, for I fale purty good whin I can jist git into a bit av a scrimmage. The McGlaherty's were always ridy to git into a row an' cut up a sphell av the tantrums. But this is no common row; no, sir, it's a rale big foight—it's a war for indepindence, and anybody who foights on our side is a gintleman. (*Shouldering his gun.*) But we must be afther thim

red coats. We haven't got any time now for talkin'. (*Noise of battle off R.*) Come ahead. Ould Ireland foriver! Whist! now, that's not what I mane; I mane young Amerikay foriver!

(*Exeunt JACOB and PATRICK, R.*)

Enter JEMIMA, L., carrying a gun.

Jemima. Wall, I've got a gun neow; and I kalkilate I'll make a fuss among the Britishers. I think it's a purty good gun too, leastways it cracks purty loud when it goes off. Some Britisher dropped it when he was runnin' away. I reckon he'll not set eyes on it ag'in in a hurry, for I'm agoin' tew carry it through this war of independence. (*Excitedly.*) I'm goin' tew fight and bleed fur my country. I'm goin' tew carry this gun and fight fur the flag of Uncle Sam. (*Calmly.*) Neow I don't see why a woman can't fight jest as well as a man. The men kalktlate that the women can't dew nothin' but jawin' and broomstick fightin', but when I am aroused I kin shoot. I reckon I kin hold this gun purty level. (*Raises gun and takes aim.*) I feel as if I was gittin' aroused and when a Pea-body gits aroused and gits his dander up yeou may kalkilate there's goin' tew be semethin' smashed. If there is anything upon airth that could arouse me it is the breakin' eout of this war. Hurrah fur Uncle Sam, I say. (*Shoulders her gun.*) I'm ready tew fight fur liberty and independence.

"Come out with me in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die."

(*Exit R.*)

Enter JONATHAN, L., and JOHN BULL, R.

John Bull. Well, har you hagoing to keep this up? Har you hagoing to continue to rebel hagainst my authority?

Jonathan. I ain't goin' tew be trampled upon and bamboozled by anybody; no, sir; not even by yeou. Yeou hev refused assent tew laws the most wholesome and necessary fur the public good.

John Bull. Um.

Jonathan. Yeou hev erected a multitude of new offices, and sent lither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out our substance.

John Bull. Um.

Jonathan. Yeou hev kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

John Bull. Um.

Jonathan. Yeou hev plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns and destroyed the lives of our people.

John Bull. Um.

Jonathan. Yeou air transportin' large armies of foreign mercen-aries tew complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, al-

ready begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unwhorthy the head of a civilized nation.

John Bull. (*Angrily and striding about.*) 'Aven't I been a good father to you? You har han hungrateful dog to talk to me as you 'ave been doing. You hought to 'ave a good thrashing, hand hi am the man that can give it to you. You 'ave a great deal of himpudence to talk to me. You har a young rebel, hand hi will make you suffer. No young dog shall be hallowed to talk to me as you 'ave been doing. Hi 'ave got the money hand-the harms, hand hi will make you 'owl. (*Exit R.*)

Jonathan. Um, Wall, this fight must go on. There ain't no stoppin' here. 'That old feller turns a deaf ear tew the voice of justice and consanguinity, and I s'pose I must hold him as I hold some other fellers, an enemy in war, in peace, a friend. Wall, I hev made up my mind that I will be free and independent and that I'll hev a flag of my own. (*Exit L.*)

Enter JEMIMA PEABODY, R., with gun on her shoulders.

Jemima. Wall, I've got along purty well so fur. At a rough guess I kalkilate I hev upset at least two dozen Britishers, and I hev only got knocked over two times. I warn't bad hurt neither time and I got up purty soon arterwards. We hev a flag neow, and I reckon we feel about as big as anybody. (*Excitedly.*) Yes, we hev a flag of stars and stripes, and I'm agoin' tew stand by that flag. I'm goin' tew continner tew fight fur that flag. (*Recites.*)

"Unfurl the glorious banner, let it sway upon the breeze,
The emblem of our country's pride, on land and on the seas;
The emblem of our liberty, borne proudly in the wars,
The hope of every freemen, the gleaming stripes and stars.

CHORUS.—

Then unfurl the glorious banner out upon the welcome air,
Read the record of the olden time upon its radiance there;
In the battle it shall lead us, and our banner ever be,
A beacon light to glory, and a guide to victory."

Enter PATRICK, L., with gun on his shoulder.

Patrick. Is it here ye are, me darlint?

Jemima. I will fight fur my country and stand by the flag on all occasions.

Patrick. Faix, an' that's roight. Yez may sthand by the flag an' I'll sthand alongside av ye. (*Goes and stands beside JEMIMA.*)

Jemima. This is no time fur nonsense. We air in the midst of a great revolution, and we will hev tew continner tew fight.

Patrick. An' that will jist suit me ixactly. Whoop! I'm always at home whin there's a bit av a shindy goin' on.

Jemima. I s'pose yeou know that we hev declared our independence? We air neow an independent people.

Patrick. (Aside.) Yis, if we git out av the throuble.

Jemima. (Excitedly.) Did yeou ever know a Peabody tew falter or fall back?

Patrick. Niver! Nor a McGlaherty naythur.

Jemima. The Peabodys never flinched. I am a Peabody; I stand up fur the stars and stripes—the glorious banner of liberty and independence.

Patrick. An' I sthand up fur thim things too. *(Aside.)* An' I likewise sthand up fur the Peabody's.

Jemima. This is a great country—a glorious country.

Patrick. Faix, an' it is. It goes clane ahead av ould Ireland.

Jemima. Hev yeou been doin' yeour duty? Hev yeou been endeavorin' tew uphold the nation's honor?

Patrick. Yis, I have, an' I have been upholdin' the honor av ould Ireland too.

Jemima. When the Peabody's enlisted in a good cause they never gave it up.

Patrick. An' it was jist the same with the McGlahertys.

Jemima. Our country is passiu' through a great trial—a terrible ordeal, but she will come eout right at last. We hev declared our independence, and the people will fight. We will hev our liberty.

“And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

Patrick. Be jabers, an' ye're an illegant spaker. If ye'd lay down yer gun an' go out an' spake to the pable, ye could git thim aroused aven more than they are now.

Jemima. My place is in the field. Yes, feller citizens, I hev seized the gun and I will hold on tew it and shoot deown the oppressor. I will stand by the flag.

Patrick. (Aside.) I guess I moight as well spake av it now, *(To JEMIMA)* I reckon whin the war is over ye'll be after changin yer way av livin'.

Jemima. I will stand by the flag. We hev declared our independence and I will fight on and fight on. I will never be scrunched by the iron heel of despotism.

Patrick. An' that's jist loike me. But, Jemima, ye don't understhand me. I mane that ye'll be afther gittin' married afther awhile.

Jemima. Talk not tew me of sich things. The war is upon us and we must fight.

Patrick. Yis, I know; but afther the war is over, ye know, ye'll be wantin' to git married.

Jemima. Why talk tew me of sich things. I dew not look so fur ahead. I'm thinkin' neow of liberty and independence.

"The meteor flag of seventy-six, long may it wave in pride,
To tell the world how nobly the patriot fathers died ;
When from the shadows of their night outburst the brilliant sun,
It bathed in light the stars and stripes, and lo ! the field was won."

Patrick. But I want to ax ye one quistion. Ye know the war will be over sometime, if it iver is, and ye'll be wantin' to git married, an' I'll be wantin' to git married too.

Jemima. Silence ! Yeour country calls yeou. Kin yeou sing "Yankee Doodle ?"

Patrick. Faix, no, fur I've got a styne on me eye, an' I'm a little hard av hearin'.

Jemima. Yeou *must* sing it. Dew yeou call yeourself an American citizen ?

Patrick. Yis, be jabbers, I'm a free-born American citizen jist from Ireland.

Jemima. Then yeou ought tew be ashamed tew say that yeou can't sing "Yankee Doodle." Come, sir, yeou must try, or I'll begin tew think that yeou air not a loyal man.

Patrick. Well, as I have a grèat respect fur the Peabody family, I will thry.

SONG.—JEMIMA AND PATRICK.

"*Yankee Doodle.*"

"Once on a time old Johnny Bull
Flew in a raging fury.
And said that Jonathan should have
No trials, sir, by jury :
That no elections should be held,
Across the briny waters :
'And now,' said he, 'I'll tax the tea
Of all his sons and daughters.'
Then down he sate, in burly state,
And blustered like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune
Call'd 'Yankee Doodle Dandy.'
'Yandle Doodle ! these are facts—
Yankee Doodle Dandy :
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax—
Yankee Doodle Dandy.'"

Patrick. If ye'll excuse me I'll be afther l'avin'. Ye see, I've got a bit av an impidiment in me spache.

Jemima. And I must go too. I'm one of the minute men, and I mustn't stand here all day. (*Exeunt PATRICK, R., and JEMIMA, L.*)

Enter JOHN BULL, THOMAS, RICHARD and HENRY, L.

Thomas. I think we 'ad better give hit up.

Richard. Yes, let's give hit up.

Henry. There hain't hany use in trying to whip these tarnal Yankees.

Thomas. They har plaguey fools; they don't know when they har whipped.

Richard. I believe they would fight till they would hall git killed.

Henry. Yes, and when they get to fighting they git mad enough to heat a fellow right hup.

Thomas. Mr. Bull, I think we 'ad better give hit hup, hand let them be hindependent if they want to.

John Bull. Um.

Richard. Yes, I wouldn't 'ave hanything to do with such people.

Henry. That Washington must be a powerful man.

Thomas. Mr. Bull, don't you think we 'ad better stop. Hit his hawful to think of the way we 'ave been getting used up.

John Bull. There's no fight in you men; you don't amount to hanything.

Richard. We 'ave done all we could.

Henry. I hain't goin' to fight hany more, hand that's the truth.

John Bull. Well, I suppose we'll 'ave to give hit up, but I 'ate to be whipped by a young dog. I don't feel very well hand I'll go 'ome. (*Exit L.*)

Thomas. The hold fellow isn't in a very good humor.

Richard. He's a hunreasonable governor.

Henry. Well, hit's hover now hand I am glad of it.

Thomas. Jonathan will get too big for 'is clothes now.

Enter JEMIMA, PATRICK and JACOB, R., with guns on their shoulders.

Jemima. (*Shouting and waving her bonnet and gun.*) Hurrah fur this independent nation!

Patrick. (*Shouting and waving his hat and gun.*) Hooray fur ould Ireland—that is, I mane, hooray fur Ginerall Washington!

Jacob. (*Shouting and waving his hat and gun.*) Hurrah for dis grend coundry und Shineral Vashington und de United Sdades, und all dem fellers.

Thomas. This company is hobnoxious. Let us go.

Richard. Yes, I can't stay 'ere hand 'ear them 'owling.

Jemima. Hold ou, neow, yeou fellers, and we'll give yeou a parting salute.

Jacob. T'under! yes, I feel so goot dot I can sing righd oud loud. (*Swings his hat.*) Hurrah for liberty und independence.

Jemima. Jacob and Patrick prepare tew sing.

Patrick. Faix, an' I'll do that, fur I have a great respect fur the Peabodys.

Jemima. Commence.

(*As JEMIMA, JACOB and PATRICK commence to sing, THOMAS, RICHARD and HENRY exeunt L.*)

SONG.—JEMIMA, PATRICK AND JACOB.

“*Yankee Doodle.*”

“John sent the tea from o'er the sea
 With heavy duties rated;
 But whether hyson or bohea;
 I never heard it stated.
 Then Jonathan to pout began—
 He laid a strong embargo—
 ‘I’ll drink no tea, by Jove!’ so he
 Threw overboard the cargo.
 Then Johnny sent a regiment
 Big words and looks to bandy,
 Whose martial band, when near the land,
 Play’d ‘Yankee Doodle Dandy,’
 ‘Yankee Doodle—keep it up
 Yankee Doodle Dandy!
 I’ll poison with a tax your cup,
 Yankee Doodle Dandy!’

A long war then they had, in which
 John was at last defeated—
 And ‘Yankee Doodle’ was the march
 To which his troops retréated.
 Cute Jonathan, to see them fly
 Could not restrain his laughter;
 ‘That tune,’ said he, ‘suits to a T,
 I’ll sing it ever after.’
 Old Johnny’s face, to his disgrace,
 Was flushed with beer and brandy,
 E’en while he vowed to sing no more
 This ‘Yankee Doodle Dandy.’
 ‘Yankee Doodle—ho! ha! he!
 Yankee Doodle Dandy—
 We kept the tune, but not the tea,
 Yankee Doodle Dandy!’”

(*They exeunt L.*)

Enter JOHN BULL and JONATHAN, R.

Jonathan. Yeou want tew git up another fuss, dew yeou? Wall, considerin' heow the last one turned eout I would hev supposed that yeou wouldn't hev thought of sich a thing. But yeou kin jest go ahead. I kalkilate I am ready fur yeou—yes, I'm a consid'able sight better fixed fur fightin' than when yeou commenced tew bamboozle me t'other time. Neow, sir, the American flag has been violated on the great highway of nations, American seamen have been impressed, American commerce has been plundered on every sea, and her products cut off from their legitimate markets. Yeou hev employed secret agents tew subvert the government and dismember the union, and yeou hev encouraged the Indian tribes tew hostility.

John Bull. Young man, you har halways growling. I ave not disturbed you for habout thirty years, but I tell you I ham going to search your vessels hand himpress hall the Henglishmen that I can find.

Jonathan. Wall, my old friend, we'll see abeout that. I kalkilate I kin hoe my own row now, and I tell yeou I won't be scrouged eout by no old impostor.

John Bull. I'll make you 'owl.

Jonathan. Wall, go ahead.

(Exeunt JOHN BULL, L., and JONATHAN, R.)

Enter JEMIMA, R., with gun on her shoulder.

Jemima. We're goin' tew hev another war, and I'm goin' tew carry my gun ag'in in defence of the stars and stripes. I'm ready tew fight; I wouldn't be a Peabody if I warn't. *(Recites.)*

"We are many in one, while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above,
And tyrants shall quail, 'mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o'er the sea 'mid the bolts of the storm,
Over tempest and battle and wreck,—
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground."

Enter PATRICK, L.

Patrick. Here ye are, me darlint.

Jemima. Yeou must shoulder yeour gun ag'in, Patrick.

Patrick. Whist, now, an' do ye say that? Is there going to be another fight wid thim Britishers?

Jemima. Yes, and we must rush to arms.

Patrick. (*Opening his arms.*) Faix, thin, ye may rush in.

Jemima. Patrick, there is no time fur nonsense. Yeour country calls yeou. Seize yeour gun and march tew the front.

"Dash to earth the oppressor's rod."

Patrick. Aisy now. Are yez real shure that there is going to be another shindy?

Jemima. No mistake, sir; no mistake. Don't you read the papers?

Patrick. Faix, no, fur I've got an impidimint in me spache an' I can't git the sinse av the r'adin'.

Jemima. The time has come fur us tew be up and doin'. We must not delay—we must meet the enemy—we must strike fur our altars and our fires.

Patrick. But couldn't ye give me a little bit av encouragement in regard to that matter which I was spakin' av some time ago?

Jemima. What matter were yeou speaking of? How can I remember everything yeou say? But it's of no consequence neow. I am aroused and I can think of nothin' but the work which is before me. I am all ablaze. Our flag must be defended.

SONG.—JEMIMA.

"*The Red, White and Blue.*"

"Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,

CHORUS. When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Patrick. Ye're a moighty purty singer. But I'd loike to ax ye a quistion.

Jemima. Wall, go ahead with yeour question, but make yeour words few, fur my country is callin' me tew be up and a doin'.

Patrick. Ye're a moighty patriotic kind av a gintleman, an' I think a hape av ye. Now ye know ye'll have to be affther gittin' married some day, an' I'll be wantin' to git married, an' ye are an ixcellent woman, an' ye'd suit me ixactly.

Jemima. Don't talk tew me abeout sich things. I cannot think of marriage.—

“Till dove-like peace returns unto our shore,
And war and slaughter vex the land no more.”

Patrick. Shure now, an' ye could fight betther if ye were married to a gintleman.

Jemima. Don't be absurdical. The idee is preposterous. Can yeou sing “The Sword of Bunker Hill?”

Patrick. Shure an' I can.

Jemima. Then sing with me.

SONG.—JEMIMA AND PATRICK.

“*The Sword of Bunker Hill.*”

“He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him ;
'Weep not, my boy,' the veteran said,
'I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill.'”

Jemima. Neow go and git yeour gun. Yeou air a loyal man, ain't yeou ?

Patrick. Be jabers, an' I am. Let come what comes I'll sthand by the flag. I am a free born American citizen an' I've got me naturalization papers, an' as shure as snakes I'll foight fur me counthry.

Jemima. Yeou air a gentleman.

Patrick. An' I have a great respect fur the Peabodys.

Jemima. Git yeour gun neow, and rush tew arms.

Patrick. (*Aside*) She's a darlint, but she's the first girrul iver I found that won't allow a gintleman to talk to her about matrimony.

(*Exit L.*)

Jemima. “I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.”

(*Exit R.*)

Enter JOHN BULL and JONATHAN, R.

Jonathan. Wall, yeou'll give it up neow, I s'pose.

John Bull. Um! yes! You har a tough fellow, hand I don't want to 'ave hanything to do with you.

Jonathan. We kin be friends neow, I s'pose?

John Bull. Um! yes, I suppose. You har growing mighty fast for a boy hof your age.

Jonathan. I kalkilate yeou thought I could hoe my own row deown thar at New Orleans.

John Bull. Um! You needn't say hanything habout that. When a feller gains han hadvantage just once he houghtn't to be talking habout it hall the time.

Jonathan. Yeou air a purty nice old governor, but yeou want tew be too overbearin' sometimes. Yeou know I come of purty good stock and I won't allow that.

John Bull. You 'ave a 'abit of making too much fuss habout small haffairs.

Jonathan. I don't consider it a small affair tew be bamboozled and kicked areound. No, sir-ee. I ain't one of them fellers as kin be trampled upon and crushed deown intew the ground, not by a long shot. Dew yeou understand?

John Bull. Um! yes!

Jonathan. Wall, we kin be friends neow, I s'pose!

John Bull. Yes, I suppose.

Jonathan. I ain't got nothin' ag'in' yeou so long as yeou don't try tew bamboozle and kerflump me areound.

John Bull. I 'ave habout made up my mind that I'll not get up any more fights with you.

Jonathan. I kalkilate yeou hev found eout that I kin hoe my own row.

John Bull. Yes, I 'ave.

Jonathan. Wall, neow, old feller, let's shake hands and be friends.

John Bull. (*Extending his hand.*) 'Ere's my 'and.

Jonathan. (*Grasping his hand.*) And here's mine. May peace and prosperity attend yeou.

John Bull. The same to you, sir.

(*They exeunt L.*)

Enter JACOB, R., with gun.

Jacob. Vell, now, I haf done a goot deal of fighdin' for Mr. Jonat'an a'ready, und I t'inks I mighd stack up my arms, vich is a gun, und quit der peesness. I t'inks dot olt Mr. Shon Pull is apout tired fighdin' aguin'sd Mr. Jonat'an und vill sdop pooty gwick a'ready und never gommece again, not so long as he knows himself. I t'inks he has got some of de vainglory knocked oud of him, und he von't feel so much pig und overpearin' und pampoozlin' as he has peen feelin' a'ready. I t'inks I haf come off pooty vell. I hafn't hit no pullets mit myself, since I haf peen into de fighdin' peesness, und I always pobb'd my head vhen it come a vhistlin' along to hit itself mit a cannon pall. But I t'inks I von't go indo any more vars, for

de nexd von mighd pe de last, und I nefer wants to git into der last var. I t'inks I vill marry now und seddle town und pe von free-porn Amerigan citizen. Now dere vas Jemima Peabody, she is a fine voman, und she has been fighdin' in all de vars, und she vill stand py de flag on all oggasions. She vill suit me pooty vell. I t'inks I vill ask her apout dot subject. (JEMIMA sings "*Yankee Doodle*" outside.) Here she comes. She is von pooty great voman to sing songs und to speechify. She is von t'underin' fine voman.

Enter JEMIMA, L.

SONG.—JEMIMA.

"*Yankee Doodle,*"

"All hail to this our glorious land,
The land of peace and plenty,
For Uncle Sam tho' once a boy,
Is now fully one one and twenty.
He now can make both sword and gun
And use them too quite handy
And much he'll do 'twixt I and you,
For Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Yankee Doodle Doodle doo,
O, Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Jacob. You are von buster to sing.

Jemima. (*Recites.*)—

"The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well."

Jacob. You are von smasher to sbeak. I t'inks a heap of you, Miss Peabody.

Jemima. Jacob, the war is over; yeou may stack up yeour arms.

Jacob. Yes, und I vas shoost remarkin' to mineself pehind your pack dot I vould now gwit fighdin' in de vars und git a vife und seddle town a'ready. Vot you t'inks apout it?

Jemima. What dew I think about yeour gittin' married? Oh! I don't keer; git married if yeou want tew.

Jacob. But vot do you t'ink apout it? Dot is, vot do you t'ink? or in odder vords, dot is, vot do you t'ink apout it?

Jemima. What dew I think about it? Why I think yeou kin git married if yeou want tew. I don't keer, and I s'pose nobody else does.

Jacob. T'under! But you von't shoost gweite understand me. I mean vot do you t'ink apout shoost giddin' married to me, a'ready?

Jemima. Gittin' married tew yeou! (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! That is awful. Why, Mister Heifelbocker, yeou air a Dutchman.

Jacob. Vell, now dan, if I am a Dutchman I comed from Sharmany, und de Dutchmans vot comes from Sharmany is shoost as goot as de Irishmans vot comes from Bensusylvany, or de Yankee vomans eider, vot goes aroundt fighdin' in all de vars mit a gun on her shoulder. (*Shoulders his gun.*) T'under! I nefer expected to pe dalked to dot vay pefore my pack or pelind my face py a Yankee voman vot carries a gun. (*Going.*) Vell, I'll go off to der vars again.

Jemima. Jacob, yeou mustn't be offended. I can't marry anybody. I am married tew my country.

Jacob. T'under! Who efer heard of sich a t'ing as dot? Married to dis whole coundry! Oh! dot's pig fool nonsense.

Jemima. Jacob, yeou hev fought bravely. I respect yeou because yeou air a gentleman and a soldier. Dew not feel unkindly towards me because I refuse yeou.

Jacob. (*Taking off his hat.*) It is all righd. Yes, I haf got ofer my curly spell pooty gwick a'ready. Shoost ton't say nodings apout it, und I von't say noding too. You are a shendlemans. Forvart, march. (*Shoulders his gun and marches off, L.*)

Jemima. (*Recites.*)—

“When Freedom from her starry height,
Unfurled her banner to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.” (*Exit L.*)

Enter JONATHAN, L.

Jonathan. Wall, neow, this goes ahead of anything I ever did see or hear tell on. My gals hev kicked up a rumpus among themselves, and it's all abeout Slavery. Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas and Tennessee hev got kinder rebellious and they think they hev gone eont of the Union, and stepped from under my authority. Wall, I kalkilate I'll see abeout that. They air purty nice gals too, but they've got some queer notions intew their heads. Neow it's purty kinder disagreeable fur a man tew hev a rumpus in his family. I've had two fights with John Bull and one with greasy Mexico, and several other little scrimmages, but they warn't nothin' compared tew this onpleasantness. I feel purty bad abeout it, but them gals will hev tew be brought back. This family of mine must be a united family, fur a united family will stand, but a divided family will come deown *kerwhop*. Neow, I'm goin' tew put deown this rebellion, and I'll show my gals deown thar that the old flag—the glorious star-spangled banner—must still wave over this farm of mine. (*Exit R.*)

Enter JEMIMA, L., with gun.

SONG.—JEMIMA.

"The Battle Cry of Freedom."

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

CHORUS. The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the Stars!
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

Enter PATRICK, R.

Patrick. Ye're singin' again, are ye?

Jemima. I'm all on fire. I'm excited. Sumpter has been fired on. War has broke eout. Where's yeour gun.

Patrick. Faix, I dunno. I don't want to see this counthry goin' to ruin, but I'm not a good foighter.

Jemima. Shame on yeon. Would yeon see the Stars and Stripes trailed in the dust? What kind of a man air yeon anyheow?

Patrick. Bedad, an' I'm a free-born American citizen, fur I've got me naturalization papers.

Jemima. Then rouse yecoursel. Be a man. Haven't yeon heard that Sumpter has been fired on?

Patrick. (*Aside.*) She is beginnin' to infuse some patriotic fire into me bones. (*To JEMIMA.*) I hev a great respect fur the Peabodys.

Jemima. Then dew as a Peabody commands yeon. Take yeour gun and rush eout tew defend the old flag.

Patrick. Faix, neow, if I was only a married man I c'u'd go to the war. I'd loike to have a woife so I c'u'd be after lavin' me money to her. What do ye say, Jemima, will ye have me?

Jemima. Sich a question and at sich an hour! Would yeon talk of marriage when Sumpter has been fired upon? Would yeon be base enough tew even think of matrimony when our flag has been insulted and our Union is in danger? I hev my gun here and I am goin' tew wade intew the thickest of the fight. If yeon don't go I shall never respect and admire yeon, as I hev heretofore done. Never speak tew me again on the subject of matrimony if yeon don't immediately take up yeour gun in defense of the Stars and Stripes. Would yeon see the Union dissolved? Would yeon sit deown and see the Flag of the Free disgraced and trailed in the dust?

Patrick. (*Becoming excited and stepping around briskly.*) No, be

jabers; no, *niver!* Give me a gun. I'll foight; yis, I'll foight till the last armed foe expires. (*Swings his hal.*) Hurrah fur Amerikay, and also for the Peabodys.

Enter JACOB, R., carrying gun and singing.

SONG.—JACOB.

"*The Battle Cry of Freedom.*"

"So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

(JEMIMA and PATRICK join in singing the chorus.

CHORUS. The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the Stars!
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

Jacob. Vell, now, I am goin' tew fighd like t'underation. Vill I see Uncle Sam imposed upon? No, sir! Vill I see dis glorious sdar-sbangled union tored indo fragments und leedle pits? No, sir! Not vvhile my name is Jacob Heifelbocker. I is goin' to shouder my gun und march to der front.

Jemima. Bravo! Splendid! Jacob, yeou air a patriot—yeou air a noble man!

Patrick. (*Stepping about briskly.*) Be jabers an' Hagenstown, am I goin' to see me country smashed into smithereens an' destroyed intirely? Is the ould flag goin' to be trampled upon while a free-born American citizen from the county av Tipperary has a sthrong right arm to hould up a gun? I am goin' to git a gun jest as soon as the constitution will allow an' I'm goin' to march to the front.

Jemima. Bravo! Splendid! Patrick, yeou air a gentleman and a soldier.

Patrick. (*Aside.*) She's an illegant girrul. Hurrah fur the Peabodys!

Jemima. But we mustn't stand here; we must away. Our country calls; we will dash intew the thickest of the fight.

(JEMIMA hums "*Yankee Doodle*," steps to the music and marches out L., followed by PATRICK and JACOB, who also step to the music.

Enter JONATHAN, R.

Jonathan. Wall, this rebellion has been squelched, and my gals hev concluded tew come back and not cut up any more shines. They hev begun to see that they weren't doin' jest exactly right.

Wall, neow I'm begiunin' tew think that I oughtn't tew dew any more fightin', fur I'm purty nigh one hundred years old. My gals which hev rebelled air doin' fust rate neow. They air purty good gals, only they got a little of a queer notion intew their heads about settin' up fur themselves. Them and the other gals air fust rate friends neow, and that's jest the way I want them tew be. I want them all tew be sociable and friendly, and if they will continner to be that way, why I kalkilate I will feel jest as big as anybody.

(Exit R.)

Enter JEMIMA, L.

Jemima. The war is over and I s'pose I kin rest fur awhile. But I hold myself ready tew defend the Stars and Stripes on all occasions. That old flag sha'n't be dishonored nor trailed in the dust—no, not while my name is *Jemima Peabody*. Sich doin's would cause the Peabody blood tew bile in my veins.

(Recites.)

“Flag of the free heart's only home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born of heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us
With Freedom's sail beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us.”

Enter PATRICK, R.

Patrick. Be jabers, an' ye're spakin' again.

Jemima. The war is over; peace reigns within eour borders; we hev much tew be thankful fur. Where's Jacob?

Patrick. An' what do ye want with Jacob?

Jemima. I want to sing one more song, and I want yeou and Jacob tew assist.

Patrick. An' couldn't I assist ye enough?

Jemima. No, we hev all fought together in defence of the flag, and we must sing together. Here he comes.

Enter JACOB, L.

Patrick. (Aside.) He's always turnin' up jist whin I don't want him.

Jacob. (Swinging his hat.) Hooray for der Unided Sdades! Hooray for der Amerigan flag! und hooray for der Peabodys.

Jemima. Mr. Heifelbocker, yeou air a great man.

Patrick. (Aside.) Be the powers, an' can't I hurrah too? (Shouting and swinging his hat.) Hurrah fur ould Ireland and free Amerikay! Hurrah fur the Star-Spangled Banner! And hurrah fur *Jemima Peabody*, fur she's an illegant girrul.

Jemima. Mr. McFlackerty, yeou air a gintleman. But, come, let us sing one more war song. Patrick and Jacob, I want yeou both tew jine in,

SONG.—JEMIMA, PATRICK AND JACOB.

"Marching Through Georgia."

"Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with that spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS. Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard that joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground.
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking off in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the sancy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia,

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

But the march is not yet finished, nor will we yet disband,
While still a trace of treason remains to curse the land,
Or any foe against the flag uplifts a threatening band,
For we've been marching through Georgia,

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

When Right is in the White House and Wisdom in her seat
 The reconstructed Senators and Congressmen to greet,
 Why then we may stop marching, and rest our weary feet,
 For we've been marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! &c."

Jacob. Now, I will go and gîd on my store clothes und git ready
 for der grand Centinential. (*Exit R.*)

Patrick. (*Aside.*) Now, be jabers, the war is over an' I'm goin'
 to spake right out. (*To JEMIMA.*) Miss Jemima Peabody, ye know
 how it is. I've been axin' ye fur a long time to be me own darlint,
 an' ye couldn't on account av the foightin'. But the war is over
 now, an' I ax ye again. An' if ye don't have me this time I'll
 niver ax ye again, an' that's jist as shure as me name is Patrick Mc-
 Glaberty.

Jemima. Oh, Patrick, wait a few years longer. Yeou know as
 beow another war may break eout.

Patrick. I won't wait a minute. W'u'd ye ax me to wait for-
 iver?

Jemima. Wall, Patrick, yeou hev done well.

Patrick. Yis, me darlint, an' will ye have me?

Jemima. Yes, if——

Patrick. If what? Spake it out.

Jemima. If yeou will continner tew fight fur the country if
 another war breaks eout.

Patrick. Faix, an' I'll do that. I'll foight fur me counthry an' fur
 the whole Peabody family. Ain't I a free-born American citizen?
 An' haven't I got me naturalization papers? An' w'u'd I go back on
 me counthry? *Niver!*

Jemima. (*Giving her hand.*) Then here's my hand.

Patrick. (*Talcing her hand in one of his and swinging his hat with
 the other.*) Hurrah fur ould Ireland, an' the United States av Ameri-
 kay! An', in particular, hurrah fur the Peabodys! (*To JEMIMA.*)
 Now come on an' we'll go to the pracher's. Union now an' union
 foriver!

Jemima. But I want tew sing a verse of "The Old Union Wagon."

Patrick. Go ahead wid yer wagon, an' I'll be wid ye, me darlint.

SONG.—JEMIMA AND PATRICK.

"*The Old Union Wagon.*"

"The Eagle of Columbia, in majesty and pride,
 Still soars aloft in glory, though traitors have defied
 The flag we dearly cherish—the emblem of our will—
 Baptised in blood of heroes 'way down on Bunker Hill.

CHORUS.

Sam built the wagon,
The Old Union Wagon,
The Star-crested wagon,
To give the boys a ride.

*(Exeunt, L.)**Enter JONATHAN, R.*

Jonathan. Wall, I ain't one of them as is always a braggin', but neow when I'm one hundred years old, I s'pose I might look back and see what I've been a doin'. I commenced business in 1776 with thirteen states, and hevn't I got a right respectable family neow? Wall, when I sot up in 1776 I had 815,615 squar' miles of territory which was occupied by about 3,000,000 of civilized human bein's. I hev neow a family of 43,000,000, who occupy thirty-seven states and nine territories, which embrace over 3,000,000 of squar' miles. I hev 65,000 miles of railroads, more than sufficient tew reach twice and a half round the globe. The value of my agriulectural productions is \$2,500,000 and my gold mines air capable of producin' \$70,000,000 a year. I hev more than 1,000 cotton factories, 580 daily newspapers, 4,300 weekly and 625 monthly publications. I hev many other things too numerous tew mention. I feel right proud of my gals.
(Retires to R.)

Enter JACOB, PATRICK and JEMIMA, L.

Jacob. Dis is von pooty good fust rate coundry, und Uncle Sam Jonat'an is de best feller on de top of de ground. I t'inks our coundry beats anyt'ing dot can pe got up. Now I must go und git de gun vich I haf carried in de vars.
(Exit R.)

Patrick. Faix, an' must I say somethin' too?*Jemima.* Of course. Can't yeon make a speech when yeon hev so nobly defended yeour country?*Patrick.* Be jabers, an' I'll thry moighty hard. *(To audience.)* In union there is strength. Jemima an' me thought so, an' we went to the prachers.—*Jemima.* *(To PATRICK.)* Hush! Don't say anything about that. Be patriotic; talk about yeour country.*Patrick.* Aisy now, me darlint. *(To audience.)* Ye see, ladies an' gintlemin, I ain't no spaker, but let me have a gun an' I can make me mark whin I go out to foight. But Jemima, me woife, which was a Peabody, is a spaker, an' she'll spake to yez.*(PATRICK steps aside and JEMIMA takes his place.)**Jemima.* *(Recites.)—*

“Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.”

(JEMIMA steps aside and JONATHAN takes her place.)

Jonathan. (Recites.)—

“Then shout beside thine oak, Oh, North !
Oh, South ! wave answer with thy palm ;
And in our Union's heritage
Together sing the Nation's Psalm !”

(JONATHAN steps aside and JEMIMA and PATRICK sing.)

“My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.”

CURTAIN.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

A COMEDIETTA, IN ONE ACT.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

—:o:—

CHARACTERS.

MR. EDWARD WINGERLY, *An Oil Prince.*
MRS. JEMIMA WINGERLY, *His Wife. A Shoddy Aristocrat.*
ARAMINTA WINGERLY, *Their Daughter.*
BENJAMIN WINGERLY, *Their Son.*
MR. RANDOLPH ALDAROO, *A Pretended Exquisite and Fortune Hunter.*
MRS. BELINDA BOBB, *Sister to MR. WINGERLY, from the Country.*

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

MRS. BOBB wears a very outre country costume.

PROPERTIES.

Table. Four chairs. Easy chair. Sofa. Letter for ARAMINTA.
Bundles and boxes for MRS. BOBB.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

SCENE.—A *Well-Furnished Room.*

MRS. JEMIMA WINGERLY *discovered seated.*

Mrs. Wingerly. We hev riz up in the world and gone forward with great swiftness and revolvability. We now stand amongst the biggest and most aristocratical people of the ninety-fourth centenary. We are in comfortable and also in flexible circumstances. Fur awhile we had a hard time of it, but when they struck ile on our possessions the Goddess of Liberty smiled upon us and people crowded around and poured their confabulations upon us. Since we hev come to the city we hev been livin' like kings and queens ; we can hev everything we want fur we hev the money. Edward, that is, Mr. Wingerly—I allers fall into the habit of sayin' Edward, and that is entirely contrary to the transactions of the polite circulars in which we move. And Araminta becomes nervous and diagonal when I say Edward instead of Mr. Wingerly. I find that it is altogether wrong and also out of place fur high sailin' and aristocratical people to say the first name of their husbands instead of sayin' the last name and puttin' Mr. to it. I must endeavor to be more keerful on that p'int. If I should be speakin' of my husband to Mrs. Walsingham or Mrs. Clinton or Mrs. Fitz Boodle and should call him Edward, I hev no doubt their nervous systems would be considerably shattered and knocked about. I must be keerful. Araminta says I don't talk right when I am minglin' with aristocratical people, and she has

been tryin' to l'arn me how to conversulate with elegance and high-falutability. The Walsinghams and the Clintons and the Fitz Boodles are all aristocratical and high blooded people. They live in big houses and circulate amongst the highest authorities, and I don't want to terrify them and shatter their nervous systematicals by sayin' vulgar and astonishin' utterances. I don't want them or anybody else to find out that we once lived down in the state of Maine and that Edward made soap and candles and peddled them around. But I mustn't allow myself to think of sich things for it makes me nervous and paralytical. No, I mustn't think of our former doin's. I wish I could crush and transplant sich thoughts clean out of my mind. The goddess of Liberty has smiled upon us and we hev gone upwards with wonderful velocipidity. Edward bought a small track of land in the ile regiments of Pennsylvania, and on that track of land there was ile in immense quantities and also in volumes. Edward sold his farm fur an unparalleled and centrifugal amount of money and then we come to this place. We bought this unparalleled and brown stone frontical house, and the doin's of this caused people to crowd around us in great profusion. We hev high blooded and aristocratical people fur our friends and neighbors. Araminta is bein' looked upon by high blown and excellent young men with great admiration. Indeed, she has already said to Mr. Aldaroo that she will be his companion and travel forward with him through this world. And she has made a wise choice and a choice which I applaud and admire exceedingly. Mr. Aldaroo is a wealthy gentleman and a gentleman who walks in the highest vernaculars of life. Of course anybody can see that from the high and elegantical way in which he talks. Araminta was engaged to a poor feller down in the ile regiments, but when the goddess of Liberty smiled upon us, and we rose to our present proud and aristocratical position, of course a union with the poor feller wasn't to be thought of; no, not fur an instant. Araminta is a sensible girl and she dropped the poor feller, fur, of course, she stood far above him on the equinoctial scale when we got rich and come to the city. Now she can hev the hand and heart of Mr. Randolph Aldaroo, and this will be a union which will cause me much rejoicin'. Edward doesn't like the gentleman very well, but Edward is sich a peculiar and spasmodical man. He allows strange ideas to creep into his head, and these are the cause of much distress to me.

Enter BENJAMIN WINGERLY, R.

Benjamin. Old woman, what time in the day is it?

Mrs. W. Benjamin, you should not address me as the old woman. It is not in accordance with the rules of politeness and exquisiteness.

Benjamin. Oh, what do I care for your politeness and exquisiteness as you call it? I've got the headache and I don't want to be bothered with your big words.

Mrs. W. But, Benjamin, you no doubt know that we are now movin' and circumlocutin' in the highest and most aristocratical circles. This bein' the case we must endeavor to move and circumlocute in the same way that other high sailin' people do. If we don't do this what will be the consequence? The consequence will be this : we will be considered ignorant and uncoupled people, and it will be secretly whispered and perhaps openly ejaculated that we hev not always belonged to the brown stone frontical population. This would be very terrifyin' to me. I wish the people of this great city to think that I hev always been a rich and influential citizen.

Benjamin. If your big aristocrats could hear you talking now they'd soon set you down for an ignoramus.

Mrs. W. Benjamin, don't be so unfillibustical as to talk that way to your own mother. Haven't I conversulated with the Walsinghams and the Fitz Boodles, and don't they use the very highest and most aristocratical language? Of course they do. I hev learned to talk with amazin' swiftness and I now feel that I can cope with any of them, fur I can use some very fine and rumbustical words.

Benjamin. Old woman, you're a darby.

Mrs. W. Benjamin, will you still continuer to address me as the old woman? I'd prefer that you wouldn't do so. In doin' so you are standin' in your own light. Hold yourself up high and walk amongst the best young men of the present centerary. Do this and you may soon become as refulgent and polished as Mr. Aldaroo. And speakin' of Mr. Aldaroo, are you aware that he is betroughed to our Araminta?

Benjamin. Where did he get the trough?

Mrs. W. Benjamin, you do not understand me. When a couple are engaged, they are sometimes said to be betroughed. It is more aristocratical to say betroughed than to say engaged.

Benjamin. Old woman, I think you've missed the word. But I can't stay here and talk to you all day. I must go out and get a drink of wine.

Mrs. W. I fear you are drinkin' too much wine, Benjamin. You came home last night and I hev reason to believe that you were borderin' on the state of bein' drunk.

Benjamin. If you want to talk in high flown style don't say drunk, say intoxicated.

Mrs. W. Yes, you are correct. But, Benjamin, be careful not to drink to too much of an extent; be careful and do not come home intoxicated.

Benjamin. You've got the right word now. But you needn't get scared on my account. I know what I'm about.

Mrs. W. It would be sad and diabolical if you should grow up and go down to a drunkard's grave. We are now in a state of happiness; we live in a brown stone front and we move in the most perhte and dignified circulars; sich people as the Walsinghams and the Fitz Boodles congregare about us; your father is doin' a large

and superhuman business; everything which at the present surrounds us is promisin' and also beautiful and botanical. Araminta is on the eve of marriage to a high sailin' and exquisite young man. This bein' the case it would be sad if a shadder should suddintly come upon us and cause us to tremble and feel bad. If my son should go on from drinkin' wine and git to drinkin' other articles and should become a drunkard we would feel very sad and degenerated.

Benjamin. Old woman, you'd better go and take a sleep.

Enter ARAMINTA WINGERLY, R.

Araminta. Ma, I hold in my hand a letter for you. It is post-marked Turkeytown. That's where your relations live, isn't it?

(Hands letter to Mrs. WINGERLY.)

Mrs. W. Yes, some of them live there, but I don't consider them relations now, fur we hev rose up and we move in a different circular. I don't know what they'd be writin' to me about, but I s'pose some of 'em is dead.

(Opens letter.)

Benjamin. Well, I'll go and get some wine, and see if it won't stop this everlastin' bad headache.

(Exit B.)

Araminta. I'm afraid Benjamin is bein' led swiftly down the ragged slope of intemperance. It would be terrifyin' if he should become a drunkard.

Mrs. W. Did anybody ever hear of sich a thing? I declare it's too bad.

Araminta. Gracious, ma, what's the matter?

Mrs. W. It's terrifyin' and disgustin'. That old fool, Belinda Bobb, is comin' here to stay a week or two. She says she hasn't been well and she thinks some travel and change of air would be good fur her. The old dunce, I wish she was in Halifax.

Araminta. I wouldn't have her here. I'd just close the door against her, and tell her that we didn't know her. I am opposed to recognizing any low people from the state of Maine.

Mrs. W. But, you know, she is your father's sister, and if we should turn our backs upon her he might git angry and cut up high and tear around. Edward is a gentle and docile man if he doesn't git ruffled and wampused, but if he gits into that state he is powerful and also uncontrollable.

Araminta. Oh, he will never know anything about it. She will come when he is away at the store and we can turn her away and keep him in ignorance of it.

Mrs. W. I fear it wouldn't do. Of course I don't want the old woman here, but it would be very terrifyin' and dreadful if your father should learn of the doin's which hev been done.

Araminta. But how can we endure to have it known that she is a relation of ours? How can we endure to have the Walsinghams and the Fitz Boodles see her? Oh, the idea of sich a thing is distressing!

Enter Mrs. BELINDA BOBB, L., with bundles and boxes.

Mrs. Bobb. Heow dew yeou dew, mum? I s'pose yeou'd hardly hev knowed me if I hadn't sent yeou word that I was ccm'in'. (*Goes and shakes hands with Mrs. WINGERLY.*) Heow hev yeou been, anyheow?

Mrs. W. Oh, I hev been very well.

Mrs. B. Yeou hev been gittin' up in the world. (*Turning to ARAMINTA.*) I reckon this is yeour darter, Araminta, isn't it?

Mrs. W. Yes.

Mrs. B. My! how she's growed! When yeou left Turkeytown she was jest a little mite of a thing. I guess I'll set deown my bundles. Neow, Araminta, I'll shake hands with yeou. (*Shakes hands with ARAMINTA.*) Yes, yeou hev growed 'mazin' fast. I reckon yeou air purty nigh big enough tew hev beaux? (*To Mrs. WINGERLY.*) Did yeou git my letter?

Mrs. W. Yes, I have just received it.

Mrs. B. Then it must hev got lost and wandered areound a spell. I sent it tew yeou about a week ago. Yeou see I tuck a notion as heow I'd come tew see yeon, and Hezekiah, that's my pardner, he sez tew me, sez he, "I guess yeou'd better not go." "Why on airth," sez I, "hadn't I better go? Ain't they relations of our'n? And it don't look very sociable if yeou don't go tew see yeour relations once in a spell." "But," sez Hezekiah, "yeou might git lost. Yeou hain't never been tew the city and yeou'd be a'most sure tew git lost." "Wall," sez I, "I kalkilate I don't git lost. I hain't traveled very much; but I know what I'm doin' most of the time, and if I git lost or anybody steals my pocket-book yeou may tell me about it as long as yeou live." Then sez Hezekiah, "I guess yeou'd better not go. The Wingerlys air purty grand neow; they struck ile; they live in a big house, and mebbe they wouldn't keer about seein' common people." "Poo!" sez I, "there ain't no danger of that. Brother Edward warn't that kind of a man," sez I. "He'll be mighty glad tew see me, I know he will, and it won't make any difference whether he lives in a four-story house or a little cabin like he used tew live in when he was in Turkeytown and was making soap and candles.

Mrs. W. Oh, if you please, do constrain yourself and don't speak of our former position.

Mrs. B. Oh, 'tain't no disgrace, I reckon, fur it tew be known that yeou was once soap and candle makers. It goes tew show that Edward was a mighty smart man, fur nobody but a smart man could be so awful poor and then git tew be so awful rich. Yeou hev'n't axed me tew take off my bunnit and things, but I s'pose it's because yeou air so astonished at seein' me. (*Takes off her bonnet and hands it to ARAMINTA.*) I'll give yeou my bunnit. Take purty good keer of it fur it's the only Sunday-go-to-meetin' bunnit I hev got.

Araminta. Keep your old top knot; I don't want it. You'd better put it on your head and travel.

Mrs. W. Araminta!

Mrs. B. Good land of Goshen! did anybody ever hear the likes of that? (*To Mrs. WINGERLY.*) Jemima, is it possible that yeou hev raised up a gal that will talk that way tew her blood relations?

Mrs. W. Araminta spoke a little rapadistically perhaps, but she is somewhat vexed and annoydled. She wasn't expectin' to see anybody from the state of Maine.

Mrs. B. I s'pose she thinks she's too big and highfalutin' tew look at common people.

Araminta. Well, I'm sure I don't want to look at such creatures as you. A person would suppose that you had just come from the back woods.

Mrs. B. Wall, I did come from the back woods if yeou call Turkeytown and Stamford and them places reound there the backwoods. But if I dew live in the backwoods I kalkilate I know more'n some young gals which live in big houses and git stuck up on that account. I reckon yeou didn't know that yeour father and yeour mother was once soap and candle makers and abeout as poor as anybody areound in our diggins? But they were purty sensible people, and I am surprised that they hev brought yeou up in sich a way.

Araminta. I don't want to hold any further conversation with you. You're a meddlesome old fool and you ought to have stayed at home.

(*Exit R.*)

Mrs. B. I kalkilate she's got her dander up. Wall, she kin go; we kin git along without her. (*Sits down.*) Neow, Jemima, I reckon yeou want tew know abeout the folks deown tew Turkeytown and heow they air all gittin' along. Wall, I'll perceed tew tell yeou. Yeou know there was the Tucker family; I reckon they've been livin' areound Turkeytown and Turkey Run fur up'ards of forty years. Simeon Tucker he married Patience Dewsenberry and they've been livin' fur several years at the old stun house on the hill. Simeon's a purty nice sort of a feller, but he hasn't got any great amount of push abeout him and he doesn't jest git along quite as well as the rest of the Tucker family. Then there is Nathan Tucker and Jeduthan Tucker and Miranda Tucker. Miranda she's married a feller by the name of Leander Peterson. He used tew live somewheres deown abeout Chestnut Ridge, but he moved up tew Turkeytown. I guess that was afore yeou went away. Wall, Leander, he ain't of much acceount neither. He keeps two or three dogs and runs areound and hunts. I feel purty sorry fur Miranda, fur she was a tolerable nice sort of a gal and deserved tew git along better. If a man wants to make a livin' in this world he mustn't spend much time runnin' reound through the woods with a gun and some dogs a tryin' tew ketch squirrels and sich things. Neow there was my boy Zedekiah, he was inclined consid'ably towards goin' a huntin', but I jest set my foot deown on it and I told Hezekiah, that's my pardner, that I wouldn't allow it. I sed as heow there warn't no use in bringin' up a boy in idleness and it would be a purty good chance fur

bringin' him up that way if we let him run eout intew the woods with a gun on his shoulder and two dogs a trottin' arter him, I hev an idee that huntin' and fiddlin' air two good ways of makin' a boy shiftless and lazy. Neow there's Josiah Bolivar's boy—his names Jonah. I think that's a horrid name tew give to a boy, fur it makes you think of whales and sich things. If I couldn't git a better name fur a boy of mine I'd let him go without a name. But I was goin' tew tell yeou abeout Jonah Bolivar's fiddlin'. Wall, when he was a boy he tuck a notion as heow he'd l'arn tew play on the fiddle, and his father incurridged him, fur he thought it would be a purty big thing if Jonah could git tew be a musician. Wall, that boy tuck tew fiddlin' and continued tew fiddle and neow he won't dew nothin' else but fiddle. He don't know nothin' abeout work and he's purty sure tew be a lazy shiftless feller as long as he lives. When a boy takes a notion arter sich things as huntin' and fiddlin' I go in fur hevin' sich notions suppressed. I allers hev held tew the idee that we ought tew be useful in this world—we ought tew be doin' somethin'. Of course we hev'n't a consid'able time tew live in the world and we ought tew be improvin' that time and endeavorin' tew dew somethin'.

Mrs. W. Did yeou hev any trouble in finding our aristocratical abode?

Mrs. B. Aristocratical abode! I reckon that means this house of your'n?

Mrs. W. Yes, that's what I mean.

Mrs. B. Wall, I didn't jest altogether exactly understand yeou. I know there's consid'able difference between the talkin' of people here and the talkin' of the people deown tew Turkeytown.

Mrs. W. Yeou know we must talk accordin' to the circulars in which we move. We associate with some very high and aristocratical families here and they use very high flown and phlegmatic language.

Mrs. B. I've been tellin' Hezekiah we ought tew be endeavorin' tew improve some in our talkin'. Hezekiah is an awful reckless man tew talk; he don't seem tew keer heow he does his conversin', and he sorter gits it all tangled up and smashed abeout.

Mrs. W. I suppose your husband is still engaged in the science of makin' shoes and boots?

Mrs. B. La! sakes, no, he quit that a long spell ago, and neow he's got a purty big shoe store in Turkeytown. Hezekiah is a to'able go ahead sort of a man if I dew say it myself. He told me tew ax Edward if he'd hev any notion of goin' intew partnership with him. Hezekiah has tuck a notion as heow he'll come to the city too and git tew be a big feller. I reckon Hezekiah and Edward could dew a purty tearin' sort of a business if they were in partnership.

Mrs. W. Oh, it would be impossible for Mr. Wingerly to take your husband into partnership. He would not know how to do business in this great city and amongst aristocratical folks.

Mrs. B. But I reckon Hezekiah could l'arn heow tew dew business here. I kalkilate he's as smart as Edward Wingerly.

Mrs. W. It requires a man to hev great business jollifications if he can rise and go forwards.

Mrs. B. Wall, I'm sure Hezekiah is a rale jolly man and I feel purty sure he could git along first rate.

Enter BENJAMIN WINGERLY, L., slightly intoxicated.

Benjamin. How d'ye do, old woman? Hello, there's somebody here—some old woman or another.

Mrs. W. Benjamin, do not be so bolsterous and piratical. 'This is a lady from the state of Maine.

Mrs. B. Yes, I am your aunt, Belinda Bobb.

Benjamin. Belinda Bobb! Let me see, who's Belinda Bobb? (*Goes towards her, staggering slightly.*) I believe I have never met you, Belinda Bobb. (*Extends his hand.*) How are you, old Mrs. Bobb, and how are all the little Bobbs?

Mrs. B. (*Shaking hands with him.*) Your name is Benjamin, is it?

Benjamin. Yes, I believe my name's Benjamin, if I know myself. No, when I come to think of it, my name's Ben.

Mrs. B. Wall, Ben and Benjamin air jest the same.

Benjamin. (*Stepping back and raising his hands.*) Prodigious! awful! astonishing! Is that a fact? Mrs. Bobb, do you speak the truth?

Mrs. B. Wall, I ain't in the habit of lyin'.

Benjamin. Then, Mrs. Bobb, for the sake of the little Bobbs, for the sake of the rising generation and the country at large let me importune and entreat you never to fall into that habit. It would cause me to shudder all over my head if you should fall into that habit.

Mrs. B. (*Turning to Mrs. WINGERLY.*) Jemima, what's the matter with this boy of yeourn? If he wasn't so young I would think he was drunk.

Mrs. W. Benjamin, you had better retire and also go out of the room.

Mrs. B. Oh, no, don't send him out of the room. He is a talkin' boy and I sorter like tew hear him spreadin' himself.

Benjamin. How are all the folks down at 'Turkeytown? Come, tell us all the news.

Mrs. B. Wall, as fur as I know the folks air all gittin' along reasonably well. Neow, there's the Hookers; I s'pose yeou don't know the Hookers?

Benjamin. The Hookers? Let me see. Yes, I think I know the Hookers. They all had big eyes and red noses, hadn't they?

Mrs. B. Pooh! no! Jemima, what makes this boy of yeourn talk that way? Of course he didn't know the Hookers. I reckon he wasn't more'n a year old when yeou moved away from 'Turkeytown.

Mrs. W. Benjamin is a little too gabulous to-day. Benjamin, you had better retire and absquatulate.

Mrs. B. Absquatulate! Good land of Goshen! What's the meanin' of that word, Jemima?

Benjamin. When she says for me to absquatulate she means for me to stand on my head.

Mrs. W. Benjamin!

Mrs. B. Gracious! dew yeou allow yeour boy tew perform sich doin's right afore yeour eyes? And is this the way the high flyin' people of the city bring up their children? Well! well!

Benjamin. It isn't wicked to stand on your head. It conduces to the hynpathic paralellogram of the nicklecorusters and thereby produces the zumorinster of yougheogheny. Yes, it's all right. But you wanted to tell me about the Hookers. Go ahead. Commence at the old man and run down till you come to Robert.

Mrs. B. There ain't no Robert in the family. Yeou air the strangest boy I ever talked tew. Air yeou sure yeou hev'n't been drinkin'?

Benjamin. I took some wine a short time ago. But yeou don't call that drinking, do you?

Mrs. B. Ah! it's jest as I feared, yeou've been drinkin'. Yeou'll be purty sure tew come tew a bad end, and it'll be a great pity too, fur yeou seem tew be a smart boy.

Benjamin. You are correct, Mrs. Bobb; I am a smart boy, or, perhaps, it would better to say that I am a smart young man. But are you not going to tell me about the Hookers?

Mrs. B. I feel too sad neow tew talk about the Hookers or anybody else. (*Rises and walks about.*) Here's a boy who's goin' tew destruction. Heow much better it would hev been if his parents had stayed in Turkeytown!

Benjamin. (*Rising and walking about.*) Here is a woman. Her name is Mrs. Bobb. She is an old woman but she is goin' to destruction. How much better it would have been if she had stayed in Turkeytown.

Mrs. B. Jemima, there should be something done. This boy is rushin' on tew destruction. In a few short years, if there is nothin' done tew arrest him in his course, he will be in a drunkard's grave.

Benjamin. Jemima, the necessity of the hour demands that something should be done. This old woman, whose name is Mrs. Belinda Bobb, is rushing on to destruction, and it may be that the little Bobbs will follow her. Something must be done or Turkeytown will be in a state of confusion.

Mrs. W. Benjamin, you had better retire.

Mrs. B. No, don't let him retire. Keep him here and let us endeavor tew show him the error of his ways.

Benjamin. Don't send Mrs. Bobb to her home—yes, don't send her to Turkeytown. Keep her here—keep her away from the little

Bobbs. Let us talk to her about the Bobbs and the Hookers, and let us endeavor to arrest her in her wild career, (*Gesticulating.*) What will become of all mankind in general and the little Bobbs in particular if Mrs. Bobb rushes on to destruction. If she goes to destruction will she take these bundles and boxes along with her? If she is going to destruction will she go by the way of Turkey-town? Mrs. Bobb is an excellent woman, but "she anchored her hopes to this perishing world by the chain that her tenderness wove." Oh, I shudder when I think of the future of Mrs. Bobb and all the little Bobbs. Can we do nothing to arrest her in her wild career. We must endeavor to do something—we must talk to her—we must reason the case. And wouldn't it be a good idea to get the Hooker family to talk to her? The Hookers understand her organization; she has lived amongst the Hookers for a great many years; therefore I think we should call in the Hoopers. Yes, every man and woman of the Hookers should be called in and they should talk to Mrs. Bobb and endeavor to show her that she is rushing on to destruction. And if she continues on in her wild career will she take the little Bobbs along? That is the question which is now agitating the public mind. Yes, by all means, let the Hookers be called in, and if Mrs. Bobb is bent on going to destruction I suppose we will have to let her go. But we must not let the little Bobbs go to destruction; we must endeavor to hold them back and keep them in check.

"And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Fellow citizens, we must wake up; there is a work for us to do. "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past, and judging by the past I wish to know what" is to become of the little Bobbs. If one Bobb rushes on to destruction must all the other Bobbs follow? No, fellow citizens, they must not. We must do something. Why stand we here idle? Fellow citizens, "It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of that siren until she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet—" Hold on, I said that before. But, fellow citizens, we return again to the Hooker family and also to the little Bobbs. We have nothing further to say about Mrs. Bobb. She has gone to destruction, but she forgot to take her bundles and boxes with her. What can we do? How shall we

gather in these little Bobbs who are flying around like the sere and withered leaves before the angry gusts? Do you give it up? So do I. "In vain, after these things may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained; we must fight! I repeat it," Mrs. Bobb, we must fight! (*Doubles up his fist and advances as if to strike MRS. BOBB.*) Come on, Mrs. Bobb. The Revolutionary war is just breaking out, and before two days it will be revolting all over this land. What do you say, Mrs. Bobb? Will you fight?

Mrs. B. Goodness! I never did see sich a boy in all my born days. Jemima, hadn't yeou better send him tew bed? I dew believe the boy is crazy.

Benjamin. (*Striking an attitude.*)—

"'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on."
(*Exit R.*)

Mrs. B. The boy surely must be gittin' wrong in his mind.

Mrs. W. No, he's only actin' up.

Mrs. B. Wall, but yeou know he said he'd been drinkin'. Oughtn't yeou tew dew somethin', Jemima, tew try tew stop him in his career?

Mrs. W. Oh, what can I do? There is sich a vast quantity of temptation all around the young men in a city.

Mrs. B. Wall, it 'pears tew me that afore I'd let that boy go tew destruction I'd move back tew Turkeytown.

Mrs. W. Move back to Turkeytown! Never! Mrs. Bobb, you know not what you say; you are not aware of what you are utterin'. Do you think I could ever consent to leave this large and aristocratical house? Do you think I could separate and tear myself away from the Walsinghams and the Clintons and the Fitz Boodles? Never! The idea is absurdical.

Enter MR. EDWARD WINGERLY, L.

Mr. Wingerly. Ah! there is a stranger here, and yet there may be trouble.

Mrs. B. (*Rising.*) Edward, don't yeou know me? (*Extends her hand.*) Heow dew yeou dew?

Mr. W. (*Shaking hands with her.*) Is it you, Belinda? I am surprised to see you. I am delighted also. When did you arrive?

Mrs. B. Oh, jest a little spell ago. Yeou've been goin' up in the world, Edward. Yeou air purty grand neow.

Mr. W. I am pretty grand, am I? Stop; sit down. (*Motions her to be seated.*) Don't say anything more about being grand. There may be trouble yet.

Mrs. W. What do you mean, Mr. Wingerly, when you say there may be trouble yet? You act kind of stirruptiously.

Mr. W. Stirruptiously! Ha! ha! That's a good one. Oh, Jemima, don't use any more large words. It makes me nervous, and there may be trouble yet.

Mrs. B. (*Rising.*) He acts kinder shaller. I wonder if everybody in this house is goin' crazy. (*To Mr. WINGERLY.*) Edward, hev yeou had purty good health since yeou cum tew the city?

Mr. W. Yes, excellent health, first-rate health, tip-top health. Belinda, if I should go back to Turkeytown, would there be room for me? Would the Turkeytowners stand aside and say to me, "Edward Wingerly, there is room for you yet in the soap and candle business?"

Mrs. W. (*Aside.*) The man is certainly goin' distracted in his memorandum.

Mrs. B. Why, Edward, what dew yeou mean? Would yeou raily leave this grand house and go back tew Turkeytown? I believe yeou air jest actin' up like yeou did when yeou was a boy.

Mr. W. Did I act up when I was a boy? Perhaps I did. My boyhood days have passed away and now I am in a brown stone front and doing an extensive business in the city. Am I doing an extensive business?

"That is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? 'To die, to sleep,
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-aches and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished for."

Mrs. W. Mr. Wingerly, what are you talking about? You seem to be declamatizin'. Is there anything the matter with you?

Mr. W. Yes, I might say there was, and again I might say there wasn't. To tell the truth, I don't know. Sometimes I think there is and sometimes I think there isn't. Jemima?

Mrs. W. What?

Mr. W. Don't say what—it is too plain—too unceremonious and disrespectful, as it were. It grates harshly upon the ear. You should say, "what, my lord?"

Mrs. W. 'Deed, I won't say that ; it would be sacrabillious.

Mr. W. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! I didn't think of that. If it

would be sacrabillious you needn't say it. But, Jemima, I want to ask you a question ; are you equal to an emergency ?

Mrs. W. Well—yes—I am equal to an Americancy ? (*Aside.*) But I don't know what that is. (*To MR. WINGERLY.*) Indeed, I would have no hesitation in saying that I would be equal to two Americancies, if they weren't too big.

Mr. W. I'm glad to hear you say so, for an emergency may arise.

Mrs. W. Well, let it rise, I ain't afeared.

Mr. W. Belinda, is there anybody in the soap and candle business now in 'Turkeytown.

Mrs. B. Yes, Sam Johnston's workin' at it, but there ain't much push in Sam and he don't git along very well. I s'pose yeou mind the Johnston's ? They lived eout on the hill. Sam married a gal by the name of Jerusha Jenkins. I s'pose yeou hain't forgot abeout the Jenkinses either ? Jerusha was a purty nice gal, but I kalkilate she tuck a wrong step when she married Sam Johnston. Them Johnston's from fast few last didn't hev much of the go ahead abeout them. There is Erastus Johnston too, and he ain't no better'n Sam. Erastus married a 'Tucker. I reckon yeou mind the Tucker family ?

Mr. W. I have often heard of Dan 'Tucker, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him.

Mrs. B. There warn't no Dan. I guess yeou air thinkin' abeout Jim.

Mr. W. Probably I was. Indeed I have so much to think about now I hardly know where to commence. Jemima, there may be trouble. An emergency may arise.

Mrs. W. Well, as I said before, let it arise, I ain't afeared.

Mr. W. It makes me happy to hear you say so. Now I must go again. Where's my hat ?

Mrs. W. Mr. Wingerly, your hat is seated upon your head.

Mr. W. (*Putting up his hands.*) Yes, so it is. Well, let it sit there. If any man dares to pull it off I'll shoot him on the spot.

(*Exit R.*)

Mrs. B. (*Aside.*) It 'pears tew me that everybody is goin' crazy around here.

Mrs. W. My husband is very much ruffled and antepenultimated. Can it be possible that a panegyric is sweepin' over the land ? But, come, Mrs. Bobb ; I will show you to your room.

Mrs. B. Wall, yes, I don't keer if I dew go and lie down a spell. I feel sort of tuckered eout, and when I get intew that condition there ain't nothin' that rests me so much as tew git a good sound sleep.

(*Exeunt MRS. WINGERLY and MRS. BOBB, L.*)

Enter ARAMINTA WINGERLY and RANDOLPH ALDAROO, R.

Randolph. My deaw Awaminta, the days dwag slowly by. I am impatient foaw the howaw to arwive when I shall call you mine.

Araminta. Only one short month, Randolph, and then we will be united. The dresses will be ready at that time. I think my dresses will be elegant. They are to be made at Mrs. Raymond's on Tenth street. Mrs. Raymond is an elegant dress-maker. I always thought that when I should come to get married I would have my outfit made at Mrs. Raymond's. The hat shall cost about two hundred dollars. I mean to have an elegant hat. Papa says he is going to export one from Cork just for the occasion.

Randolph. (Aside.) Expowt a bonnet fwom Cork! What an ignowant woman she is! But she's got the money and who cares? *(To ARAMINTA.)* You think you will be entiweely weady in one month?

Araminta. Oh, yes, I'll be ready. One of my dresses will cost over two hundred dollars, for I shall have it fringed with costly lace and trimmings and it shall be equal to anything ever worn by the most aristocratical woman since the time of the wars of the Swedes and Persians, and it shall not be outstripped by anybody since the abecedarian age.

Randolph. (Aside.) Gwacious! she's equal to her mother, but she's got the money and what's the difference. *(To ARAMINTA.)* Beautiful Awaminta, I shall be a happy mowtal when you aw mine. I shall just be as happy as a big sun-flowaw, if I may be allowed to use that expvession.

Araminta. And I shall be happy too. But, Randolph, I have not told you about my elegant white satin dress in which I am to be married. Oh, it is an elegant dress! The train will be three yards long, and you know that will be equal to nine feet; and then I shall have an elegant over-dress delaborately trimmed. Indeed, I am determined to outstrip Pauline Walsingham, who was married a short time ago.

Enter MRS. BELINDA BOBB, R.

Mrs. B. I jest thought I'd come in and see heow yeou were gittin' along. *(ARAMINTA springs up.)* Jemima sed as heow yeour beau was here and I thought I'd like tew take a look at him if I was goin' to be his aunt.

Araminta. (Aside.) Oh, dear, what shall I do? *(To MRS. BOBB.)* Leave the room; why did you come here?

Mrs. B. Wall, I was jest a tellin' yeou. I heerd as heow yeour beaux was in here and I thought I'd jest come in and take a look at him. *(Aside to ARAMINTA.)* Hadn't yeou better give me an interduction tew him?

Araminta. (Aside, sternly to MRS. BOBB.) I command you to leave the room.

Mrs. B. Oh, neow, yeou needn't git obstreperous about it. I'm goin' tew stay until arter the weddin' and I'll see him anyheow, and I might jest as well see him one time as another. Heow dew yeou dew, mister. *(Advances and extends her hand.)* Heow hev yeou

been this long spell? Araminta ought tew give us an interduction, but she doesn't someheow jest altogether feel inclined. But we kin speak anyheow, yeou know, and be sociable.

Randolph. (*Rising and addressing ARAMINTA.*) Is this one of the sewvants or is it a cwazy woman?

Mrs. B. Air yeou a furriner? Yeou hev sich a queer way of talkin'. (*To ARAMINTA.*) Araminta, is it possible yeou air goin' tew marry a furriner?

Araminta. Mr. Aldaroo, I hope you will take no notice of this person. She is an old crazy woman who came here yesterday, and she wants us to believe she is a relation.

Randolph. Mr. Wingerly ought to wise up and pitch her wight out into the stweet.

Mrs. B. (*Straightening up and marching up to RANDOLPH ALDAROO*) Lookee, here, Mister Kangaroo, if yeou want her pitched intew the street s'pose yeou dew it yeourself. I kalkilate yeou ain't able. Yeou've got a hang dog look about yeou too. And as fur bein' a relation of this here gal, Araminta, I am one and I kin prove it; but I must say I don't feel very prond of some of my relations nor I can't say I shill feel very prond of yeou if yeou git tew be a relation. I know all about this family fur I'm Edward Wingerly's sister, and I lived next door tew him in Turkeytown when he was engaged in makin' soap and taller candles.

Araminta. (*Angrily.*) Stop, I say. Leave the room.

Mrs. B. Neow don't git cranky. 'Tain't no kind of use. Jest sit deown and go on with yeour spookin'. I won't say nothin' more about the business yeour dad and marm were engaged in when they lived in Turkeytown, but, land sakes! it ain't no disgrace tew be a soap and candle maker. Anything that is honest is honorable. Jest sit deown neow and don't git ruffled about nothin'. I want tew talk tew this feller a spell and mebbe I'll git tew like him. (*To RANDOLPH ALDAROO.*) What is yeour name, mister?

Randolph. (*Aside.*) I suppose I'd better keep on the good side of the old heathen. (*To MRS. BOBB.*) My name is Wandolph Aldaroo.

Mrs. B. Aldaroo. Wall, that's sich a peculiar name. It sounds a heap like kangaroo. I s'pose yeou live in this big city when yeou air at home?

Randolph. Yes, I weside in the city.

Mrs. B. Heow long is it since yeou cum over.

Randolph. Come ovaw fwom where? What do you mean?

Mrs. B. Wall, I can't make eout where yeou come from, but yeou must be a furriner. I kalkilate yeou air either an Irishman or a Dutchman or a Hottentot. I hevn't seed a Hottentot fur a good spell, but I think as heow yeou speak the Hottentot language.

Randolph. You aw disposed to be sawcastic.

Mrs. B. Sarcastic. I guess that's a new name fur rheumatiz. Wall, that 'pears tew be gittin' away from the subject, but I kin in-

form yeon that I ain't never in the least bit troubled in that way. I s'pose yeon've had the janders. Yeon look kind of yaller.

Randolph. And you look kind of gween. I suppose you have lived in the countwy all youaw life.

Mrs. B. Wall, if I have lived in the country all my life I hain't much diffilkitly in tellin' a scoundrel when I see him. Mr. Kangaroo, I kalkilate yeon belong tew that class.

Araminta. (*In a passion.*) Leave the room instantly. How dare you speak to one of my visitors in that way.

Mrs. B. Neow jest keep cool, Araminta.

Enter MR. EDWARD WINGERLY, L., very much excited, leading in MRS. WINGERLY.

Mr. W. Come in, *Jemima*, come in. "'Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly." Yes, walk into the parlor, *Mrs. Wingerly*. But I can't say walk into *my* parlor, as the spider said to the fly. I have brought you here to tell you all about it. I see *Araminta* is here, and *Mr. Aldaroo* is here, and *Belinda Bobb* is here. Where is *Benjamin*? Call in *Benjamin* and then we will all be here. We will assemble here in the parlor for the last time. I thought the trouble would come and it has come. "'Will yeon walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly." Where's *Benjamin*? (*Calls.*) *Benjamin!* *Ben-ja-min!* Come here. Walk into my parlor. No, not *my* parlor—no, indeed!

Mrs. W. Edward, what is the matter? What is the meaning of this combustion?

Araminta. Father, what is the matter? Afe you ill?

Mrs. B. What upon airth has broke loose anyheow?

Mrs. W. Will you have a cup of tea to cheer you up and ratify your nervous cistern?

Mr. W. (*Calls.*) *Benjamin!* *Ben-ja-min!*

Enter BENJAMIN WINGERLY, R.

Benjamin. (*Speaking as he enters.*)—

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud clarions, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?"

Well, what's all this noise about? Any trouble with *Mrs. Bobb* and the little *Bobbs*?

Mr. W. Are we all here? Yes, we are all here. Then I shall proceed to speak. But Jemima, let me ask you a question. Can you be equal to an emergency?

Mrs. W. Mr. Wingerly, I have already told you in plain characters that I could be equal to that thing of which you speak. Indeed, I feel sure that I would be equal to two of them.

Mr. W. I am rejoiced to hear it. Now, Araminta, are you equal to an emergency?

Araminta. Pa, I don't know what you mean, but I can safely say I am.

Mr. W. Good. Now, Mr. Aldaroo, if troubles should arise could you stand firm and support the American flag?

Randolph. Yes, I can stand firm. But what's the trouble about the flag? Aw we going to have moaw waw and bloodshed?

Mr. W. No, no war; no bloodshed. The Revolutionary war is past, the war of 1812 is past, the Mexican war is past, the Rebellion is past. But the trouble at home has just commenced.

Mrs. W. (*Going to MR. WINGERLY.*) Oh, Edward, what is it? what is it?

Araminta. (*Going to MR. WINGERLY.*) Oh, father, speak and tell us what it is.

Mr. B. Oh, I guess he's jest actin' up like he used tew dew when he was in the soap and candle business. Edward, don't yeou mind beow yeou hollered reound one night when yeou was a boy and skeered the Bobbins family? They thought it was a wild animal. Oh, yeou were sich a case when yeou were a boy! Jemima, I kalkilate yeou and Araminta needn't git frustrated on account of Edward's kerryin' on. He's jest a cuttin' up tew remind me of old times. Edward, I s'pose yeou hain't forgot about the Bobbins family? You know there was Joe Bobbins and Tom Bobbins. They lived eout on the hill fur a spell, but they all got up one day and moved away. I guess they went eout west somewheres or another.

Benjamin. The Bobbins family is gone and the Bobb family is going. Alas! alas! Good-bye, Bobb.

Mrs. B. Yeou've been drinkin' ag'in, hev'n't yeou?

Benjamin. No, I have stopped drinking and have taken to speaking. Mrs. Bobb, don't you think I am ready for the stage? Hear me:

'Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as this?'

Mr. W. Silence, Benjamin. Let me speak. I have a tale to unfold. The crash has come; yes, the crash has come and we are crushed. Perhaps it would be better to say the crash has come and

we are crashed. I hoped that the flood of disaster would not overtake us, but it did overtake us and we are swept away—we are gone down—we are swallowed up. And now the Clintons and the Walsinghams and the Fitz Boodles will rejoice. What can we do? That's the question; what can we do? I know what I can do! I can go into the soap and candle business again. But here are my wife and my daughter and my son; can they go into the soap and candle business? Oh, I shudder when I think of my wife and my daughter and my son. But we must get out of this; yes, we must get out of this. Why did we come here? What can we do? I have it. We must go to Turkeytown. Once more we must dive into the soap and the grease; once more we must gather together the tallow from the neighboring hills and mould it into candles.

Mrs. W. Edward, do you speak the truth? Are we ruined?

Mr. W. Yes, I speak the truth. I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet. Yes, Jemima, we are not worth a cent, and in a few days the red flag will wave over our heads.

Araminta. Oh, how can I endure this? But, Randolph, I have you to lean upon.

Randolph. This is a distwessing family scene and I believe I ought to wetire. Miss Awaminta, you will consider our engagement at a close.

Araminta. Oh, Randolph, will you desert me in my hour of trouble? (*Weeps.*) Oh, Randolph, will you leave me now?

Mr. W. Desert you? No, of course he will not desert you? (*Speaking sternly to RANDOLPH.*) Are you a man?

Mrs. B. No, he ain't nothing but a kangaroo.

Randolph. This is a vewy distwessing case. I think I had bettaw wetire and think the mattaw ovaw.

Mr. W. Didn't you say you would stand by the American flag? What do you call yourself? Benjamin, make haste, bring my revolver. If you can't find the revolver, bring the old shot gun.

Randolph. Oh, don't shoot. Weally, this is distwessing.

(*Exit, hastily, L.*)

Mrs. B. That feller's nothin' but a sheep.

Araminta. (*Weeping.*) Oh, he's gone—he's gone! What shall I do?

Mrs. B. Wall, I wouldn't waste many tears over a kangaroo. He didn't care fur yeou, he only wanted yeour money.

Mrs. W. Is it really true that we have gone down in the great whippoorwill of bankruptcy?

Mr. W. Yes, it is true. And this is what overtakes a man when he goes into a business he knows nothing about. But there's no use in crying over spilled milk. We must commence again—we must step down from our present position and again become soap and candle makers.

Benjamin. I believe I shall go on the stage. Hear me:

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Mrs. W. Edward, I am ready to go with you. I can take my place at your side and go with you into the soap and candle business.

Mr. W. Noble woman! I feared you would shrink from it. I feared you would weep and lament because you would have to leave the Clintons and the Walsinghams and the Fitz Boodles, and give up your flounces and laces and gew-gaws and furbelows, but you have proved yourself to be a sensible woman—yes, a sensible woman, and I am proud of you.

Araminta. And I can be a sensible girl, too. I shall not give another thought to Randolph Aldaroo, I shall lay aside my pride, and if you are to again be a soap manufacturer, I am ready to take my place as a soap manufacturer's daughter.

Mr. W. Araminta, you are a noble girl. I begin to see that I have a sensible family after all.

Benjamin. Soap is good in its place, but I shouldn't like to live amongst soap. I think I shall take the stage. Hear me:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

If I take the stage I have no doubt I shall become famous.

Mrs. B. Pooh! don't think of sich a thing. Come with me tew Turkeytown and I'll make a man of yeou. Yeou hev had nothin' tew dew here and neow yeou hev got it intew yeour head that yeou kin be a stage driver. It's a lazy business and most all stage drivers tell awful big yarns. Don't think of sich a thing. Come eout tew Turkeytown and we'll set yeou tew work.

Mr. W. (*Speaking to the audience.*) Ladies and gentlemen, we have lost our money, but we are not ruined. No, we are not ruined. My wife and my daughter are noble women, and they are willing to go with me again into the soap and candle business. All I have to say is, if you want anything in our line, give us a call.

Benjamin. (*Shouting like a soap man.*) S-o-a-p-ee, s-o-a-p-ee, s-o-a-p-ee, s-o-a-p-ee, soap, soap!

Mrs. B. (*Advances and speaks to the audience.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I kalkilate I know a thing or two. When people git too much uplifted they air purty sure tew git a fall. Some people

air sensible people and they can endure sich a tumble as we hev 'witnessed here. Remember one thing, "Riches Have Wings," so don't git tew feelin' too big jest because yeon hev a little money. I hev money—plenty of it. And neow jest ax yeourselves if I look like a proud, stuck-up old woman. That's all. Our play is ended. Good-night.

Disposition of Characters.

ARAMINTA.
R.

BENJAMIN.
R. C.

MRS. BOBB.
C.

MR. W.
L. C.

MRS. W.
L.

CURTAIN.

THE RECLAIMED FATHER.

A SKETCH, IN TWO SCENES.

THE RECLAIMED FATHER.

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CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM VINTON, *An Intemperate Father.*
HARRY VINTON, } *His Children.*
ENOLA VINTON, }
JOHN WATSON, *Proprietor of the "Barley Sheaf."*
SAM JONES, } *Bar-room Loafers.*
JAKE HOOFEL, }

COSTUMES.

MODERN—To suit the characters.

PROPERTIES.

Bar, bottles, glasses, cigar boxes, &c. Checker board and checkers. Tables, chairs and bench. Tin money for WILLIAM VINTON. Bed and bed clothes, pillows, &c. Table. Two chairs. Medicine bottles. Cups. Candle.

THE RECLAIMED FATHER.

SCENE I.—*Bar-Room of a Village Tavern.*

WILLIAM VINTON and SAM JONES discovered seated at a table, playing checkers. JAKE HOOFEL lying on a bench. JOHN WATSON behind bar.

Sam. I tell you, Bill Vinton, you can't cheat me that way. I know what's fair and what isn't fair.

William. I ain't cheating you.

Sam. I say you are. D'ye think I never played checkers afore? I guess I know what I'm doin'.

William. I guess you're drunk; that's what's the matter with you.

Sam. (*Springing up.*) Don't say that again, Bill Vinton, or I'll smash you.

Jake. T'under und lightnin', dere's goin' to pe a pig fuss a'ready. What's der row about anyhow?

William. I ain't afraid of you, Sam Jones. (*Rises.*) You're a sneak and a liar and you're drunk.

Sam. (*Seizing the checker board and striking WILLIAM on the head with it—WILLIAM falls.*) I'm drunk, am I? And what are you?

Jake. Vell, I t'inks he is pooty badly floored. Dot means dot he has got himself knocked down.

John. We won't have any fightin' here. If you want to fight, go out of doors.

William. I'll pay you for this, Sam Jones.

Sam. Pay! Pooh! you hain't got anything to pay with. You spend all your money for whiskey.

William. (*Rising.*) But it won't require money to pay you; I can do it with my fist.

Jake. Money's burty scarce, but dere's blenty of fists dese times.

John. Sit down and be friends again. There's no use in quarrelin'.

William. I want something to drink; I want to git myself roused up.

Jake. Dot's shoost like me; I wants to git roused up too.

William. Well, come up and drink, Jake. As for Sam, I sha'n't ask him again. I don't want to drink with a dog.

Sam. (*Springing up.*) Do you say I'm a dog?

William. Oh, don't bother me now. Wait until I get two or three drinks; wait until I get fully aroused and then I'll talk to you.

Sam. You're a coward; you're afraid to fight.

Jake. Shoost wait till Villiam und me gits aroused und den ve'll show you if ye are gowards.

Sam. Ah! and you're goin' to git the Dutchman to do the fightin' for you?

Jake. No, he isn't gittin' me to help. He can do his own fightin'. But I always stand up for a shendleman.

John. Come now, no quarrelin'. William, what will you have?

William. Give me whisky; I want to get roused up.

Jake. Und I'll dake visky too. I wants to git roused up enough to see fair play. (*JOHN WATSON sets down bottle and glasses.*)

Sam. (*Sneeringly.*) Brave men. It takes two of you to talk to me, and when it comes to fightin' I s'pose it will take two of you to fight me. Bah! sich men!

Jake. Vell, if I vas you I wouldn't plow too much. I am a beaceable feller, but if I git roused up I smash around treadful.

William. Ready?

Jake. Yes.

(*They touch glasses and drink.*)

Sam. I reckon that tastes purty good. And I suppose it's gittin' you roused up.

William. (*Laying down money.*) I always pay as I go, don't I?

John. Yes, people never get in debt in this house. I go on the cash principle.

Jake. Vell, dot's de righd brinciple to go on.

John. Now, I'd like you and Sam be friends again. Go and sit down and continue your checker playin'.

William. Play checkers with a hound who has hit me on the head with a checker-board? Never! At least not until I have thrashed him.

Sam. Which will never be.

Jake. Vell, for my bart, I am a beaceful man und ton't like to

see fighdin', but I ton't vant to see a shendlemans drampled on und scrunched down.

Enter HENRY VINTON, R.

Sam. Bill Vinton, here's your boy after you. Better go home and git them some bread

William. Mind your own business, Sam Jones. John, give me another drink, and then I'll be up to the fightin' point. I want to shut this dog's mouth for him.

John. If you fight you must fight out on the street. Have you money to pay for another drink?

William. Yes, just enough to pay for one more. Jake, I can't treat you this time.

Jake. Vell, I t'inks dot if a man can't carry enough money to treat his friends he ain't of much agcount.

William. How much money do you carry?

Jake. Dot's none of your peesness. You are trunk und ton't know how to dalk to shendlemens.

Harry. (*To WILLIAM.*) Father, Enola says she is dying and wants to see you.

William. Is she worse?

Harry. Yes, a great deal worse.

William. Then I'll go. I don't want your whiskey now, John. I ought to have been at home long ago.

Sam. (*Sneeringly.*) Better take your drink and git roused up.

Jake. Vell, now, Villiam, I wouldn't sneak oud of a fighd dot vay.

William. Come, Harry, we will go.

(*Exeunt WILLIAM and HARRY, R.*)

Sam. That man doesn't amount to much.

Jake. Vell, I t'inks he is petter as you, anyhow, for he can dreat a feller und you can't.

Sam. I don't go around treatin' Dutchmen.

Jake. No, I t'inks you are too mean to go aroundt dreatin' any-pody but yourself.

Sam. Jake Hoofel, I don't want any of your impudence. I won't have it.

Jake. I vill shoost dalk as much as I wants to. I ain't afeared of no loafer.

Sam. Do you call me a loafer?

Jake. Yes, you are a loafer, und a mean feller too. I t'inks you are shoost of no agcount.

Sam. (*Advancing as if to strike him.*) You lazy Dutch dog, I'll stop your talk.

Jake. Shoost hit me now und dere vill pe a smoke.

Sam. (*Striking at him.*) There, take that.

John. (*Rushing between them.*) Stop your fightin', I say, and git out of my house. (*Takes them by the collars of their coats and pushes them out.*) There, now; if you must fight, fight on the street.

SCENE II.—*A Room, Scantily Furnished. Bed near c. Two chairs R., one L. Table with vials, cups, &c., thereon, near bed.*

ENOLA VINTON discovered lying on bed, propped up with pillows.

Enola. (Speaking as if very much exhausted.) I wonder if they will not come soon. Oh, I'd like to see father once more before I die, but I fear he will not come. And it may be that he will be angry because Harry has come for him, and he may beat him so that he will not be able to come home. Oh, will I have to die here all alone? No, they are coming; I thought they would come. God is very kind and gracious. *(Lifting her voice in prayer.)* Our Father in Heaven, I beseech Thee hear my prayer. Grant that my father may be turned from his evil course; grant that he may become a good and a useful man, and that he may be kind to my little brother when I am gone. Oh, I beseech Thee, hear my prayer for Jesus' sake.

Enter WILLIAM and HARRY VINTON, R., while ENOLA is praying.

William. (Coming to her bedside.) Are you worse, Enola?

Enola. Yes, dear father, I am going; I feel that I cannot be here long. I am glad you came. I wanted to see you before I would die.

William. (Very much affected.) My poor child, I should not have left you; but I did not know you were worse. Oh! this thirst for drink! How it masters me! How it controls me! Oh! would to God I could break away from it and be a free man again!

Enola. Dear father; that is what I wanted to talk to you about. I wanted to ask you once more if you would not try to break away from the habit and be the same kind generous father you were before mother died.

William. (Weeping.) Oh, Enola, I have prayed for strength to battle manfully against the demon. I know where I am standing. I know where I am going, but it seems that I cannot keep from falling. Oh, Enola, you never can know what I have suffered and how I have endeavored to break away from this fearful thralldom.

Enola. Think of our dear mother in Heaven—think how sad she will feel if you do not meet her there. This may assist you to withstand temptation. I am going to Heaven, father; I expect to be there before sunrise, and I want to see you again. Oh, dear father, will you not meet me there?

William. (Bowing his head on the bed and weeping.) My darling child, I will try, I will try. But, Enola, do not leave me; oh, do not go away now; I am going to try to do better—I am going to strive mightily to conquer, and it would help me so to have you here.

Enola. But, dear father, I cannot stay. My hour has come and I must go. Be kind to Harry, and let us all meet again in Heaven. But I am tired. Harry, will you sing "We Shall Meet Beyond the River?"

Harry. Yes, *Enola.*

SONG.—HARRY.

"We Shall Meet Beyond the River."

"We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by ;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by ;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by ;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by ;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by ;
Who a crown of life will give us
By and by, by and by ;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by ;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by ;
All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,
We with shoutings shall rejoice,
By and by, by and by.

Enola. I think I hear the angels over on the other shore. How sweetly they sing! Father, are you there?

William. Yes, my child.

Harry. Father, is she dying?

William. Yes, she is going away from us. Come near if you would see her before her eyes are forever closed in death.

Harry. (*Bending over and kissing her.*) Oh, Enola, do not go! How can I live without you? Oh, it will be so lonely! No mother, no sister. (*Weeping.*) Oh, Enola, do not go.

Enola. Now I am going down into the valley.

William. Her mind is wandering.

Enola. I am going down into the valley, but soon I shall reach the other shore, where all is peace and joy and love. Mother, let us sing and be happy. Father has said that he will stop drinking. Oh, I am so glad! Then he will take care of Harry, and both of them can come to Heaven when they die. Mother, let us sing.

(*She sings feebly.*)

“Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever,
Flowing by the throne of God?”

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.”

And father will never drink any more. They will always have food to eat and clothes to wear, and now if we could all be at home again, how happy we could be! But they will be happy, for I know father will be kind to Harry, and he has said he will not drink any more, and I know he will keep his promise.

(*Sings softly.*)

“Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.”

(*Curtain descends slowly while she is singing.*)

LEAVING JONAH.

A SKETCH, IN ONE SCENE.

LEAVING JONAH.

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CHARACTERS.

OLIVER JONATHAN JACKSON, *A Widower.*

JONAH CAPSDELL, *A Simple-Minded Youth.*

FRANK RAY, *A Mischievous Youth.*

MISS ELLEN ELDER, *An Elderly Maiden.*

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Tables. Chairs. Sofa. Easy chairs, stools, &c. Closet, U.E.R.
Two plates of doughnuts for ELLEN.

LEAVING JONAH.

SCENE.—*A Room, Neatly Furnished. Closet, U.E.R.*

JONAN CAPSDELL and FRANK RAY *discovered.*

Frank. Jonah, have you never thought of getting married.

Jonah. Oh, yes ; yes, sir ; I hev thought of that heaps of times. But I don't know whether I could git anybody to hev me or not.

Frank. Pooh ! you're too modest. Have you ever asked anybody ?

Jonah. No, I hev'n't jest axed anybody to hev me, but I've come awful near to it.

Frank. How near did you come to it ?

Jonah. Well, I thought about it a good deal, and I felt like it a heap, and I purty near axed a girl, but somehow I didn't ax.

Frank. Ah, yes, I see ; you were afraid to ask.

Jonah. No, I wasn't afraid to ax ; no, sir ; no, sir-ee ; but somehow I didn't quite git it done.

Frank. What was the reason, then, that you did not ask the lady ?

Jonah. 'Twasn't a lady ; it was jest a girl. I don't care fur tellin' who it was, It was Sally Slope. She's a girl, isn't she ?

Frank. Yes ; but why was it you didn't ask Sally when you felt so much like doing so ?

Jonah. Well, somehow, I don't jest exactly know, but jest about the time I was goin' to ax her there was a flutter about the innermost

regions of my heart and I felt sorter queer, and I thought I'd jest better not try too much for fear I would take the palpitations or the colly wobbus or somethin' or another.

Frank. You shouldn't have given up so easily. . Sally's married now and so you've lost her.

Jonah. (*Wiping his eyes.*) Yes, she's gone, poor dear girl, and I jest thought a heap of her. Do you think it would be goin' ag'in the Scripters to go and shoot the man what took her away from me.

Frank. Yes, that would be awful, cruel, wicked. But you needn't despair; there are hundreds of other girls. You know there is an old maxim which says: "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Jonah. There's some whales in the sea too, isn't there?

Frank. Yes.

Jonah. Well, s'posin' we go a fishin' some day. There's plenty of worms out in our back yard.

Frank. But it is another kind of a fish you want to catch. You want to get married, don't you?

Jonah. Yes, I want to get married awful bad, but if I can't git married I'd like to go a fishin'.

Frank. Well, sir, I think I can get a wife for you.

Jonah. Oh, kin you? I'm so tickled I could a'most fly. Who is the girl? Is she purty?

Frank. No, not beautiful, but she would, no doubt, make an excellent wife.

Jonah. I'd like to hev a purty girl. Sally was a purty girl, but she's gone. (*Sobbing and wiping his eyes.*) It's purty hard to keep from cryin' when I think about Sally.

Frank. Pooh! don't think about Sally; she's gone and there are other girls who are a great deal better.

Jonah. Now, do you raily think so? I thought Sally was purty nice.

Frank. But the one I have in view will suit you a great deal better. She is somewhat older than you, but you will not object to her on that account, I suppose?

Jonah. Oh, no, I don't care if she only makes good pies and doughnuts.

Frank. Well, I can assure you that as a pie and doughnut baker she is equalled by few and excelled by none.

Jonah. That means she's purty good at makin' pies and doughnuts, doesn't it?

Frank. Yes, that's what I mean. She'll suit you exactly. As I said before, she is somewhat older than you, but that is better for you. I think you should marry a lady older than yourself.

Jonah. I thought it was a girl I was goin' to marry.

Frank. Yes, it is. A lady is only another name for a girl.

Jonah. Well, I didn't know. I allers had an idee that a lady was a highfalutin' sort of a woman.

Frank. Don't you want to know who the girl is you are to marry?

Jonah. Yes, I'd like to know, and if you hev got any of her doughnuts in your pockets I'd like to taste one, jest to see how they do taste.

Frank. I am sorry to say I have none of her doughnuts with me. But you can rest assured that she can't be beaten in the line of making and baking doughnuts.

Jonah. Well, I'm awful glad to hear it, fur I'm jest goin' to purty nigh live on doughnuts when I git married.

Frank. That's right, live on doughnuts and you'll be a happy man.

Jonah. Yes, that's jest what I think about it. Now I s'pose you might tell me the name of the girl.

Frank. Her name is Ellen Elder. She is an aunt of mine. I suppose you have seen her?

Jonah. Is it that old woman what you call Aunt Ellen?

Frank. Yes, that's the one.

Jonah. She can't make doughnuts, I s'pose.

Frank. Yes, splendid doughnuts.

Jonah. Well, I would hev thought that she was jest somewhat too old to make sich things. I s'pose she kin make doughnuts, but then there's a difference in doughnuts. A'most anybody kin make some kind of doughnuts, but I allers had an idee that it took a purty girl to make good doughnuts. Your Aunt Ellen, she isn't very purty.

Frank. Oh, she might be said to be passably handsome, but what is beauty when compared with doughnuts?

Jonah. Yes, I know, doughnuts is the principal thing. Well, do you think I kin git her?

Frank. You mustn't be afraid to ask her anyhow? Don't get frightened as you did when you were going to ask Sally Slope.

Jonah. Oh, I didn't git frightened; no, sir; no, sir-ee. But I jest thought I might take the palpitulations, and then I'd be a goner.

Frank. Well, you must ask Aunt Ellen if you want her. You can't expect a woman to ask you.

Jonah. But if she would only jest ax me you know it would keep me from havin' that flutterin', and I heerd of a man what died once on account of a flutterin' of that kind.

Frank. The fluttering won't hurt you. Don't be a goose and let a good chance slip past you.

Jonah. Oh, yes, I'll ax her; yes, I'll ax her; yes, sir-ee.

Frank. Remember if you lose her you lose an excellent doughnut maker. Come along and I'll show you where to find her.

Jonah. Oh, I'll ax her. Yes, I'm sot upon it. Yes, sir-ee, I'll ax her, colly wobbus, or no colly wobbus; yes, sir-ee.

(*Exeunt FRANK and JONAH, L.*)

Enter MISS ELLEN ELDER, R.

Ellen. I s'pose I'm fifty years of age, or p'r'aps more, and I must make one more, yes, one more desperate effort to git married. Why is it that I am obliged to pine in silence and solitude while others are gittin' married every day? Oh, I long for a lovin' companion to cheer me in my droopin' hours! I long fur a companion who can pour consolation into my willin' ears. Yes, I must make one more desperate effort to git married; I must not live to be called an old maid. Oh, I couldn't endure it! But what shill I do? Shill I go out and ax the men sect to take pity on me? Shill I go and ax Oliver Jonathan Jackson to be my lovin' pardner through this world? Oh, I'd love to be united to Oliver Jonathan in the holy bonds of wedlock, but I don't think I could go and ax him. How I wish he would come and ax me! (*Knock at door.*) Goodness gracious! I wonder if it is Oliver Jonathan. (*Opens door.*) How do you do? Come in. I thought it was another man.

Enter JONAH CAPSDELL, R.

Jonah. I jest thought I'd come in to see you, Aunt Ellen. Yes, sir-ee, I jest thought I'd come in.

Ellen. I'm not your Aunt Ellen, but take a chair and sit down.

Jonah. (*Seating himself.*) I felt sorter lonesome; yes, sir, that's the way I felt—sorter lonesome, and I thought I'd come in and talk to you fur a spell.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) Poor fellow! he has no one to talk to and no one to cheer up his lonely life. I will converse with him fur awhile. (*To JONAH.*) And you feel lonesome sometimes, do you?

Jonah. Yes, I do, yes, sir, yes, sir-ee. I hev come in to talk to you fur awhile. Do you like doughnuts?

Ellen. No, I don't care nothin' fur them. They are too rich to agree with my digestification.

Jonah. Oh!

Ellen. I s'pose you don't understand big words.

Jonah. Some big words I don't and some big words I do. You are *rale* sure you don't like doughnuts?

Ellen. I suppose I would like them if they would agree with my digestification.

Jonah. Well, sir, they agree with my bustification tip-top. Yes, sir; yes, sir-ee; they do that. I jest think I could eat doughnuts fur two weeks and never stop. Yes, sir. Oh, doughnuts is so good!

Ellen. I fear you are a gormandizer.

Jonah. No, I'm a blacksmith. I'm tryin' to l'arn the trade with Peter Jenkins, but he says I'll never l'arn nothin'.

Ellen. You wanted to see me, did you?

Jonah. Yes, I jest heerd you could make tip top doughnuts, and I thought I'd come in and see you about it.

Ellen. Who told you I could make good doughnuts?

Jonah. Frank Ray told me.

Ellen. You shouldn't let your mind run on sich groveling and unsatisfactory things. You should think about nobler and greater things.

Jonah. Well, I jest think there can't be anything greater than doughnuts.

Ellen. Do you ever read any?

Jonah. Yes, I read some, but I can't git along very fast. There's some awful hard words in the books these times.

Ellen. Do you like poetry?

Jonah. Well, I raily don't know. I never tasted any, but I'm death on pie.

Ellen. And you like pie too?

Jonah. Yes, I do; yes, sir; yes, sir-ee. I heerd you was good at makin' pies too.

Ellen. Have you never thought anything about gittin' married?

Jonah. (*Springing up,*) Hokey!

Ellen. What's the matter?

Jonah. Oh, I wes so startled—so kind of scared—I couldn't help jumpin'. Yes, I hev thought about it; yes, sir; yes, sir-ee.

Ellen. Thought about what?

Jonah. (*Sitting down again.*) About that what you was a speakin' about. Yes, sir; I hev thought about it; yes, sir.

Ellen. Do you mean gittin' married?

Jonah. Yes, that's it; yes, sir-ee. I hev come in to talk about it, but I was a'most afeared to say anything.

Ellen. Oh, you needn't be afraid to speak to me on that subject. I am always ready to sympathize and talk with anybody that has the great object of matrimony in view.

Jonah. (*Aside.*) Hokey! I guess that means that she'll hev me.

Ellen. Have you a pardner in view?

Jonah. Hev I a what in which?

Ellen. Have you a girl in view, or in other words, do you think of any one you would like to git married to?

Jonah. Oh, yes; yes, sir. I hev my eye on one and I guess she'll hev me, but, ah!—eh, I can't jest say what I want to.

Ellen. You need not fear to talk to me. I am your friend, and I have a feller feelin' fur you.

Jonah. Could you git me a few doughnuts jest to make me feel more strong and sorter spruced up like?

Ellen. Certainly. Yes, I'll git you some doughnuts. (*Exit n.*)

Jonah. She's a purty nice girl, but I s'pose she must be middlin' old. I think I'll hev her. Yes, I'll ax her if the doughnuts is all right. If I had her I think I'd be purty happy, fur I wouldn't do nothin' but eat doughnuts and pies. I'd give up the blacksmithin' trade clean and forever. Frank Ray is a nice feller and I'm glad he

sent me to see this girl. I s'pect he wanted me to be a relation of his'n. What relation will I be when I git married to this girl? I guess I will be his grandpap, or mebbe I will be his Uncle Bob.

Re-enter ELLEN ELDER, R., with plate of doughnuts.

Ellen. (*Setting plate on table beside JONAH.*) Here are some doughnuts, Jonah, and I made them. When you have smashticated some of them you can judge what I can do in that line.

Jonah. Oh, my, but they do look good!

Ellen. Help yourself, Jonah.

Jonah. (*Taking up a handful and commencing to eat.*) Oh, sich good doughnuts as these is! (*Eating greedily.*) Oh, my, sich doughnuts! I never did taste the like of sich doughnuts afore.

Ellen. You like them then?

Jonah. (*Still eating.*) Yes, sir; yes, sir-eee. These is the smoothest doughnuts I ever got my tongue around. They will make me feel strong and sorter spruced up, and I kin say what I hev to say and not be a bit afeared.

Ellen. You might go on and continner to speak of your arrangements for gittin' married while you are eatin'.

Jonah. Oh, no; no, sir-ee. Let me put down these doughnuts first, these good doughnuts, these smooth doughnuts. And when I hev got that done I will feel strong, and not a bit trimbly, and I can talk about gittin' married jest as slick as you please.

Ellen. It always did delight my heart and my conscience and my powers of imagination and all sich things to see a young man enjoyin' doughnuts.

Jonah. (*Still eating.*) Oh, these is jest sich nice, good, sweet, slick, smooth doughnuts and the girl which made them must hev been an awful purty girl.

Ellen. I made those doughnuts.

Jonah. (*Eating the last doughnut.*) Yes, I know, and I think you're a rale purty girl. (*Springing up.*) Oh, hokey! I said that afore I thought.

Ellen. Sit down, Jonah, don't be alarmed. If you think I am a purty girl there is nothin' wrong about sayin' so.

Jonah. (*Seating himself.*) But I ain't used to sayin' sich things and it sorter skeers me.

Ellen. But if you think I am a fair looking woman it will please me to hear you say so. You might go on now and tell me who you goin' to marry. (*Knock at door.*)

Jonah. (*Springing up.*) Hokey! Thunder and tobackey! There's somebody comin'. What'll I do?

Ellen. (*Going to closet and opening door.*) Here, step into this closet and you'll not be seen.

Jonah. But who's a comin'? I'd like to know.

Ellen. I don't know who it is. You will not be disturbed if you keep quiet.

Jonah. (*Going into the closet.*) I wish you would give me a few more of them doughnuts jest to keep me from feelin' weak and trimbly.

Ellen. No, I haven't time now.

(*JONAH CAPSDELL goes into the closet, and ELLEN ELDER closes the door. Another knock at door L. ELLEN ELDER opens it.*)

Enter OLIVER JONATHAN JACKSON, L.

Oliver. Good evenin', Miss Elder. I'm glad to see you lookin' so well.

Ellen. And I can say the same to you, Mr. Jackson. (*Places chair.*) Be seated and sit down on a chair, Mr. Jackson. You are quite a stranger.

Oliver. Well, yes, I believe I hev'n't been here fur some time.

Ellen. Why do you absent yourself so long from the presence of your friends, Mr. Jackson?

Oliver. Well, to tell the truth, I hev been mighty busy fur a week or two. You see I hev been buildin' a new shop and a new cow stable, and Mewilda Jane Eliza, she's my oldest darter, she's been down with the measles and Sally Ann has had the whoopin' cough purty bad.

Ellen. How tryin' it must be, Mr. Jackson, fur you to be both a pa and a ma to your children.

Oliver. Well, yes, it is a purty tough predicament to be in. Miss Elder, I hev thought—yes, I hev thought, Miss Elder—that is, I think we will hev some rain before long if the wind keeps on blowin' the way it is blowin' now.

Ellen. Yes, there is an appearance of rain, accordin' to the geometry which hangs out on brother William's pizarro. But what were you goin' to say, Mr. Jackson, in regard to your children and their future? You was just sayin' that you had thought somethin' or another and then you stopped.

Oliver. Well, to tell the truth, Miss Ellen, I think I had better not say anything more at this time.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) The doughnuts loosened Jonah's tongue; perhaps they would make Mr. Jackson talk better too, and mebbe they would help him to come to the point. (*To OLIVER.*) Excuse my propositional absence for a short time and I will bring some refreshments.

Oliver. Oh, Miss Elder, you needn't go to the trouble.

Ellen. No trouble, Mr. Jackson, no trouble at all. (*Exit R.*)

Oliver. Well, now, to tell the truth about the matter, that's a purty fine woman. She seems to be perlite and gentlemanly, and I s'pose I couldn't do better than to ax her to be Mrs. Oliver Jonathan Jackson. I hev an idee that she would take purty good care of the

childer and be a reasonable sort of a step-mother. If I could git along without a wife I s'pose it would be better, but I don't see how I can manage to git along. The long and the short of the matter is, I hev too much to do. I can't do the bossin' inside of the house and outside of the house too. Mewilda Jane Eliza's got the measles purty bad and Sally Ann is hollerin' around with the whoopin' cough. I guess I'll ask Miss Elder to-night. She's a purty fine woman and I s'pose I couldn't do any better,

Re-enter ELLEN ELDER, R., with plate of doughnuts.

Ellen. Mr. Jackson, you mustn't criticise and abominate my doughnuts too much. I didn't git them made quite right—that is, they weren't managed altogether in doughnutical style. *(Handing them to OLIVER.)* Take some.

Oliver. *(Taking off one.)* Oh, I'll bet they are good if you made them. Maria Jane Smith says that as a doughnut baker you can't be excelled.

Ellen. *(Trying to blush.)* Oh, you men are sich flatterers! I can make tolerable doughnuts, but I missed these dreadfully. Try and worry a few of them down, Mr. Jackson.

Jonah. *(Shouting from the closet.)* Don't let that big hog eat all them doughnuts.

Oliver. *(Starting up.)* What's that? I thought I heard a noise.

Ellen. Oh, it was nothin' but my brother's children hollerin' around the house. They are continually shoutin' and gymnasticatin'. Be seated, Mr. Jackson, and do try and worry down some more of these horrid doughnuts.

Oliver. *(Seating himself.)* Don't call those doughnuts horrid. They are no sich thing. They are the best doughnuts I ever had the pleasure of eatin'.

Ellen. Oh, there you go again! I declare the men sect are all a set of flatterers. *(Aside.)* I must give Jonah some doughnuts or or he'll make trouble. *(Takes a few doughnuts unobserved by OLIVER, opens the closet door and pitches them in.)* There, you blockhead, eat them and keep quiet. *(Closes closet door.)* Now, Mr. Jackson, help yourself to the doughnuts.

Oliver. Oh, indeed, I couldn't eat another one.

Ellen. *(Seating herself.)* That's because they ain't good. I am very sorry I missed the manenvorin' of them doughnuts. But I feel purty sure that the next lot I make will be all right.

Oliver. Oh, you needn't apologize fur them doughnuts, fur they can't be beat by any woman in the United States of America.

Ellen. Mr. Jackson, I am spasmodically thankful for your good opinion of my horrid and detestable doughnuts, but jest come over next week and see if you don't git somethin' better in the doughnutical line.

Oliver. *(Placing his chair near ELLEN'S.)* Miss Elder; I hev

somethin' to say to-night, and I s'pose you won't care if I sit along-side of you.

Ellen. Oh, no, Mr. Jackson, not at all. There ain't nothin' wrong about that.

Oliver. You know how I am situated, Miss Elder. You know I hev no one to oversee in the house and keep things from goin' to smash and destruction. Mewilda Jane Eliza is down with the measles and Sally Ann she's a whoopin' round the house with the whoopin' cough. In this dreadful state of confusion it 'pears to me that it devolves upon me to git a wife. I hev thought the matter over for some time and I feel purty sure I couldn't do better than to git you. Now, Miss Elder, I won't make no big speeches about the matter, but I'll jest ax you plain and square will you marry me.

Ellen. (*Leaning against him.*) Oh, Mr. Jackson—dear Oliver Jonathan, this is so unexpected; it is almost like a clap of thunder in a field of potatoes. Do you really mean it, dear Oliver Jonathan?

Oliver. In course I do. Say the word, Ellen; say that you will hev me.

Ellen. Yes, Oliver Jonathan, I will be thine own. You are a noble man and I will have you.

Jonah. (*Bursting the closet door and dashing out.*) Murder! Thunder! Hokey and Jerusalem!

Oliver. (*Jumping up and running to the door.*) Jehosophat! what's broke?

Ellen. Oh, Oliver Jonathan, you needn't be alarmed. Come back; it is only Johah.

Oliver. (*Returning.*) Oh, is it that puddin' head!

Jonah. Oh, you mustn't take her from me. No, sir; no, sir-ee; don't take her from me! I'll jest fight or I'll shoot; yes, sir-ee. She makes smooth doughnuts, and she must be my wife. Frank said she'd hev me.

Oliver. Silence, you dunce.

Ellen. Jonah, go home and don't disturb us for we are a happy couple.

Jonah. Oh, I can't give you up; no, sir; no, sir-ee. Oh, I would be weak and trimbly all my life if I didn't git to eat your doughnuts! Oh, they are sich good, slick, nice, smooth doughnuts.

Ellen. Jonah, I can't marry you. It's an absurdification to speak of sich a thing. I have a nobler husband in view and a nobler work to perform. Run home, Jonah, and don't make a dunce of yourself.

Jonah. (*Wimpering.*) Oh, boo hoo! You 'peared to like me a heap till this old feller come. Yes, you did, and I'll go and shoot myself. That's allers the way; I'm jest losin' everybody. First I lost Sally Slope and now I hev lost you! And you could make sich

smooth doughnuts—boo hoo! I'll jest go away and die some day, I s'pect so I will. Oh, dear!

Oliver. Come, beautiful Ellen, take my arm and we'll retire from this scene.

Ellen Yes, we'll withdraw. Good-bye, Jonah. Go home and don't make a dunce of yourself. (*Exeunt OLIVER and ELLEN, L.*)

Jonah. (*Crying.*) Yes, that's jest the way it is allers. One leaves me and then another leaves me. Yes, sir; yes, sir-ee. And them was sich smooth doughnuts. Oh, I jest s'pect I'll die some day and that'll be good fur the people that leaves me. Yes, it will so; yes, sir; yes, sir-ee. And them was sich smooth doughnuts. Boo hoo!
(*Exit L.*)

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